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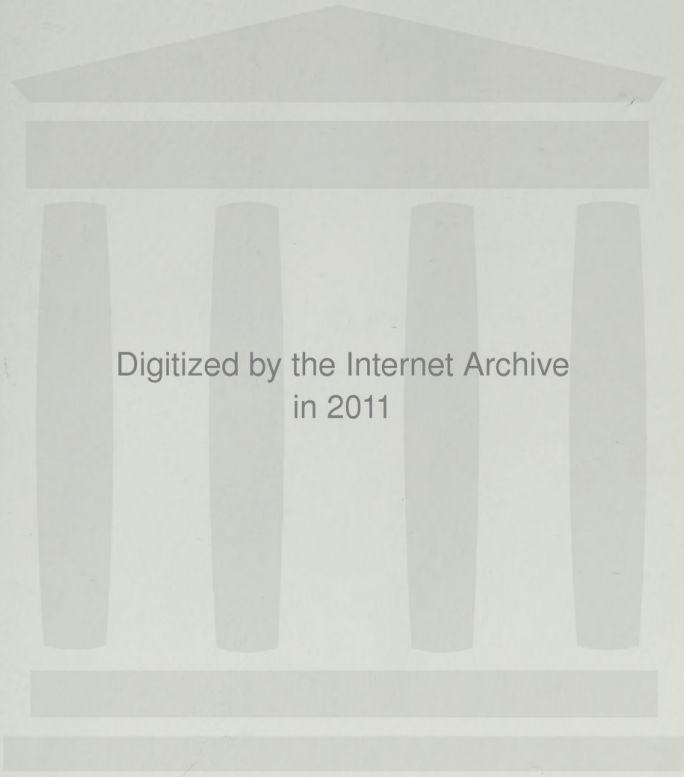
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THE LURE OF MUSIC

MACDOWELL, 1861–1908

The
Lure of Music

Depicting the Human Side of Great Composers, with stories of Their Inspired Creations

BY

OLIN DOWNES

Portraits by
CHASE EMERSON

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THE LURE OF MUSIC

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FOREWORD

A FRIEND of mine had a graphophone which he occasionally enjoyed. He used to say that he "wasn't musical," but he "knew what he liked." His repertory was small, but pleasing to him, since, thanks to the records, he had become acquainted with some half-dozen pieces of fairly good music, and could even whistle scraps of them from memory.

He never knew how musical he was until he chanced one day on a paragraph in a book his daughter was reading, about one of the compositions that he liked. He suddenly realized that this composition told the story of an episode in the life of another man, a human being who lived, struggled, rejoiced, and narrated his experiences in the language of tones.

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Having read the story, he played the record over again, and discovered that it meant far more to him than it ever had before. He wondered whether there were stories about his other records, and after much searching obtained a little information on the subject that now absorbed his leisure moments. He then invited a number of friends to his home and read them the stories of the records which he played. His friends were delighted and surprised to discover all that the music, thus explained, meant to them.

When my friend told me this, he convinced me that a great need of to-day is a book which shall bring to every home the treasures of the musical world.

It is to him and to his friends, and to all those who love music and wish to know its meaning, that this book is dedicated, in the belief that they will find in the messages of the masters the enjoyment, solace, and inspiration intended for every human heart.

The Author.

THE author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the Columbia Graphophone Company for their courtesy in extending him the use of their records and their record laboratory for the illustrations of the following chapters. He has thus been enabled to convey to his readers in a more practical and effective manner than would otherwise have been possible the meaning and fascination of music.

Grateful acknowledgment is herewith extended to Francis Winans Gibson for the initial suggestion and helpful co-operation which have led to the completion of this volume.

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THE LURE OF MUSIC

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GIOACHINO ANTONIO ROSSINI

ONE evening Napoleon III sat in his box at the opera. Across the hall, in a loge which faced his, he observed a stout man in a brown wig whose attention was divided between the performance, a box of bonbons, and the telling of a joke. The Emperor watched this man for a moment, then turned to an attendant, saying, "Bring him to me." The stout one apologized, as he entered the imperial box, for not being in evening dress. "My friend," said Napoleon, "ceremony is unnecessary between emperors." His visitor was Gioachino Rossini, Emperor of Music, as Napoleon was Emperor of France.

Gioachino Antonio Rossini was born at Pesaro, on the Gulf of Venice, February 29, 1792. His parents were very poor. His father was town trumpeter and inspector of slaughter-houses. He played the trumpet very badly, but was a man of parts, and his keen wits were inherited by his son.

The child Rossini had little education. He was apprenticed to a pork butcher, and later to one Prinetti, who sold wine and gave harpsichord lessons. Prinetti was a curious person. It is recorded that he played the scale with only two fingers and was accustomed to go to sleep standing up! He proved too tempting a butt to the natural-born mimic, Rossini, with the result that the apprenticeship came to a sudden end.

What Rossini had absorbed he turned to good account. In the summer his family made part of a troupe of actors who toured the villages and towns about the Venetian Gulf. The father played in the orchestra. The mother sang. Gioachino learned to accompany the singers, play the horn, sing a part, and even try his hand at conducting. Every one liked him for the fun he made —unless perchance he happened to be making fun of them.

In this school of life the boy learned much of human nature and the whims and tastes of the great public. People are not very different at heart. The song or "turn" that was successful with the peasants of the gulf districts would just as surely, in slightly different dress, win applause from audiences in great cities. The appeal of music and laughter is universal, and Rossini was a lover of both.

Rossini's lessons were not too many. His achievements were due to the originality of his own mind rather than to the precepts of his teachers. Like most of the great masters, he composed first and learned how afterward! He read the scores of master composers, which told him more than books on counterpoint. His father remonstrated with him one day for his erratic mode of life, and urged him to practise the trumpet. Rossini answered that he intended to compose operas.

"In that case," said his father, "you will starve."

"Father," answered Rossini, "you are as good a prophet as you are a trumpeter!"

He quickly became so popular as a composer that in 1813, when he wished to leave the San Mosè Theater in Venice for the larger Fenice of the same city, the manager of the San Mosè was incensed. By his contract Rossini had to compose one more opera for this theater. The manager treated him very uncivilly and gave him a libretto so poor that the writing of serious

music to it would have been impossible. Rossini turned the trick against the manager by writing the most ridiculous passages in which the basses sang tenor parts, the sopranos alto, the worst singer had the most difficult aria, and the violinists rapped on the tin candlesticks in front of them. Immediately after the performance Rossini left for Milan!

In Milan he met an old friend, Prince Belgiocoso, who invited him to his home for a week's hunting-party. It was a gay company. Every day the prince and his guests hunted in the forests, only returning for dinner. Before dinner and between courses Rossini completed his new opera, "Tancredi." Having covered music sheets with almost unintelligible scribbling, he would take his dessert with him and install himself at the piano, saying, "Come, everybody, let us see what this sounds like." Each person would sing a part, Rossini himself joining in, and when it came time for a chorus all would shout at the top of their lungs to give the effect of a great crowd. No one thought of bed till the small hours of the morning, and at six the rising-horn sounded. One could not compose a successful opera in that way to-day; but at the end of the visit "Tancredi" was finished.

At the performance in Venice Rossini did not at first dare to show himself. The Venetian public was still smarting from the effect of the tin candlestick opera produced only a little time before. The composer hid himself under the stage where he could see and not be seen. Soon, however, the hostility of the public changed to applause, and at the beginning of the quick movement of the overture the repeated bravos so heartened Rossini that he came pompously forth, took his seat at the piano in the orchestra, and conducted the remainder of the opera himself. The overture kept its popularity long after the opera left the stage. The dreamy song

of the horn in the opening measures is characteristic of the genius for melody which led the world to the feet of Rossini. The quick movement which follows has the true Rossinian wit and animation, and the spontaneous quality which always distinguished this man's art.

"Tancredi Overture"
Played by H. M. Grenadier Guards Band
Columbia Record A 5773

In the following years Rossini introduced many important and admirable changes in Italian opera. He shortened the recitatives (passages of musical declamation), which had become pompous and tiresome. He developed the orchestra. In addition to this, he was the first man to write "arias" (airs) as he expected them to be sung. Before his time the composers wrote only the bare outlines of their melodies, leaving it to the singers to fill in with endless trills and flourishes to suit themselves. With Rossini's changes the opera became more dramatic and lifelike than it had been in the hands of his predecessors, and less a mere exhibition of vocal gymnastics.

In 1816 Rossini produced that opera by which he is best known to-day, the incomparable "Barber of Seville." He completed this work in from thirteen to fifteen days—there is a dispute as to which number is correct. We think it would have been a pity if he had taken more time to write it. It was not for him to plod and philosophize in his music. His genius flashed and flamed. The Promethean fire descended on the music page, and in a trice a masterpiece was born.

The libretto of "The Barber" is based on the comedy of Beaumarchais. Doctor Bartolo is determined to marry his charming young ward, Rosina, but the Count Almaviva, on a visit to his estates near Seville, has seen the girl and is stealthily paying court to her, disguised as a poor student named Lindoro. With the help of

ROSSINI, 1792–1868

Figaro, the quick-witted barber of Seville, the intentions of Bartolo are defeated and the count wins his bride.

The air "Ecco Ridente" is sung by the count as a serenade in the early morning under the window of Rosina. It is a tenor solo in the florid and melodious style of Rossini's day, in which, to quote the scintillating Théophile Gautier, "the Signor Rossini has embroidered marvelous melodies upon the meaningless words of the Italian song."

"Ecco ridente in cielo" ("Dawn with her rosy mantle")
Sung by Florencio Constantino
Columbia Record A 706

The count, longing for a sight of Rosina on the balcony, dismisses his followers and ponders how he may win his way to her side. Enter Figaro, the village barber, with his guitar. Lo, the factotum! The town busybody, who knows everything and does everything, handles the razor, the lancet, the combs, connives at love intrigues, marries the girls and widows, and pockets the snug perquisites of the business. They all need him.

"Figaro!"

"I'm here!"

"Figaro!"

"I'm coming!"

Figaro here, there, and everywhere! What a life! This introduces the rollicking solo, "Largo al factotum." Only in Italian could a singer patter it out as it is pattered by Figaro to the gay lilt of Rossini's orchestra. "Passing from mouth to mouth," said Gautier, "it has traveled as far as Polynesia, and the natives of the Southern seas hum it as they cook their breakfast of shell-fish!"

"Largo al factotum" ("Way for the factotum")
Sung by Riccardo Stracciari — Columbia Record 49181
Sung by Giuseppe Campanari — Columbia Record A 5777

The count and Figaro plot together. Meanwhile Rosina, alone in the house, sings the cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," an air of arch coquetry and humor, requiring of the singer extensive technical skill.

"Una voce poco fa" ("The voice I heard e'en now")
Sung by Eugenie Bronskaja
Columbia Record A 5209

A little later in the opera Don Basilio, the greasy music-teacher of Rosina, appears. He is Bartolo's spy and paid agent, as well as the young lady's instructor in song. Bartolo tells Basilio that Rosina has been dropping notes over the balcony to a serenader, also that he hears the Count Almaviva, reputed unusually successful with ladies, is in town. He rightly suspects the count of attentions to his ward. How prevent this? He looks at Basilio. That astute gentleman, suiting action and song to the word, sings the "Calumny" aria. They will give the count, he says, such a reputation that he will have to fly the town. It shall be done by means of scandal! Calumny! Does Bartolo realize the power of this weapon? Calumny (*La Calunnia*) starts as a running stream, a whispering zephyr, but before you know it it is resounding like the roar of a cannon ("Come un colpo di canno-o-ne, come canno-o-ne"). The laughing accompaniment of the instruments, the unction with which the solemn-faced Basilio delivers his text, the melody that fairly bubbles from the pen of the composer, make a composition of irresistible humor.

"La calunnia e un venticello" ("Calumny like a zephyr")
Sung by Jose Mardones
Columbia Record A 5200

In the second act occurs the lesson scene, in which the count enters, disguised as the musical assistant of Basilio, and makes love to Rosina behind the piano.

The trio composed for this scene was lost, as was also the original overture of the opera. For this overture the overture to Rossini's "Elizabetta, regina d'Angleterra," which was in turn transplanted from an earlier opera, "Aureliano in Palmyra," is customarily substituted, while in place of the lost trio Rosina sings to her admiring guardian whatever show-piece the officiating prima donna desires. Grisi and Alboni sang Rode's "Air and Variations." Patti selected "Il Bacio." Mme. Barrientos sings the brilliant waltz song, "Voce di primavera."

"Voce di primavera" ("Voices of springtime")
Sung by Maria Barrientos
Columbia Record 49171

The plot is nearly spoiled by the untimely arrival of Basilio, the real music-teacher, but Figaro's wit is finally victorious, and Bartolo, recognizing at last the futility of his precautions, confers his blessing.

Rossini, who under his careless exterior was a very brilliant, observant, and reflective man, knew that much of his music would not live, but he predicted that one act of his "William Tell" and the whole of his "Barber of Seville" would last for a century. History has proved the sound judgment displayed in this prophecy. Nevertheless, the first performance of "The Barber of Seville" was one of the worst failures in the history of opera. Rossini, by venturing to set this subject to music, had offended the elderly composer, Paisiello, who had also written an opera, very popular at that time, on the same theme. Paisiello's followers gathered in the theater to see that the new work should not be a success, and the cursedness of all animate and inanimate things seemed conspiring to aid them. Rossini, entering the orchestra pit in a showy suit of vicuna with golden buttons, a gift of the manager, Barbaja, was received with a shout of laughter. In the first act

Almaviva was to sing a Spanish serenade to Rosina beneath her window and accompany himself on the guitar. He had forgotten to tune his instrument and, in attempting to do this before the tittering onlookers, a string broke. The audience was hilarious. After much preparation Almaviva began again. The people listened only long enough to catch the air, which they then commenced to hum, sing, and whistle in a mocking manner until not a note of the original melody could be heard. It was for this unfortunate air that Rossini substituted at the second performance the "Ecco Ridente." Later on Basilio, entering, stumbled over a trap-door, which increased the confusion. The excitement grew. At the beginning of the magnificent finale of the first act calamity reached its climax. A black cat appeared on the stage. Figaro drove it one way, Bartolo another, and in avoiding Basilio it tangled itself in Rosina's skirts. Nothing could still the uproar, in the midst of which the curtain was lowered.

Later in the evening, when a group of the leading singers met to condole with Rossini, whom they imagined as pacing the floor in despair and mortification, they found him in bed fast asleep—or pretending to be. He was at heart a supersensitive man, but he would have died before admitting his chagrin to the world. He feigned illness the next night, in order to avoid conducting. But the tide turned, and the opera triumphed, as it has triumphed ever since.

During the next eight years Rossini visited many cities — Naples, Milan, Verona, Vienna — composing some twenty operas besides many smaller works. In 1823 he was back in the scene of so many of his operatic ventures, Venice, where he had contracts for two new works, in each of which the black-eyed Madame Colbran, Rossini's wife, was to sing the leading rôle.

"Semiramide" was first performed at the Fenice Theater, February 3, 1823. The text, by Rossi, is a characteristically Italian operatic version of Voltaire's tragedy, "Semiramis." Rossini spent unusual care and thought on this work, and was disappointed when it proved too serious for the public of his day. The overture, however, with its portentous introduction, won immediate favor.

"Overture to 'Semiramide'"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5873

An admirable example of the decorative and melodious style of the period, in which Rossini excelled, is the aria sung by the queen, Semiramis, as she sings of her love for Arsaces, the young and victorious commander of the Babylonian armies.

"Bel raggio lusinghier" ("Bright ray of hope")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record 30359

Leaving Italy, Rossini went to London, where he had sensational success, then proceeded to Paris, in or near which he passed the remaining years of his life. There, on the 3d of August, 1829, he produced his serious masterpiece, "William Tell," a grand opera, originally in five acts, after the heroic and semi-historical drama of Schiller. The subject offered high incentive to a dramatic composer, although the libretto, pieced together by several different people, was far from perfect for thoughtful purposes, nor was it overfaithful to the drama of Schiller. The opera has three magnificent stage pictures: 1. "The Lake of the Four Cantons"—Lake Lucerne—with a Swiss village in the distance. 2. The gathering of the Swiss patriots in a clearing high

up on the side of a snow-capped peak. 3. The scene of the trial in which Tell, forced to obey the tyrant Gessler, shoots with his arrow an apple from the head of his little son. The action of the opera is summarized in the superb overture, which Hector Berlioz described as a great symphony in four parts. The lofty and contemplative introduction expresses the peace and solitude of nature, undisturbed by human passions. The second part depicts the rising of the storm on the lake, after which Gessler meets his end, and a first blow is struck for Swiss liberty. This is one of the most thrilling passages of storm music in the literature of the art.

"Overture to 'William Tell'"—Part 1
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5765

The third part of this "symphony" is pastoral in character. A flute, solo, plays an air said to be of Swiss origin. "The triangle," said Berlioz, "struck at intervals, is the bell of the flock while shepherds sing their songs." The finale is battle music, stirring to-day as it was ninety years ago—the gathering of the cantons, the deliverance of the people. It is difficult to praise sufficiently the grand outlines, the musical inspiration, the dramatic force of this work.

"Overture to 'William Tell'"—Part 2
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5764

Strange to say, "William Tell" was the last opera Rossini composed. With it he brought to a close his career as dramatic composer at the age of thirty-seven. Why, no one knows. Various reasons have been advanced—Rossini's proverbial laziness; his fear of the success of Meyerbeer, his rival, then winning the favor

of Paris; his annoyance and resentment when, following the July Revolution of 1830, he saw "William Tell" give place to inferior works on the stage of the Academy. But these reasons are hardly adequate. A great composer must create, whether he wishes it or no. Rossini stopped, inexplicably, in mid-career.

The only important composition which appeared between the performance of "William Tell" in 1829 and Rossini's death at Paris, November 13, 1868, was the performance of his "Stabat Mater." This work was composed in 1832, although not performed in its entirety until ten years later. Rossini wrote the first six movements for Señor Varela, a Spaniard whom Rossini met while traveling in Spain. The remaining four numbers were finished by Tadolini, Rossini being ill and pressed for time. Conditions were that Don Varela should never part with his score, that it should be given every year during Lent at his church, that it never should be performed in public for profit. After Don Varela's death, his heirs sold the manuscript to a Parisian publisher. There were various complications; a lawsuit followed involving several people. It was finally won by Rossini, who replaced Tadolini's numbers for the "Stabat Mater" and had the work thus performed on the 7th of January, 1842.

The "Stabat Mater" is a Latin church song sung in Catholic churches at the festival of the Seven Sorrows of Mary, and generally during Lenten service. It is the setting of a medieval poem probably written by a Franciscan monk of the thirteenth century. There is the thought of the Mother of Christ at the foot of the cross and the wish of humanity to share her sorrow with her. The text has been given innumerable different musical settings, of which that by Rossini is one of the most famous.

The following numbers are among the most impressive

features of the work. "Cujus Animam" is a tenor solo which narrates the suffering of Christ on the cross.

"Cujus Animam" ("Lord, vouchsafe Thy loving-kindness")
Sung by Charles Harrison
Columbia Record A 5833

"Pro Peccatis" is a broad and emotional melody for bass.

"Pro Peccatis" ("Through the darkness")
Sung by Jose Mardones
Columbia Record A 5201

The dramatic "Inflammatus" is sung by solo soprano and chorus.

"Inflammatus" ("To Thy holy care elected")
Sung by Grace Kerns
Columbia Record A 5833

The "Stabat Mater" has been called theatrical rather than religious music. It should be remembered that the Italian is emotional and dramatic rather than austere and contemplative in his religion. Rossini always composed in the operatic manner.

This work, with the exception of some short choral compositions of little value, was Rossini's last word in music. Accused of laziness, he answered that with him it was a creed. Nevertheless, he had produced in nineteen years over thirty works for the stage. If he was bodily indolent his mental activity was prodigious. The story of his having preferred to write another piece of music to recovering sheets he had dropped under his bed is probably true. But the man who can write one composition in little more time than it would take him to pick up another has, perhaps, a right to his own methods of work.

Rossini was one of the most gifted melodists in the

history of his art, a man born for success, knowing his public and how to reach it, yet a bold innovator and reformer. An epoch of Italian opera is represented in his music. Even when he deliberately composed display pieces for singers his genius turned what he touched to gold, and so fascinated the people that it was long before opera in Italy could recover from the endeavors of other composers to imitate an inimitable master.

GAETANO DONIZETTI

A SCOTCHMAN left his bluebells and heather to seek fortune in the wars. His name was Izett, son of a weaver of Perthshire. He was soon captured by a French general, who made him his secretary and took him first to France and later to Italy. In Italy Izett became Izetti. Izetti settled and married. As a compliment, some say, to the lady, he prefixed the syllable "Don" to his name. But Fortune did not deal very kindly with this Donizetti. He ended his life in a basement in Bergamo, a little town in the north of Italy. In this place his grandson, Gaetano, a composer of genius, was born November 29, 1797. Writing of his birthplace to his teacher, Mayer, in a later year, he said, "I was born underground — Borge Cavale; you had to go down by the cellar stairs, where no light ever penetrated."

Donizetti's father, a minor official at the Monte di Pietà, was paid by that civil institution a salary of about one hundred and ten dollars a year. The mother, in the intervals of her family duties, wove linen. Neither parent had any musical inclination, but one of Gaetano's brothers became leader of the city band and ultimately concert-master for the seraglio of the Sultan in Constantinople. The other brother was a tailor whom Gaetano more than once helped in his shop. In this shop there worked also the celebrated tenor, Rubini, who was later to sing in operas composed by his fellow-workman, and who died a millionaire.

Donizetti, whose bent was toward the arts, finally

succeeded in inducing his parents to send him to a school of music which had recently been opened in Bergamo by Simon Mayer. Mayer was an uncommonly practical and serious teacher, and Donizetti made such rapid progress under him, especially in singing and violin-playing, that a public subscription was taken to send him to Bologna, where he became a pupil of Padre Mattei, the teacher of Rossini.

It is said that a dispute arose between Donizetti and his father as to the former's vocation, and that, as a result of this dispute, Donizetti voluntarily enlisted in the army. An officer in a regiment quartered at Naples, he soon became very popular because of his agreeable personality and his great musical talent. At last he met a manager who gave him the opportunity which he had been impatiently awaiting, a commission to write an opera. This opera, performed in Venice in the autumn of 1819, was enough of a success to give the composer a start with the public. His first real triumph, however, came three years later with his "Zoraide di Granata" in 1822. The work made so strong an impression that Donizetti was released from military service and henceforth was free to devote himself to a composer's career.

He proceeded to compose with extraordinary rapidity. He was poor, which made it necessary for him to work in haste, but he had a fertile invention, an incredible facility, and a technic which was both substantial and brilliant for his time and his school. He was very accurate in putting down his ideas, and had seldom to make corrections. He did keep a little ivory eraser at his side, but it was less a tool than a talisman. His father had given him this keepsake, with the gruff remark that if Gaetano was determined to be a musician he had better write as little rubbish as possible!

In 1832 the manager of the theater in Milan found that the composer engaged to provide the opera for the opening night of the season would be unable to fulfil his contract. In despair he went to Donizetti. In a fortnight Donizetti produced an opera which, performed on the 11th of May, proved the greatest success of the season.

This opera was the melodious and charming comedy "L'Elisire d'Amore" ("The Elixir of Love"). The story is similar to that used by Gilbert and Sullivan in "The Sorcerer." Adina (Act I) is loved by two men, Nemorino, a young farmer, and Belcore, the dashing sergeant. She seems to favor Belcore, though in reality she prefers the handsome farmer. But Nemorino is shy. Donizetti was fortunate in finding a melody expressive of his plaint, as, distracted with passion, Nemorino mourns the fact that to her who has beauty, charm, and wealth he can offer only an honest love.

"Quanto e bella" ("How dearly I love her")
Sung by Alessandro Bonci
Columbia Record A 1408

Adina pointedly reads a story of a certain "elixir of love" and its wonderful effect on a lady who had appeared indifferent to her suitor. Nemorino wishes that he might discover this magic potion. Dulcamara, a traveling mendicant, appears. From this fraud Nemorino with his last penny purchases what he believes to be "the elixir of love." Actually it is a bottle of strong wine. But it serves. There comes the news, which spreads quickly, of the death of a rich uncle of Nemorino, of whose fortune the nephew, though as yet ignorant of the fact, is the sole heir! The village girls make up to Nemorino, who believes this to be the working of the love potion. Adina, piqued, bursts into tears. Nemorino is deeply affected, and sings the beau-

tiful romanza, "Una furtiva lagrima," one of the most graceful and tender of Donizetti's inspirations.

"Una furtiva lagrima" ("A hidden tear")

Sung by Alessandro Bonci	Columbia Record A 5449
Sung by Florencio Constantino	Columbia Record A 5109

Although this simple air has a range of but nine tones, it is a proof of what a great composer can do with the most unpretentious material. The song had been haunting Donizetti for days. Romani was not willing at first to write the text for the music, saying that this would interfere with the development of the last act. Donizetti insisted, and at last the verses were written. The composer appears in this case to have been in the right. It is the appropriate moment in the opera for the romanza which reconciles the lovers and brings a happy conclusion.

"L'Elisire d'Amore" ran for thirty-nine nights, with constantly increasing enthusiasm of the public. It was dedicated "to the fair sex of Milan." They had indeed been most cordial to the composer. He was already at the flood-tide of a remarkable personal popularity, which he never lost. A well-favored youth, a brilliant conversationalist, fond of pleasure, and, they say, not a little successful in affairs of the heart, he was everywhere fêted and acclaimed.

Scotland, the land of Donizetti's ancestry, inspired more than one of his operas. Cammerano wrote the libretto of the opera founded on the story of Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor." This opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor," commonly accounted the greatest of Donizetti's productions, was first performed at Naples, September 26, 1835.

The air, "Regnava nel silenzio," from the first act, is sung by Lucy as she awaits her lover, Edgar, in a grove where, legend says, a Ravenswood once killed a

maiden who had deceived him. This song is notable for its suavity, refinement, and delicacy of style. The harp accompaniment has a charm of its own, as Lucy narrates the old legend.

" Regnava nel silenzio " (" Silence reigns over all ")
Sung by Maria Barrientos
Columbia Record 48628

Lucy's brother, Henry, is heavily pressed for debts, and can only save himself if his sister marries the rich Sir Arthur Bucklaw. He calls Lucy to him, tells her that Edgar is faithless, shows her a forged letter, and finally secures her consent to marry Arthur. A wedding is hastily arranged. The ring is no sooner on Lucy's finger than Edgar, returning from a mission to France, bursts into the room, accompanied by a few followers, and stands appalled by what he sees. Lucy, always a well-bred young lady, faints on the spot, Ashton and Bucklaw finger their swords, and it is at this critical moment that Donizetti thrills us with his heavenly sextette. It has been said with entire justice that this music is too beautiful to be appropriate to the dramatic situation. That is true. It should also be said that this glorious composition, defying criticism, analysis, or the passing of time, begins where words end.

" Sextette ' Chi raffrena il mio furore?' " (" Why do I my arm restrain?")
Sung by Bronskaja, Freeman, Constantino, Blanchart, Mardones, and Cilla
Columbia Record A 5177
Sung by Columbia Italian Opera Company
Columbia Record A 5305
Sung by Kerns, Potter, Miller, Charles Harrison, Croxton, and Wiederhold
Columbia Record A 5709

Soon after the sextette comes the familiar "Mad Scene," when Lucy, staring before her, a knife in her

DONIZETTI, 1797–1848

hand, confronts the astonished guests. She rehearses incoherently the events of the wedding. She has gone insane and killed her bridegroom. Her ravings result in all sorts of melodious pyrotechnics, which exhibit to the full the voice and the skill of the singer. In the cadenzas, a flute is used as though in competition with the vocalist, the one attempting, apparently, to outdo the other in grace and agility of execution. The greatest coloratura singers in the world have awakened frenzies of enthusiasm with this scene.

"Mad Scene from 'Lucia di Lammermoor'"

Sung by Maria Barrientos	Columbia Record A 48627
Sung by Lydia Lipkowska	Columbia Record A 5259
Sung by Camille Borello	Columbia Record A 691

To-day "Lucia di Lammermoor" is known principally for this "Mad Scene," a "vehicle" for a prima donna, and the great sextette. Yet Donizetti wrote the opera with thought of the heroic tenor, Duprez, a singer of extraordinary presence and dramatic power; and the most impressive music was considered by the public of the thirties and forties to occur in the last act, as Edgar, taking leave of the world and all he holds dear, throws himself on his sword. His three solos are illustrative, on the one hand, of Donizetti's talent as a melodist pure and simple, and, on the other, as a composer who could, when he chose, express deep feeling. The first two solos, "Fra poco a me ricovero" and "Tu che a Dio," belong to the former category; the third, a noble and melancholy air, "Tomba degli," to the latter.

"Fra poco a me ricovero" ("A peaceful refuge granting")

Sung by Hipolito Lazaro	
Sung by Manfredi Polverosi	Columbia Record A 1642

"Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali" ("Thou hast winged thy flight to heaven")

Sung by Hipolito Lazaro

"Tomba degli avi miei" ("Tombs of my ancestors")

Sung by Manfredi Polverosi	Columbia Record A 1618

In 1840 came an order from Paris, which henceforth welcomed Donizetti as its own, for a new opera. Donizetti composed "La Favorita," the text adapted by Royer and Waez from a drama, "Le Comte de Comminges," of Baculard-Darnaud. The finale of the fourth act, accounted by many the most dramatic passage that Donizetti composed, was finished by him in three hours' time. He was having dinner with his friends. The company rose to go to a ball. Donizetti begged to be excused, saying that he wished to enjoy his coffee, of which he was inordinately fond. As soon as his friends had gone he sent out for music-paper. Inspiration was upon him, and when the others returned at a late hour the finale of "Favorita" was completed.

The plot is not a tranquil one. Ferdinand, a young monk, sees an unknown and beautiful woman. He cannot dismiss her from his thoughts. He tells his superior, Balthazar, of his vision, and announces that he is going to leave the monastery forever. "Una vergine" is one of the melodies most characteristic of Donizetti's talent.

"Una vergine un angiol di dio" ("A vision of beauty appearing")

Sung by Florencio Constantino	Columbia Record A 683
Sung by Alessandro Bonci	Columbia Record A 1287
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro	Columbia Record 48749

Ferdinand finds his divinity. She is Leonora, the favorite of King Alfonso of Castile. Ferdinand, knowing nothing of her past, lays his heart at her feet. Leonora is moved, first to compassion, then to love. In the mean time the Church has commanded Alfonso to give up his favorite. It is Balthazar, Ferdinand's old superior, who brings the message, and it is Balthazar who tells Ferdinand that the woman he loves is the creature of the king. In the last act the monks welcome Ferdinand back to the cloister. Heartbroken at his knowledge of Leonora's past, alone within the gray

walls, the embittered man looks back to the world which he has left forever and sings the touching air, "Spirito gentil."

"Spirito gentil" ("Spirit so fair")

Sung by Hipolito Lazaro	Columbia Record 48748
Sung by Alessandro Bonci	Columbia Record A 5468

Coming from the chapel, Ferdinand is confronted with the sight of a novice struggling to her knees. Horrified, he recognizes Leonora, and, his love returning, is willing again to break his vows. But Leonora reminds him of his oath to God, and dies in his arms. This opera, like "Lucia," was composed for Duprez. It was first produced on the 2d of December, 1840, at the Académie.

In the course of his lifetime Donizetti composed nearly seventy works for the stage. "Don Pasquale" was written in eight days and produced at the Théâtre des Italiens, Paris, January 4, 1843. From the quality of its workmanship, one would not believe that it had been created in such haste. While "Lucia di Lammermoor" remains Donizetti's masterpiece in the eyes of the public, there are those who think it surpassed by "Don Pasquale" and by other of his works in the humorous vein, such as "The Daughter of the Regiment" and "L'Elisir d'Amore." In these light operas, if he is not greater—and it would have been hard for him to be greater than he was in the "Lucia" sextette—he is at least more consistently great, and much more human. The characters in "Don Pasquale" are not figures of strutting operatic tragedy, but human beings, alive to the core, who act naturally and show genuine emotion on the stage. How shrewdly they are drawn, in the music as well as by the action of the drama! How vivid and sparkling is the music! How captivating its play of melody and humor!

Donizetti wrote not only the music, but the text of

"Don Pasquale," which he adapted from an older opera. The lovers, Ernesto and Norina, outwit the aged but kindly Don Pasquale, who had planned to marry Norina himself. Saddened by the truth, which he knows but too well, that youth and age cannot mate, Don Pasquale consents to the union of his nephew and Norina, who are happily united.

Two of the finest melodies in this opera are the serenade that Ernesto sings to Norina in the garden of Don Pasquale, and the duet from the final scene.

Serenade "Oh, Summer Night"
Sung by Hudson-Alexander and Sarto
Columbia Record A 5657

"Tornami a dir che m'ami" ("Tell me again that you love me")
Sung by Cattorini and Paganelli
Columbia Record A 1632

Donizetti's operas, in his later years, were performed all over Europe and even in Constantinople and Calcutta. But he was overtaxing mind and body, and was one day found on his bedroom floor unconscious from over-work and over-play. From that time dated an increasing paralysis of muscle and brain. Nothing is more pathetic than the delusion harbored by him that he was dead. "But don't you know," he would exclaim to callers—"don't you know that poor Donizetti is dead?" He died in his brother's arms on the 8th of April, 1848.

Donizetti's facility, his nervous temperament, and the constant demand for his music as fast as he could produce it, militated against the slow and reflective processes by which enduring masterpieces are brought to birth. Notwithstanding this he was a musician of great gifts and a man of more than ordinary mentality. His grand operas have the conventional defects of their

school and period, but they have also the beautiful melodic line, the lyrical emotion, and, in their highest estate, the divine grace and transparency of true Italian art. In operatic comedy he showed an understanding of human nature, a gift of observation, a love of life which carried him far. Certain of his melodies will live as long as the school of which he was so brilliant a representative endures.

VINCENZO BELLINI

CATANIA fronts on the shimmering waters of the Mediterranean, and Ætna, the volcano, towers in the distance. Ships from all ports of the world crowd the harbors. The place seems to have grown rather than to have been built from the soil. The principal street is laid on the lava which in centuries past flowed from the volcano. A portion of the city, founded about eight centuries before Christ, is new, but the Catania in which Bellini was born is the Catania of stone and stucco houses which nestle together, their brilliant blues, pinks, and yellows softened and made wonderful by time. Narrow streets run into vine-covered arcades or up flights of worn stone steps. Here, in a niche, is a madonna. There, peasants in costumes of a former day sell olives and goats' milk. To feel the peace and tranquillity of the scene, to bathe in the sunshine which floods the land of Italy, is to understand the melodies of Bellini. His art was a flower which blossomed quickly from a hot and fertile soil. Its life was soon spent. It left behind an emotion, a perfume, slow to fade.

Of distinguished appearance, with light, wavy hair, delicate features, a high forehead, and elegantly clad, Bellini was the picture of his music. He was born on the 3d of November, 1802, and was not six years old when he began to compose. His father and grandfather were musicians. He was musical by instinct. His technical accomplishments as a composer were never important, but he interested himself in piano-playing,

could sing well, and during a happy and uneventful boyhood composed music of an aria, psalms, and several masses. On his face was already the reflection of that melancholy which colored much of his music and seemed to forecast his early end.

Bellini's father had not the funds to educate his son musically. He, therefore, petitioned the municipality to send the boy to Naples, and the necessary allowance was granted in May, 1819. In that year Bellini entered on a course of four years' study at the Naples Conservatory. He had good introductions, and the sorrow of parting from his family—he was almost morbidly attached to those whom he loved—was tempered by social and musical successes in the city of his sojourn. When his festival cantata, "Ismene," was performed in San Carlo for a birthday in the royal family, the king himself led the applause. At a stroke Bellini had secured the entry not only into the best houses in Naples, but the greatest theaters in Italy.

In Naples Bellini met Maddalena Fumaroli, the one woman he ever loved. She was a fair-haired Neapolitan. One of her poems was set to music by Bellini. But when Bellini asked Maddalena's father for her hand, he was peremptorily refused. This was a blow from which he never recovered. Another man would have overcome the parent's opposition, or time would have healed the wound. But Bellini had neither a robust nor a combative temperament. He could only suffer. He saw Maddalena for the last time, then threw himself into his work. He worked furiously, fatally, for one of his frail constitution. Opera after opera came from his pen and he rose to fame with a rapidity that was the result of his feverish energy.

"Il Pirata" (Milan, 1827) established Bellini's reputation. In Milan he had the advantage of constant intercourse with a brilliant and artistic circle. He made

here the acquaintance of the librettist Romani, who was to write the text of two of Bellini's most famous operas —"Norma" and "Sonnambula"—and he became intimate with celebrated singers who had an important influence on his style. "La Sonnambula," a pretty, pastoral opera, was inspired by certain stretches of water and woodland, peasant cottages, and a waterfall in the vicinity of Lake Como, where Bellini used often to wander. The work was composed with special thought of the singers La Pasta, Rubini, and Mariani. For them he wrote his airs and remodeled a number of his melodies to make them not only expressive, but particularly suitable to the voice and the talent of each of his leading interpreters.

"La Sonnambula" ("The Sleep-walker") was first performed at the Teatro Carcano, Milan, March 6, 1831. The plot hinges on the love of Elvino, a wealthy young peasant, for Amina, and her sleep-walking tendencies. As it happens, on the eve of their wedding, Rodolfo, a young lord, returns from his travels to the village. Amina, walking in her sleep, enters Rodolfo's bedroom. All is explained when Amina, sleeping, steps from a window of the mill, and, amid the breathless suspense of the onlookers, crosses a rotten plank high over the whirling wheel. She descends safely, and Elvino, realizing the cause of his suspicions, gathers her in his arms.

"Vi ravviso" is the charming air in which Rodolfo sings of his pleasure in revisiting the land of his childhood; the chorus welcomes him.

"Vi ravviso a luoghi ameni" ("Oh, lovely scenes long vanished")
Sung by Henri Scott
Columbia Record A 5504

"Norma," Bellini's greatest work, was produced nine months after the *première* of "Sonnambula" on the

BELLINI, 1801–1835

26th of December, 1831, at Milan. The composer astonished his warmest admirers by the breadth and nobility of his melodic style. This opera is seldom heard to-day, principally because of the fact that there are all too few singers capable at once of the technical brilliancy and the dramatic feeling of the music. Bellini rewrote the great air "Casta Diva" nine times before he could satisfy La Pasta, who was to sing it. She protested that no human voice was capable of executing such difficulties in an acceptable and artistic manner. Bellini finally suggested that Pasta take the aria home and practise it each day for a week. If at the end of that time she still wished him to change the music, he would do so. La Pasta returned, radiant. She was delighted with the aria and would on no account consent to the change of a single note. She made one of her greatest successes in a scene which, even to-day, is a supreme test of a singer's art.

Norma, high priestess of the Druids of Gaul, counsels them that it is not yet time to rise against the invading Romans. When this time arrives, she will give the signal from the altar. It is night in the sacred groves, and the moon shines clear in the heavens. The prophetess, whose heart is torn between secret love of the Roman proconsul, Pollione, and consuming devotion to her native land, asks the pale goddess to send peace as pure and serene as her own silver rays. Few airs from any opera made a more profound impression on audiences of Bellini's period than this one, an air which, sung in the grand manner, still moves the hearer by the beauty of the melody and the pathos and depth of its feeling.

"Casta diva" ("Queen of heaven")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record A 5197

On the reverse side of this record is the second great air of Norma, which follows almost immediately in the opera. Alone with her thoughts, the high priestess, overcome by a foreboding which she cannot explain, expresses her apprehension for the future, and her doubts of Pollione's love.

"Ah! Bello-a me retorna" ("Restore to me your love's protection")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record A 5197

Her fears are too well grounded. Pollione is faithless. The young priestess Adalgisa throws herself at Norma's feet, begging to be released from her vows. Norma asks the name of her lover. "Behold him," cries Adalgisa, as Pollione appears.

At last, enraged past endurance at the treachery of the Roman, Norma strikes the sacred shield, and summons the Druids to war. "But first," is the cry, "a sacrifice!" Pollione is led up by the guards. He has been seized in the very temple of Esus, where he had pursued Adalgisa. Norma, raising the dagger, advances to strike, but love is stronger than vengeance. She falters, tears the sacred wreath from her brow, declares herself the guilty one, and offers her life as the propitiatory sacrifice. Overcome by her nobility, and filled with remorse, Pollione follows Norma to the funeral pyre, where, amid the ascending flames, the two expiate their sin.

Returning to Catania soon after the *première* of his masterpiece, Bellini was received with indescribable enthusiasm. A procession headed by dignitaries of the city met him before the gates and escorted him in triumph through the streets. Shopkeepers refused payment for their wares. There was hot rivalry between the Milanese and the Catanians for the favor of their idolized composer. Yet it is recorded that Bellini was

profoundly melancholy when it came time to leave his birthplace and once more face the world, and his depression was increased by a superstitious belief in the portents of nature. Ætna was in eruption. "Thou, too, O Ætna," he cried, "art bidding me a last farewell." He was in Paris when he composed his swan-song, "I Puritani."

"I Puritani," the book by Count Pepoli, was first performed at the Théâtre des Italiens, Paris, January 25, 1835. The scene is England and the period the wars of the Puritans led by Cromwell against Charles II and his Parliament.

Elvira, daughter of Lord Walter Walton, a leader of the Puritans, loves Lord Arthur Talbot, a Cavalier, and, therefore, a supporter of her father's foes. Admitted to the Puritan fortress through the leniency of Elvira's father, the Governor, in one of the sweetest melodies Bellini ever composed, claims her hand.

"A te, O Cara" ("Often, dearest")
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro
Columbia Record 48783

Arthur recognizes in a hostage the wife of King Charles, and, his loyalty to his sovereign triumphing for the moment over his love, resolves to save the queen. When Arthur's deed is discovered he is sentenced to death if captured. Elvira, like many operatic heroines of Bellini's day, goes mad at the suspicion of Arthur's infidelity. Bellini, like Donizetti before him, gives his heroine various passages of a brilliancy appropriate to the art of a coloratura singer, in which the wandering of the voice suggests a like process in the mind of the heroine. Only, be it noted, Bellini's music is simpler and more emotional in its appeal than is Donizetti's. This simplicity, this touching pathos and

genuineness of feeling, is a distinguishing characteristic of the art of the Catanian.

"Qui la voce" ("Hear his voice")
Sung by Maria Barrientos
Columbia Record 49370

Sir George, Elvira's uncle, and Sir Richard, her unsuccessful suitor, magnanimously agree that if Arthur returns unarmed and unoffending in any active manner against the cause, his life shall be saved.

It is at this juncture that the two Puritans sing the warlike bass duet, "Suoni la Tromba," a battle-song so robust and sonorous in its character that Rossini laughingly wrote a friend in Milan that he must have heard the sound of the Paris performance!

Duet: "Suoni la Tromba" ("Sound the Trumpet")
Sung by Ramon Blanchart and Jose Mardones
Columbia Record A 5184

Sung by Hector Dufranne and Henri Scott
Columbia Record A 5558

Arthur is arrested, but news comes of the defeat of Charles and Arthur's life is saved. Elvira's reason is automatically restored to her, and all ends happily.

If Bellini had had Romani instead of Pepoli as his librettist at the time he composed "I Puritani" he would probably have produced a work surpassing every previous effort. One is led to this belief because of the fact that while the libretto of "Puritani" is one of the weakest and silliest which the composer treated, the music lifts the work far above the commonplace level of the text. Bellini had taken counsel of Rossini, had learned to use the orchestra more resourcefully than in his former operas, and to give varied character as well as beauty to his melodies. His technic was constantly maturing, coincidently with his knowledge of life.

Soon after the *première* of "Puritani" Alexandre Dumas, traveling in Italy, saw before him an old man driving a light carriage, and was informed that this was the father of Bellini. The author hastened to make himself known. The old man was overjoyed. "Do you really know my son," he cried, "and is he really so celebrated a man? To think that when he was a boy I scolded him for idleness and neglect of his tasks, and because he sat for hours teaching his sister to sing instead of working himself! Every time he has success he sends me a memento. This watch came from 'Norma,' my horse and caleche from 'Puritani.' He is a devoted and affectionate boy!" Dumas himself remarks, "I made myself known to the old man and told him my name, but it brought no recollections to his mind—even in his son he saw not the artist, but his affectionate child."

In September, 1834, Bellini was taken ill and did not again leave his bed. He was delirious, and fancied in his last hours that he was surrounded by the great singers who had often collaborated with him. He was buried in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, by the side of Chopin and Cherubini, an immense concourse following his body in the driving rain to its last resting-place. In 1876 an Italian warship, thundering its salute, bore the remains back to Catania.

GIUSEPPE VERDI

WAR had descended on the little village of Le Roncole. Some of the villagers sought refuge in the church, but the barricaded doors soon gave way and those within were at the mercy of a drunken and infuriated soldiery. One woman, hugging a year-old child to her breast, remembered a hidden stairway which led to the belfry. There she crouched, speechless with terror, until evening fell and only a few huddled bodies told of the outrage which had been committed. Then she crept down, her child asleep in her arms. That child was Italy's greatest composer, Giuseppe Verdi.

This incident, according to Arthur Pougin, one of the most authoritative biographers of the composer, occurred in 1814. On the 9th of October, 1813, Verdi was born, the son of an innkeeper, in the little village of Le Roncole. A ragged beggar, Bagassett by name, used to tell Verdi's father that his *bambino* would make a musician. This man Verdi never forgot. When, in after years, the composer bought himself an estate at Sant' Agata, near his birthplace, he often met old Bagassett, still playing, snuffling, and begging for pennies. It was Verdi's habit to give the old fellow money and good things to eat, and Bagassett would weep and laugh, and stammer: "Ah, maestro! I knew you when you were very little; but now—"

Verdi's father saved enough to buy the boy a spinet, a reckless extravagance for one in the humble position and circumstances of the innkeeper. The old spinet

is preserved to-day, and within it one may read the following inscription:

> By me, Stefano Cavalletti, were made anew and releathered the jacks of this instrument, to which I have adapted a pedal. I made these jacks gratuitously in consideration of the good disposition which the young Giuseppe Verdi shows in learning to play on the said instrument, which quite suffices to satisfy me—Anno Domini 1821.

Verdi was soon playing the organ at the church of Le Roncole, on Sundays and holy days, for weddings, baptisms, funerals, and receiving for it all a little less than twenty dollars a year and each harvest-time a popular contribution of corn and other grain. According to the standards of his neighborhood, he was a well-to-do and coming young man. He went to school at Busseto while pursuing his profession at Le Roncole. Tramping the three miles from Le Roncole to Busseto, and back again, sometimes under the sun, sometimes under the shining stars, he developed a health of body and mind that never left him.

A wine merchant of Busseto, Berezzi by name, became interested in Verdi. He took him into his home, secured him a teacher of composition, and later helped him to go to Milan for further study. Applying for entrance to the famous Conservatory of that city, Verdi was refused as not having sufficient talent!

But he had his revenge. He became a private pupil of Lavigna, one of the Conservatory teachers. One evening at Lavigna's house, Basily, the man who had refused Verdi's application, complained of the backwardness of twenty-eight of the Conservatory pupils who had proved unable to construct a fugue on a "subject" (a short musical phrase on which the whole fugue, one of the most complicated of musical structures, is built) which he had given out.

"Can you write down your subject?" asked Lavigna. Basily complied.

"Sit down at that table," said Lavigna to Verdi, "and work this out."

When Verdi had finished, Basily was amazed.

"You have written not only a fugue," said he, "but a 'double cannon' on my subject. Why?"

Verdi had voluntarily doubled the difficulty of the task set him. And the young genius, looking the old pedant squarely in the eye, answered, with the unmerciful candor of youth, "Because I found your subject rather poor and I wished to embellish it."

Verdi's talent soon made a stir in Milan. Returning to Busseto, he married the daughter of his benefactor, Barezzi. The union was happy, and all promised well, when Verdi's first opera, "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio," was produced at La Scala on the 17th of November, 1839, with a success that went far toward securing him the entrée to the opera-houses of Italy. But tragedy was stalking the composer. Verdi had scarcely begun the composition of a comic opera when a disease which the physician could not name carried off first his wife and then his two children. The blow affected profoundly the man and his music. All the succeeding operas of Verdi, until he reached his eightieth year, were of a serious and tragical character. For the moment the heart of the master failed him. But he had his life to live, his work to do, and his genius drove him on. Love of country, if not of life, was strong in him. Italy was groaning under Austrian misrule. It was for Verdi with his music, as for Garibaldi with his armies, to set that spirit free.

The performance of Verdi's next opera, "I Lombardi," on the 11th of February, 1843, was the signal for his first brush with the Austrian censor. The libretto did not treat directly of Italy's wrongs, but it had

verses susceptible of patriotic interpretation, and even the presence of the police could not silence the tumultuous demonstration of the audience when the chorus began the broad and stately hymn to liberty opening with the words, "O God of all nations." The record of this passage shows us in what a simple and eloquent way Verdi was able, even so early in his career, to stir the emotions of his countrymen.

"Pilgrims' Chorus" from "I Lombardi"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5736

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Verdi chose for the subject of his next opera the "Hernani" of Victor Hugo, and the work was first performed at the Fenice Theater, Venice, March 9, 1844. A king, Don Carlos of Spain, and the bandit, Ernani, a deposed nobleman, are rivals for the love of Elvira, who, against her wishes, is betrothed to the aged Don Gomez de Silva. Don Gomez and Ernani, for political reasons, plot against the king, with the understanding that if Gomez aids Ernani in the conspiracy, Ernani shall give up his life when demanded by a trumpet blast, the signal of Gomez. The king defeats the conspiracy, forgives the plotters, and, repenting his evil designs on Elvira, himself unites her to Ernani, whom she loves. But the trumpet of the revengeful Gomez sounds from afar, and Ernani, in accordance with Castilian honor, throws himself on his sword. An air from this opera, which has long held favor and figured in many a romance, is the song of Elvira, "Ernani, fly with me." The heroine, longing for her lover, implores him to come and save her from the union with Don Gomez.

"Ernani, involami" ("Ernani, fly with me")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record A 5199

There is a dramatic vigor new to Verdi's time in the reproach of Don Gomez, when he finds both king and bandit confronting him in the presence of Elvira. The crude force, the broad, virile outline of the melody contrasts powerfully with the delicious musical frills of the Italian operas of the Rossini period.

"Infelice, e tuo credevi" ("Unhappy one, that I so trusted")
Sung by Jose Mardones — Columbia Record A 846
Sung by Henri Scott — Columbia Record A 5552

"O de' verd' anni miei" is the soliloquy of the king as he reflects on the folly of those whose machinations he is about to defeat. This song, too, has more than a hint of the dramatic power as well as the melodic beauty of the Verdi of later days.

"O de' verd' anni miei" ("Though o'er your fleeting pleasures")
Sung by Riccardo Stracciari
Columbia Record 77088

It is a striking fact that out of some thirty operas written by Verdi only six remain secure in the repertory of to-day. These are "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Aïda," "Otello," and "Falstaff." Occasionally certain others are revived. All of these contain strokes of genius and bear testimony to the labor and failure which even the greatest composer must go through to attain his end.

"Rigoletto," like "Ernani," was inspired by a drama of Victor Hugo, "Le Roi s'amuse." This astonishing opera, produced in Venice, March 11, 1851, is far ahead of its period. Even to-day there are pages which surprise one by their modern feeling and atmosphere. Mark the opening solo of the Duke of Mantua. Surrounded by his brilliant court, this tyrant and libertine sings of

VERDI, 1813–1901

his conquests. The song indicates his gay and cynical nature.

"Questa o quella" ("Amongst the fair throng")
Sung by Florencio Constantino
Columbia Record A 680

Rigoletto, the hunchbacked buffoon of the court, insults Monterone, a nobleman whom the duke has wronged, and Monterone, terrible in his wrath, curses the jester. This curse is soon a-working.

Rigoletto loves but one being in the world, his daughter, Gilda. The duke secretly woos her, in the disguise of a student. Alone in her garden, Gilda sings one of the most famous of Verdi's melodies. "Dearest name," she murmurs, thinking of her lover, "name of one whom I adore." The melody is in the old-fashioned style of Rossini—a simple air, with elaborate musical ornaments. It is worthy of note, however, that it not only displays the skill of the singer, but also reveals the character of Gilda, an innocent young girl, singing coquettishly of her love. The end of the song is well known in soprano literature because of the high E.

"Caro nome" ("Dearest name")

Sung by Maria Barrientos	Columbia Record 48649
Sung by Eugenie Bronskaja	Columbia Record A 5193

The courtiers conspire to blindfold Rigoletto and make him an unconscious party to the abduction of his own daughter, whom they hand over to the duke.

One of the greatest passages of the opera comes in the third act when Rigoletto enters the ducal anteroom, trying vainly to conceal his dismay under a laughing and careless exterior, while his eyes search everywhere for a sign of the whereabouts of his lost child. At last, unable longer to dissemble, he implores the courtiers who jeer at his misery to have mercy, to speak. They

whisper among themselves, but give no reply. Desperate, at his wits' end, forgetful, at last, of caution and the flattery due his masters, the misshapen jester, with a cry of rage, denounces the rabble who have broken his heart.

" Cortigiani vil razza dannata " (" Vile race of courtiers ")
Sung by Riccardo Stracciari
Columbia Record 49192

The courtiers leave as Gilda, entering, throws herself into her father's arms and confesses all.

The last act of the opera, which contains the immortal quartet, takes place in a lonely spot on the shores of the river Mincio. On one side is seen the hut of the assassin, Sparafucile. With this man Rigoletto has struck a terrible bargain. Through the sister of Sparafucile, the wanton Maddalena, the duke is to be lured to the hut and there murdered. His body is to be delivered to Rigoletto, who will wait outside at midnight. Gilda, loving her betrayer, implores her father to reconsider his projected crime. For answer he bids her approach the hut, where Gilda sees the duke, fickle, and amorous as ever, dallying with the unscrupulous Maddalena. Such is the situation when the duke sings his aria, beloved of all tenors, "La donna è mobile."

" La donna è mobile " (" Woman is fickle ")
Sung by Florencio Constantino — Columbia Record A 680
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro — Columbia Record 46736

This aria was not shown to the tenor Mirate until a few hours before the *première.* Verdi then gave him the music, bidding him not to sing, whistle, or think the melody outside the theater. The composer exacted similar promises of the orchestra, the chorus, and every one present at the rehearsal. The reception of the air proved his wisdom in taking these precautions. The house burst into applause before the tenor had finished

the first verse, and when the audience had filed from the theater "La donna è mobile" could be heard whistled and sung throughout Venice.

There are few ensemble passages in all opera which equal in beauty and dramatic power the quartet. Here are four people each animated by a different emotion, each part strongly individual, and all the voices combining to make a piece of heavenly harmony. Gilda is desperate with the discovery of the duke's infidelity. The duke is casting languishing eyes on Maddalena. Maddalena is laughing in his arms, and Rigoletto, crouching outside the door of the hut, is plotting vengeance.

Quartet from "Rigoletto"
Sung by Bronskaja, Freeman, Constantino, Blanchart
Columbia Record A 5177
Sung by Columbia Operatic Quartet
Columbia Record A 5709
Sung by Boston National Grand Opera Quartet
Columbia Record 49259

A storm rages. The hour of midnight strikes. A body inclosed in a sack is thrown through the door. Rigoletto is exulting in his vengeance when he hears what seems to him a ghostly echo, the careless song of the duke, "La donna è mobile." He opens the sack and beholds the face of his own daughter. Gilda has offered her life to save the man who betrayed her. "The curse!" he shrieks, and the curtain falls.

The two operas which followed "Rigoletto," "Il Trovatore" and "La Traviata," were performed in the same year, 1853. "Il Trovatore" is a wild tale taken from a Spanish drama. The Count di Luna suspected an old gipsy of gazing with the evil eye on his two children. She was burned at the stake. One of the children of the count disappeared and the next morning bones were found in the midst of a pile of ashes. It

was believed that Azucena, daughter of the tortured gipsy, had burned the child in revenge. She committed, however, a horrible mistake, for she cast her own child into the fire and bore off the son of the count. Azucena's life was, on the one hand, a consuming desire for revenge on the family of Di Luna, and, on the other, a passionate love, which she could not quell, for the child she had stolen. This child, whose real name is Garcia di Luna, grows up knowing only that he is called Manrico of Urgel. The gipsy is to him as a mother. She is one of the greatest portraits in Verdi's gallery of operatic heroines. Some think her to have been inspired by Walter Scott's "Meg Merrilies."

It develops in the first act of the opera that the present Count di Luna, whose younger brother has vanished, is madly jealous of an unknown troubadour who serenades the fair Leonora at midnight. That heroine, on a terrace, sentimentally narrates to her confidante, Inez, the circumstances of her first meeting with the mysterious hero whose song has so thrilled her. This is the occasion for her solo, "Tacea la notte," in which she describes the calm beauty of the moonlit night on which she first heard the voice of her adorer.

" Tacea la notte placida " (" How peaceful the night ")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record A 5194

Scarcely has Leonora told her romantic tale, and Inez very sensibly remarked that she believes no good will come of it, when the voice of the troubadour falls on their ears, a serenade not so famous as the solo of the tower scene, but a beautiful number which merits more attention than it commonly receives.

" Deserto sullo terra " (" Though by the world forsaken ")
Sung by Florencio Constantino
Columbia Record A 690

A third individual has been an interested listener to this melancholy song—the Count di Luna, who, as the serenader advances from one side, himself approaches on the other. The two men fight. The count is wounded, but his life is spared by the troubadour, who is discovered to be Manrico. Leonora flees to a convent.

The second act opens with the gipsy chorus, one of the most popular choruses ever composed.

"Anvil Chorus"
Sung by Columbia Opera Chorus
Columbia Record A 5667

Azucena, as one in a trance, sings of the death of her mother. A messenger arrives with the intelligence that Di Luna is attacking the convent in which Leonora has taken refuge, that Manrico must assemble his men and confront the foe. In agitation Azucena clings to Manrico and begs him, for her sake, to guard his life.

"Perigliarti ancora languente" ("While yet in languishment")
Sung by Maria Gay and Giovanni Zenatello
Columbia Record A 5370

Before the convent walls Di Luna sings of the tempest in his heart. Few composers save Verdi could have written a melody of such breadth and beauty of line. The man did not lack nobility, and his superb air is in the grand manner.

"Il balen del suo sorriso" ("In the brightness of her glances")
Sung by Riccardo Stracciari
Columbia Record 49220

Manrico rescues Leonora, and they hasten to the fortress of Castellor, pursued by the army of the count. On the eve of their wedding comes the news that the count's followers have captured Azucena. This is the moment for Manrico's furious cry of battle, "Di quella

pira." He grasps his sword and, to the warlike rhythm of Verdi's orchestra, rushes forth to the fray. This desperately heroic song was the one melody which the Italian statesman Cavour could remember, as "Il Trovatore" was the one opera to which he would willingly listen. One day Cavour was waiting for news which would powerfully affect the destinies of Italy. At last the telegram arrived. The face of the solemn and bespectacled statesman lit up at the message. He said nothing, but rushed to the window, threw it open, and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Di quella pira!"

"Di quella pira" ("Tremble, ye tyrants")
Sung by Florencio Constantino — Columbia Record A 690
Sung by G. Oppezzo — Columbia Record E 2060

The fourth act of "Trovatore" is one of the most dramatic Verdi ever composed. Manrico and Azucena have been captured and are to be executed in the morning. Outside the castle Aliaferia, Ruiz, the faithful follower of Manrico, shows Leonora the tower in which her lover is confined. "Ah, love," she laments, "carry your message to the cell of the lonely prisoner, keep and console him, and do not let him know the despair in my heart."

"D'amor sull' ali rosere" ("Borne on love's pinions")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record A 5194

Here follows the tower scene, a scene of deathless eloquence and beauty, a scene in which Verdi once and for all demonstrates the dramatic potency of simple Italian melody. From above comes the voice of the doomed troubadour, while Leonora cries out in anguish. A musical background, black as the surrounding night, is the requiem chanted by the nuns, the bell tolling

for the last hours of the condemned. Underlying all is the shuddering accompaniment of the orchestra.

Miserere: "Ah, che la morte ognora" ("Ah, I have sighed to rest me")
Sung by Emmy Destinn, Giovanni Zenatello and Chorus
Columbia Record A 5399

Manrico is to be beheaded at dawn. Azucena, as her mother before her, will be burned at the stake. Leonora offers herself as the price of her lover's safety. She asks but one condition—that she may bear the news to the dungeon. As she goes, she raises to her lips a poisoned ring. In the cell of the condemned Azucena lies on the straw, between exhaustion and death. Manrico begs her to sleep, to disperse the dreadful visions which haunt her. Fain would they return to their mountains. Verdi has here written music of the most simple and touching pathos.

"Ai nostri monti" ("Home to our mountains")
Sung by Maria Gay and Giovanni Zenatello
Columbia Record A 5370

Leonora enters, urging Manrico to escape before it is too late, but he, suspicious, asks her at what price she gained his freedom. For answer, Leonora expires before him, with words of love on her lips. The count stands on the threshold. He orders the guards to lead the troubadour to the scaffold. Useless the pleadings of Azucena, and her terrified warnings that the count will rue the deed. The ax falls. "He is punished," cries the count. The gipsy turns on him. "Manrico was thy brother. Oh, mother, thou art avenged!"

"Il Trovatore" was first performed in Rome, January 19, 1853. Its plot is lurid and complicated, but the music seethes with the hot blood of Verdi's race. Operatic standards of the period in Italy were crude.

A plank and a tune sufficed. But what tunes they were! What melody! What emotional power! In spite of its tortuous narrative, in spite of the old-fashioned conventions which inhere in "Il Trovatore," the music has a pulse, a thrill, that neither time nor custom nor hand-organs can stale.

The story of "La Traviata" is founded on the famous play of the younger Dumas, *The Lady of the Camellias.* Marguerite Gautier of Dumas's novel is Violetta of the opera. Violetta, a Parisian beauty, is loved by Alfredo. Sincerely devoted to him, she abandons her corrupt life in Paris and retires with him to the country. Alfredo's father, discovering the affair, pleads with Violetta to set free his son. Violetta, knowing that it will be impossible to send Alfredo away by any ordinary means, leaves him to infer that she has been faithless to him, and returns again to Paris. Alfredo, heartbroken by this apparent desertion, follows, and, in the presence of many guests, insults her. Challenged by one of the company, Alfredo is wounded in a duel. Violetta is dying of consumption when Alfredo, recovering from his injuries, finds out, too late, the cruel injustice he has done.

Verdi in this opera surprised his warmest admirers by the simplicity and refinement of his style. With the utmost economy of means he frequently achieves surpassingly emotional effects. The orchestral prelude to the first act forecasts in a considerable degree the emotions of the drama.

Prelude to Act I of "La Traviata"
Columbia Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record E 5065

In a company of revelers (Act I) Violetta and Alfredo salute each other with a toast. Life is short and fleet-

ing. It is well for youth to gather its joy while it may.

"Brindisi" (Drinking-song)
Sung by M. Alessandrovitch and A. Bendinelli
Columbia Record A 1648

The melodious love-duet of Alfredo and Violetta recalls the day of their first meeting.

"Un di felice eterea" ("One ne'er-forgotten day")
Sung by Bronskaja and Constantino
Columbia Record A 5181

Alfredo takes his leave. Violetta, for his sake, would fain renounce the follies that surround her. Sadly, wistfully, she begins her air, "Ah! fors' è lui." But this, she reflects, would be impossible. What could she offer Alfredo that would be worthy of his affection? It is best to live in the moment, to be free. With forced gaiety she sings the aria, "Sempre libera."

"Ah! fors' e lui" ("Quel est donc ce trouble charmant")
"Sempre libera deggio" ("Pour jamais ta destinée")
Sung by Mary Garden (in French)
Columbia Record A 5284

Alfredo's ardor overcomes Violetta's hesitation. But her happiness is short-lived. Renouncing all, she leaves him. Alfredo is confronted by his father, who reminds the heartbroken lover of all that waits at home—forgiveness, the love of parents and sister, and the fair land of Provence, where the past may be forgotten and healed. "Di Provenza il mar" is the melody Verdi has given the father whose heart goes out to his son.

"Di Provenza il mar" ("From your home in fair Provence")
Sung by Riccardo Stracciari
Columbia Record 49215

Alfredo and Violetta meet again in the midst of a brilliant company. He heaps accusations and reproaches upon her which break her heart. A chorus of condemnation brings this scene to an end.

"Shame on the cruelty thy lips have spoken"
Sung by the Columbia Opera Chorus
Columbia Record A 5906

The prelude to the third act, played just before the curtain rises on the scene of the death of Violetta, is one of Verdi's most poignant inspirations.

Prelude to Act III of "La Traviata"
Columbia Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record E 5065

Violetta is seen on her death-bed. She treasures a letter received from Alfredo's father. "I have told my son of your sacrifice. He will return to you for pardon. Live for the happiness which you deserve." Alfredo comes. He clasps Violetta in his arms, and the two sing of the future which is never to be, when, far from Paris, they will know the joy of true love.

"Parigi o cara" ("Far from the Parisian throng")
Sung by Bronskaja and Constantino
Columbia Record A 5181

The simple eloquence of the music of the final scene is only another proof of the limitless possibilities of Verdi's genius.

Produced at Venice, March 6, 1853, "Traviata" was coldly received. "Is it my fault or that of the singers?" wrote Verdi to a friend. Time has vindicated the composer. Who was to blame for the failure of the last act? The soprano weighed something over two hundred pounds, and it is not surprising that a gale of laughter swept the

house when she announced she was dying of consumption!

It is significant that while up to the time of the composition of "Aïda" Verdi had composed opera after opera, the average time of composition being four months for each work, "Aïda" was followed by only two works, "Otello" and "Falstaff," in a period of twenty-two years! In other words, Verdi was reaching the period when profound reflection and knowledge of life were to contribute to the careful, deliberate achievement of master-works.

"Aïda," produced at Cairo on the 24th of December, 1871, was composed at the invitation of the Khedive of Egypt, a munificent patron of the arts, who desired that Verdi should compose a work on an Egyptian theme for the new Italian Theater which had thrown open its doors the preceding season. To Mariette Bey, the eminent Egyptologist, was intrusted the task of finding a subject which would be appropriate to the occasion and likely to interest Verdi. The libretto was written in French verse, under the eye of the composer, by Camille du Locle.

Aïda, a captive in the Egyptian court, is handmaid to the Princess Amneris. The two women discover themselves to be rivals for the love of the hero, Radames. He is appointed commander of the Egyptians who are sent against the hordes led by Amonosro, the African chieftain and Aïda's father. Picture the tumult in the heart of this unhappy woman—devoted to her father, fearful for her lover, and the slave of her rival, in whose power she lives. Radames returns from the campaign victorious and with Amonosro in chains. The Egyptian king confers on Radames the hand of his daughter, an honor which may not be refused. On the eve of the wedding Aïda, at the command of her father, wrings from her unsuspecting lover information as to the military

plans of the Egyptians' forthcoming campaign against the Ethiopians. Scarcely has the secret been betrayed than the guards of Amneris appear. Radames is condemned to be buried alive for his apparent treachery. Amneris, who knows the truth, offers to save him if he will renounce Aïda, but Radames prefers death to a living lie. In the tomb he finds Aïda, come to share his fate. While the priests chant and the priestesses perform the sacred dance in the temple above them, the lovers sing of union in death, and Amneris, conscience-stricken, implores pardon of her gods.

One of the most beautiful of Verdi's arias is known as "Celeste Aïda," in which Radames (Act I) pays glowing tribute to the beauty of Aïda and prays the gods to give him victory and the reward of her love.

Compare the artistic simplicity and romantic feeling of this air with the love music of Verdi's earlier operas. Here are neither pompous heroics nor elaborate vocal display, but straightforward, noble, manly sentiment, and a melody that every one can comprehend and cherish.

" Celeste Aida " (" Radiant Aida ")

Sung by Giovanni Zenatello	Columbia Record 5400
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro	Columbia Record 48762

Radames, in the presence of the king, the High-priest Ramphis, and other dignitaries, priests, and attendants, is informed of his appointment as leader of the Egyptian armies. Aïda is left alone. "May laurels crown thy brow," she cries out to the departing Radames, " but, alas! how can I wish Radames victory over my father, who wages war that I may be restored to my country and my crown?" The noble line of the melody, the passionate outbursts of feeling, the broken exclamations which alternate with sustained and beau-

tiful song, make this air one of the world's great masterpieces of dramatic music.

" Ritorna vincitor " (" Return with victory crowned ")
Sung by Emmy Destinn — Columbia Record A 5387
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna — Columbia Record A 5196

On the reverse side of Emmy Destinn's record is found the second part of this great scene. "No more," continues Aïda, "do I dare even to recall the names of those for whom my prayers would ascend to heaven. Look down on me, merciful gods, and pity these bitter tears."

" I sacri nomi " (" These sacred names ")
Sung by Emmy Destinn
Columbia Record A 5387

The scene changes to the interior of the temple of Vulcan at Memphis. In a mysterious light which shines down from above are seen towering columns, statues of ancient Egyptian deities, tripods whence rise the golden fumes of incense, and looming over all the image of the god Phtha. The aid of Phtha is besought by an invisible priestess, and there are low responses from the assembled priests. Verdi has set before us in an unforgetable manner a scene of ancient ceremonial and worship.

" Possente Phtha " (" Almighty Phtha ")
Sung by E. Toninello, soprano, V. Bettoni, bass, and Chorus
Columbia Record E 1937

Then follows the solemn invocation:

" Nume, custode e vindice " (" Guard now our sacred land ")
Sung by Giovanni Zenatello, Jose Mardones, and Chorus
Columbia Record A 5426

Radames is at the battle-front. Amneris, apprehensive for his safety, longing for his return, broods savagely on the possibility that he loves Aïda. And what if his love is returned? With an imperious gesture she summons the African before her. "Radames has perished!" And the outcry of Aïda shows Amneris how truly she has read her heart.

Comes Radames, triumphant at the head of his hosts, with captives, among them Amonosro, in his train. Probably no composer has written a more stupendous operatic ensemble than the second scene of the second act of "Aïda." The first half of this scene—the acclamations of the people, the ceremonies of triumph, the discovery of the identity of Amonosro, and his superbly barbaric defiance of his conquerors—would have consumed the creative power of a great and gifted composer. But this is only the prelude to the gigantic climax, when Radames, against the protests of the priests, obtains as a boon the life of Amonosro, and the hand of Amneris is conferred on the hero. This is musical and dramatic architecture of the grandest type.

Nor could one easily conceive a finer contrast than that of this scene and the opening of the third act, the river Nile, which shimmers in the moonlight, while from an adjoining temple come the songs of priests and priestesses who await Amneris. Ramphis leads her to the temple in which, on the eve of her wedding, she intends to spend the night in prayer.

Aïda steals in for her meeting with Radames. "Oh, native land," she sings. "Oh, skies of azure, no more shall I behold you." The passion for his native land, for his own soil, which often animated Verdi as a composer, has come powerfully to his assistance in this passage. A tender pastoral melody precedes Aïda's solo, and in the orchestra is the whisper of gentle winds. Again Verdi achieves an effect of unforgetable poig-

nancy with the simple melody that comes from the heart of the sorrowing woman.

"O patria mia" ("Oh, my beloved land")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record A 5196

"O cieli azzurri" ("Oh, skies of blue")
Sung by Emmy Destinn
Columbia Record A 5587

Of the fourth act Amneris is the heroine, and a royal creature she is. Aïda has escaped. Amonosro was killed. Radames awaits sentence as a traitor, though Amneris knows well that a traitor he is not. Nevertheless, he had planned flight with Aïda, and in the eyes of the proud and passionate princess this is a crime more fearful than any of which the hero stands accused. Weeping, she addresses Radames as guards lead him past to judgment. "If you wish to save yourself, look on Amneris! Is not life with her a lovelier thing than the shameful death of the condemned?" Radames is fearless. A proud woman and a strong man face each other, and the spirit of them both is in Verdi's music.

Scene of Amneris and Radames: "Gia i sacerdoti adanunsi" ("Now to the hall the priests proceed"), and "Misero appien mi festi" ("With sadness thou hast oppressed me")
Sung by Maria Gay and Giovanni Zenatello
Columbia Record A 5406

The unrelenting priests pass Amneris on their way to the hall of judgment. The distracted Amneris, too late, implores the gods to intervene. Nowhere has Verdi delved deeper in the human heart, in no page of any master-work has he produced a character who excites our emotions and sympathies so much as the tragic figure of the Egyptian princess imploring, supplicating,

and answered only by the dark and inexorable pronouncements of the tribunal.

The double stage of the last act of "Aïda" was the idea of Verdi. The upper half of the stage shows the interior of the temple of Vulcan as it was in the first act. Again the tripods are giving forth the fumes of burning incense, again the priestesses are performing the sacred dances, again is heard the music of the invocation to Phtha. Underneath is the vault in which Radames is entombed. Two priests are in the act of nailing down the stone which imprisons him forever. Radames discovers Aïda, who has preceded him. Nothing is more touching than the final song that Verdi has given his lovers, the sensuous song of love for which the world and life itself are well lost. The two voices, issuing from the darkness of the crypt, mingle with the ancient chant of the priestesses invoking Phtha. It is the music of the lighted temple and the triumphant enemies of Aïda and Radames which appears dark in mood and color, while from underneath, where all is shadow, there rise harmonies radiant and ecstatic.

"O terra, addio" ("Farewell, oh, earth")
Sung by Emmy Destinn and Giovanni Zenatello
Columbia Record A 5399
Sung by Luisa Villani and Carlo Cartica
Columbia Record A 5331

After the death of Rossini in 1868 Verdi suggested that thirteen Italian composers write as many different numbers of a requiem mass in his memory. Verdi composed only the last number—the "Libera me." As might be supposed, the various numbers were so dissimilar in style and value that there was no harmonious relation or proportion between them. The musician and critic, Alberto Mazzucato, was so struck with Verdi's music that he wrote him begging him to compose the

complete mass. Soon after this Alessandro Manzoni died. Verdi composed in his memory the requiem for chorus, soloists, and orchestra which concluded with the number originally composed in honor of Rossini. A single excerpt from this work, the impressive "Pro peccatis," will imply the grandeur, the color, the dramatic feeling of a stupendous composition, which solemnly chants the repose and salvation of death, the terrors of the Judgment Day. "Confutatis maledictus" is from the "Dies iræ" ("Day of wrath") of the mass. "From the fate of the accursed," sings the bass, "O God, deliver me."

"Confutatis maledictus" ("From the fate of the accursed")
Sung by Henri Scott
Columbia Record A 5442

For the operas "Otello" and "Falstaff" Arrigo Boito, the poet and musician, of whom we say more in another chapter, was the librettist, and never had composer a stronger and finer text than he gave Verdi. For fifteen years Boito had dreamed of writing a libretto on the basis of "Otello," and himself composing the music, but his reverence for Verdi was so great that he effaced himself with an affection and devotion of which a lesser man would have been incapable.

"Otello" was produced at La Scala, Milan, February 5, 1887. The *première* was the occasion for demonstrations of enthusiasm, intense even for an Italian audience. For weeks before the performance cab-drivers and loungers in cafés read the libretto, as they did when "Falstaff" was performed six years later, and discussed it passionately. When the event came off Boito feared for Verdi at the hands of the wildly joyous mob.

Boito begins with the second act of Shakespeare's play, and the storm with which the opera opens is not only the grandest imaginable evocation of the elements,

but is also the fitting symbol of the destructive passions which rage in Otello's breast. Characters of the drama and their motives are set forth with masterly skill and condensation. The virility of the music, its concentration and intensity of feeling, are matched by the consummate dramatic technic of the composer. Uncanny is the atmosphere established by Verdi at the beginning of the last act, when the gentle Desdemona, filled with premonitions she cannot explain, sings the "Willow song" and breathes her prayer.

" Canzone di salice " ("Willow song ") and " Ave Maria " from " Otello "
Sung by G. Della Rizza, soprano
Columbia Record E 1895

Otello, filled with remorse when he knows the horrible injustice of his crime, cries out, as he stabs himself:

"I kissed thee ere I killed thee: no way but this;
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss."

" Morte d'Otello " (" Death of Othello ")

Sung by Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana	Columbia Record A 5721
Sung by Giovanni Zenatello	Columbia Record A 5359
Sung by Florencio Constantino	Columbia Record A 5113

Though often, in his later years, depressed and melancholy, Verdi gave the world as his last creation not a tragedy, but a comedy, a miracle of laughter and song. Boito wove the libretto of "Falstaff" (produced at La Scala, February 9, 1893) from several of Shakespeare's dramas, drawing principally on "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Shakespeare is said to have written this drama in fourteen days for Elizabeth of England, when the Virgin Queen expressed a wish "to see Falstaff in love." The opera is all too seldom performed, partly because of the difficulty of securing in one cast the number of great singers the score demands.

It was composed when Verdi was eighty years old. "Genius," according to Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, "is wisdom and youth." The music which Verdi created in his eightieth year was surpassingly young.

Verdi was a strong, simple man, like his music. He spent the later years of his life on his farm at Sant' Agata, where there was not even a good piano, where he rose at five, inspected the work being done about the estate, raised horses, and gave extensively and anonymously to those in need. Disliking ceremony, a democrat to the backbone, a lover of people who were simple and unassuming like himself, he preferred the Italian peasants and the nature about him to great cities and applauding throngs.

In the course of his career, Verdi summarized practically the entire development of Italian opera. This form first came into definite shape at about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The ideals of the early Italian pioneers of the music-drama were those which obtain to-day with the greatest opera-composers: that the music must be throughout dependent upon and expressive of the dramatic situation. But the invention of music-drama led in turn to the appearance of a type of melody so beautiful in itself that the Italians forgot to compose with dramatic truth and consistency, and contented themselves with writing brilliant, melodious show-pieces for favorite singers. The ideals of the first opera-composers were forgotten, and the singer reigned.

Before Verdi, the bright star of Italian opera was Rossini. His genius triumphed over the conventions of his day. He had a number of brilliant satellites among whom we now recognize two as being pre-eminent, Bellini and Donizetti. Their best music still charms by its grace and beauty, but it is music of a time that is past. Verdi, starting where the gifted Rossini and

his colleagues had stopped, was the strong man, the prophet of the new era. He was a master who summed up in his works the labors and dreams of a thousand lesser men, a patriot who grew like a great tree from the ever-fruitful soil of his native land. His last three operas contain the essence of all dramatic music which has since come from Italy. Yet they are inimitable and of unapproachable perfection in themselves. Verdi was a man of passionate convictions, enduring attachments, unswerving ideals in life and art. The homage of the world was his when, on the 27th of January, 1901, he passed away.

The following records are of music from operas of Verdi not described in the preceding paragraphs. These selections, with the material already provided, aim to afford the reader a survey of Verdi's entire development as a composer.

"Luisa Miller" (Naples; 1849)

The plot of "Luisa Miller" could be called extravagant. Rudolph loves Luisa Miller. Wurm, who also wants the girl, makes Rudolph believe that Luisa is untrue to him. Rudolph then poisons Luisa. Learning the truth too late, he kills Wurm, and soon after dies himself. Rudolph voices his lament at the supposed faithlessness of Luisa.

"Quando le sere al placido" ("When peaceful was the night")
Sung by Alessandro Bonci
Columbia Record A 1287

At the time of the production of "Luisa Miller" the Neapolitans, a superstitious people, believed Verdi to be threatened by a "jettatore"—*i. e.*, one who, unknowing it, has the evil eye, and brings misfortune on those he approaches. All went well at the performance,

until the last act, which contains some of the best music in the opera. Verdi was talking with friends behind the scenes when the well-meaning "jettatore" burst through the bodyguard and threw his arms round the composer's neck. At that moment a piece of scenery fell over, nearly striking the two men, and the last act was a failure! Mazzucato and Pougin, two of the most authoritative biographers, vouch for the authenticity of this incident.

"Simon Boccanegra" (Venice, 1857)

Although both prologue and final act of this opera are reputed to have much distinction, the work as a whole has not kept the stage—probably because of a weak and confused libretto. In Cologne in 1875 Verdi saw a performance of Schiller's drama, from which the plot was drawn, and cried out, "Ah, what a fine poem Piave might have made for me!" "Il lacerato spirito" is the lament of Simon Boccanegra, who, returning to the city from which he has been absent for twenty-five years, encounters a funeral cortège, headed by the body of a girl he had loved and betrayed. In the opera, the solo voice is answered by a chorus of grief.

"Il lacerato spirito" ("The wounded spirit")
Sung by Jose Mardones
Columbia Record A 5201

"Ballo in Maschera" ("The Masked Ball") (Rome, 1859)

Many tributes have been paid that city facetiously known as "the hub of the universe," but few have been so astonishing as the placing of the scene of Verdi's opera, "Ballo in Maschera," in Boston, Massachusetts. The original title of the opera, the libretto by Scribe, was "Gustavus III." An episode was the assassination of the Swedish monarch. While the rehearsals were in progress occurred the attempted assassination of Napoleon III by Orsini. It was dangerous to excite the

Italian public of that day by dwelling too heavily on the killing of monarchs. The Austrian censor ordered Verdi to change his plot. This the composer refused to do. The manager of the theater sued Verdi for not delivering his opera on time. Crowds assembled under Verdi's window and cheered him. The war for Italian Independence had begun. Verdi's name had patriotic significance. Thus V. E. R. D. I. came to mean "Viva Vittorio Emanuele, Re D'Italia" ("Long live Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy"). Finally the name of "Richard, governor of Boston" was substituted for Gustavus, and in costumes of our Puritan forefathers the opera was performed. When Mario, the tenor, sang in the opera, he refused to wear the sober garb of the Puritans and was allowed to appear in the costume of a Spanish grandee! In late productions the scenes of the opera have been changed to "A northern country."

Riccardo loves Amelia, wife of his secretary, Renato. He consults a negro sorceress to decipher the future and overhears Amelia, who has come to the same place for a love-cure, declare that she loves him. Amelia, veiled, meets Riccardo in a lonely spot. The devoted Renato hurries thither, to save his chief from approaching conspirators. He discovers his wife's identity and later stabs Riccardo at a masked ball. Riccardo, falling, swears that Amelia is innocent. In the barcarolle, "Di tu," Riccardo in high-flown verse implies that the bark of his spirit will set out dauntlessly on the sea of fate. This is sung in the cave of the sorceress, after Amelia's revelation of her affection.

Barcarolle: "Di tu se fedele" ("Say if stormy my fate")
Sung by Alessandro Bonci
Columbia Record A 1377

"Eri tu" is Renato's denunciation of Amelia, when he believes her to have betrayed his honor. The in-

troductory trumpet blast, the dramatic fervor of the music, make a very effective barytone aria in the old style.

"Eri tu macchiavi" ("Thou didst sully that spirit pure")
Sung by Riccardo Stracciari
Columbia Record 49221

"La Forza del Destino" ("The Power of Destiny")
(Petrograd, 1862)

The libretto is by Piave, after a drama by the Duke of Rivas. Alvaro is about to elope with Leonora when her father, the Marquis de Calatrava, enters the room. Alvaro's pistol accidentally goes off, killing the marquis. Alvaro and Leonora flee to escape the consequences of this deed. Leonora knocks at the door of a monastery, asking leave to take refuge in an abandoned hermitage near by. The monks promise to keep her secret. Leonora's brother, Don Carlos, swears to avenge his father's death and kill his sister's lover. But he and Alvaro become brother officers and firm friends in the army, neither knowing the identity of the other. When this is disclosed they fight, and Carlos is wounded. Alvaro retires to a monastery—the same near which Leonora lives. Carlos follows him. They fight again and Carlos is again wounded. Leonora rushes from her hut, and stumbles over the body of her brother, who recognizes and stabs her before he dies. The book of the opera was revised when it was produced in Milan in 1869. Thus there is more than one ending. The prevailing one is that in which, Don Carlos and his sister dying, Alvaro goes insane and leaps from a precipice. Verdi composed this work in grim earnest and there are scenes of gripping intensity and musical power.

"La Vergine degli angeli" is sung by Leonora in gratitude to Heaven when the monks of the Convent

of Hornacuelos assure her of shelter and ask for her the protection of God. As a background of the fine melody given Leonora is heard the religious chant of the priests.

"La Vergine degli angeli" ("The angelic Virgin")
Sung by Grace Kerns, with Chorus
Columbia Record A 5369

"Solenne in quest' ora" is the duet of Alvaro and Carlos, as, prior to the discovery of each other's identity, they vow eternal friendship.

"Solenne in quest' ora" ("Solemnly in this hour")
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro and Riccardo Stracciari

"Pace, pace, mio Dio" is the grand air sung by Leonora in the last act, as she emerges from her hiding and prays God to kill her since she cannot forget her lover. This is just prior to the triple catastrophe which brings the opera to an end.

"Pace, pace, mio Dio" ("Comfort me, dear Lord")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record A 5199

"Don Carlos" (Paris, 1867)

In "Don Carlos" Verdi anticipated the grand proportions, the elevated style, of "Aïda." The libretto, based on Schiller's drama, is the work of Méry and Camille du Locle, and is far superior in matter and in style to those of the operas immediately preceding. Don Carlos, son of Philip II of Spain, is betrothed to Elizabeth of Valois, daughter of Henry IV of France. The French king, for reasons of state, sets aside the engagement and gives Elizabeth to King Philip. The youthful lovers, though torn apart, cannot restrain their affection. Their secret is discovered by the jealous Princess Eboli, who informs the king. Don Carlos,

on the advice of the Grand Inquisitor, is imprisoned. He is visited in his cell by his friend, Roderigo. The suspicions of the Grand Inquisitor being aroused, Roderigo, popular with the people, as well as a former favorite of the king, is shot. Because of a revolt of the populace, afterward quelled, Carlos is released. At night under the shadow of deserted cloisters he meets the queen to say farewell. The two are discovered by the king and Carlos is delivered into the hands of the Inquisitor.

"Ella giammai m'amo'"
Sung by Leon Rothier
Columbia Record A 5812

"Ella giammai m'amo'" is the dramatic soliloquy of the king, sung at the beginning of the fourth act. He knows now that Elizabeth can never love him, that kings can command, but there is a realm where their mandates are helpless. In the use of the orchestra, in the expressively written accompaniment and the force of declaration, this air is a significant predecessor of the music of "Aïda."

FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN

ONE of the most mysterious and poetic appearances in the history of music is that of Frédéric François Chopin, born on the 22d of February, 1810, in the village of Zelazowa-Wola, Poland. How explain the haunting perfume, the astonishing perfection of his art? It seems like an improvisation, until you examine it and find under the surface a structure, delicate but logical, and durable as tempered steel. It is difficult to believe it was made by the hand of man. Other composers show you how they worked. You hear them laboring mightily at the forge. You observe where edges, rough-hewn, were joined together. Chopin, apparently without an effort, achieves a masterpiece. He seems to stand a little aloof from his brethren, as might a favored being from another world.

The father of Chopin was French professor at the University of Warsaw. His mother was a Pole. Frédéric grew up a delicate child, whose morbid sensitiveness to impressions was tempered by the society of charming sisters, the frequent presence at his home of many of the most interesting people of his district, and by the nature about him. His talent was manifested very early and he had to beware of the hallucinations which music frequently caused him—visions, sometimes beautiful, at others terrible and painfully distinct. He often frightened the servants at night-time by jumping up in his room at the top of the house, going to the piano, and noting down ideas which he was afraid of forgetting if he waited till the morrow. He began to

compose before he knew enough of the art to write out the ideas that came to him, and his teacher, Zwyny, an excellent pedagogue who gave Chopin his first lessons when he was about seven years old, had to take down his improvisations for him. Chopin commenced the study of composition with Ellsner, who called himself, in a letter written his pupil in 1834, "your teacher of harmony and counterpoint, of little merit but fortunate." Liszt put it happily when he said that Chopin's teachers taught him those things which are most difficult and valuable to learn—"to be exacting with one's self and to feel the advantages that are only obtained by dint of patience and labor."

It is interesting to consider the manner in which Chopin displayed his remarkable originality in his music. Other composers explored unknown paths. He kept almost entirely to forms already fixed, particularly dance forms, such as the polonaise and the mazurka, and within their limits did entirely new things. It was as if a jeweler should put a different jewel in an old setting. The waltzes are not dances for the ballroom, but the emotions of the waltz—the waltz spiritualized. The one in E flat, with its brilliant opening, its gaiety and caprice, its sentimental dialogues, is surely a ballroom scene. The conclusion is very poetic, when the initial melody is heard once more, as in a dream.

"Valse Brillante," Op. 34, No. 1
Played by Xaver Scharwenka
Columbia Record A 5260

The waltz in G flat, published after Chopin died, is distinguished by grace and elegance rather than deep feeling.

Waltz in G Flat
Played by Leopold Godowsky
Columbia Record A 5597

Greatest of all the waltzes is the one in A flat major, Op. 42. Again in the glitter and whirl of the opening is the thought of a brilliant throng. It is a very piquant passage. Later the waltz becomes more melancholy in mood and more personal in sentiment. Measures of strong feeling alternate with those which convey the swing of the dance. Now occurs a simple but very strange effect. The waltz suddenly stops, there is a phrase, laconic, unemotional, but arresting because of its very lack of expression—a passage of six notes, played "in octave" without harmony to support the theme, which appears for a moment like a ghost in the midst of the festivity. Indeed, this curious moment, no sooner come than it is gone, has always reminded the writer of the fantastical tale of Edgar Allan Poe, "The Mask of the Red Death," in which, at midnight, the Red Death suddenly confronts a motley gathering of revelers, who flee from his presence in dismay; and so, in this waltz, the effect just referred to is followed by a wild conclusion in which the music crashes recklessly to its end.

Waltz in A Flat, Op. 42

Played by Leopold Godowsky	Columbia Record A 5791
Played by Percy Grainger	Columbia Record A 6027

The poetic style of Chopin is most gracefully displayed in these waltzes, and in the nocturnes, which express the dreamy side of his genius. The nocturne in E flat is in the manner of a serenade, a simple melody, ornamented profusely with varieties of delicate arabesques which are woven about the principal theme. Nothing is more indicative of the manner in which Chopin turned everything that he touched to gold than a consideration of these musical ornamentations which have a refinement, an originality, a poetry, that no other composer achieved in the same way. Further-

more, this melodic style of Chopin's, this manner of singing on the piano as though some brilliant coloratura soprano with the soul of a poet were improvising, as no human throat ever could improvise, was undoubtedly derived from the music of the old Italian school. No wonder that Chopin so loved the music of Bellini.

Nocturne in E Flat
Played by Kathleen Parlow, violinist
Columbia Record A 5431

A Chopin nocturne which is peculiarly well adapted for performance on the violin—indeed, one of the very few compositions of Chopin which sound well on any instrument other than the piano—is the nocturne in E minor, published after his death, and one of the most poetic of all his works in this form.

Nocturne in E Minor
Played by Eddy Brown
Columbia Record A 5810

Chopin, more particularly when he played the nocturnes, was what some robust souls would call a "delicate" performer. He persuaded rather than commanded the instrument. He drew from it secrets which no one else had realized it possessed. His system of fingering was so original that, like the majority of his innovations, it greatly annoyed his contemporaries. Without this fingering the performance of a piece such as the exquisite "Berceuse" (cradle-song) would be an impossibility. The "Berceuse" is the treatment by an inspired master of a very simple melody of a few notes, accompanied by a bass which is practically unchanging throughout the entire piece. Over the gentle rocking motion of this bass is woven a series of variations of extraordinary originality and charm, until the theme is buried, as it were, under beautiful tonal ornamenta-

tion. Slower and slower rocks the cradle, and the child sleeps.

"Berceuse"
Played by Leopold Godowsky
Columbia Record A 5597

Let no one think, however, because Chopin lacked physical strength, and explored confidently the realms that lie on the borderland of the human consciousness, that he was incapable of dramatic intensity and epic greatness of utterance. The body was weak, but the spirit was strong, and the composer dipped his pen in his heart's blood. So it was when Chopin, who in 1830 settled in Paris, received the news of Poland's downfall at the hands of treacherous foes. The stricken man vacillated miserably between the impulse to take a musket and the consciousness of his physical inability for warfare. The time for action soon passed. Poland was ruined; her poet and prophet was saved. In the polonaises, the great B minor sonata, and kindred compositions, he chanted her fame.

The A major, or "Military Polonaise," is a picture of the pomp and panoply, the gallantry and heroism of a chivalrous people going forth to war.

A Major Polonaise
Played by Josef Hofmann — Columbia Record A 5419
Played by Columbia Symphony Orchestra — Columbia Record A 5997

On a grander scale is the polonaise in A flat major. This is in itself a complete drama of war. It opens with crashing chords and defiant challenges, after which the polonaise proper enters with a lordly swing. The middle portion is a moment in which Chopin draws himself up to his full height as a patriot, where, inspired, he smites the lyre like a bard of old chanting the glories of his native land. Six mighty chords, the invocation of the heroic past, and the tale begins. The left hand,

CHOPIN, 1810–1849

playing octaves, suggests the tread of armed legions springing from the earth at Poland's call. This effect is repeated and is followed by a passage in which some have found a mood of indecision, hesitation. If this is so, it quickly passes. Little by little, the rhythm of the polonaise gathers force and fury, and the work comes to an end in a mood of passionate defiance. It is said that Chopin, composing this heroic music, was terrified by the vision of a procession of knights and warriors advancing upon him.

Polonaise in A Flat Major
Played by Percy Grainger
Columbia Record A 6027

It is from the testimony of his friends and commentators rather than from the composer that we know what he intended to say when he wrote the B flat minor sonata, which contains the great "Funeral March." This sonata is really an elegy on Poland's downfall at the hands of her enemies. The "Funeral March" needs no description. It has been heard at a thousand ceremonies for the dead, on a thousand occasions when the fate not only of men, but of nations, hung in the balance.

"Funeral March" from B Flat Minor Sonata
Played by Prince's Band
Columbia Record A 5150

In 1836 Chopin was introduced to the novelist George Sand—some say, by Liszt. She was a theorist before her time, an extravagant and romantic writer who rode horseback astride, at times wore trousers, and even smoked cigars, which used to disgust Chopin to the bottom of his soul. She was not accounted an exceptionally beautiful woman, but she had an arresting personality and almost masculine assertiveness. At her

house were such men as the poet Musset, one of her many admirers, the artist Delacroix, the poet Heine, Balzac, Gautier, the Goncourt brothers, the great Liszt, and other lesser figures of a feverish artistic epoch. George Sand, the indefatigable, often wrote her affairs into her novels. Chopin was fascinated. There were times when he turned away in despair; but back he came. In the summer of 1838 he was ill, and George Sand, who was going with her family to the island of Majorca, suggested that Chopin accompany them. He knew a few moments of happiness on an island that was full of flowers, under a blue sky, with a thermometer at 74. Unfortunately, the thermometer changed. When the skies grew gray, and the temperature was 36, and the wind howled at night in a dismal and terrifying manner, and the plaster gave way in the walls, it was Chopin who shivered and complained, and George Sand and her son who built the fires, which smoked.

Chopin's cough troubled him and he again saw strange visions. In this place he wrote some of his most dramatic and imaginative compositions. Among them were the greater number of the short pieces which he called "preludes." George Sand said that in these pieces Chopin compressed into a page more feeling than many a composer succeeded in putting into an act of an opera. One can imagine what one likes as the preludes are being played. The one in A flat is idyllic, a dream-picture of a far-off, wondrous land. It might be a memory of Majorca with its glowing skies and gorgeous flowers. At the last a deep bass tone reverberates through upper harmonies that seem suspended in mid-air. Perhaps Chopin, contemplating a peaceful scene, heard the ringing of the bell of a nearby convent.

Prelude in A Flat
Played by Percy Grainger
Columbia Record A 6060

The scherzi are among the most powerful and fantastic of Chopin's compositions. The scherzo in B flat minor is one of the most frequently—one might say too frequently—played of the four pieces in this form, yet it seems strangely misunderstood by audiences and even by many concert pianists; for it is anything but a gay and brilliant concert piece, as many performers seem to think. The music is possessed of a restless, driving energy, an inner demon of discontent, which will not allow it to rest. The opening is volcanic; a short motive of four notes is answered by a cry of anger in the upper register of the piano. There are beautiful melodies, but their sweetness is poison. A quieter middle portion reminds one of the boudoir of the unhappy Lady of the Camellias. The end is choleric in its rage.

Scherzo in B Flat Minor (Parts I and II)
Played by Arthur Friedheim
Columbia Record A 5458

Let us consider the conclusion of Chopin's career. It was marked by increasing artistic mastery and increasing bitterness with life. The visit to Majorca with Madame Sand was not, as we have seen, over-successful. Chopin was not the man to exalt love in a cottage. If he had one supreme weakness, it was not his desire, but his actual need, of luxury. In discomfort he could not exist, much less compose. Both he and George Sand were happier when they found themselves back in Paris. Relations became strained between the two, and in 1844 there were mutual reproaches and they parted. George Sand promptly "wrote up" Chopin as the Prince Karol in her novel, *Lucrezia Floriani*. She dissected him as she had previously dissected the disillusioned De Musset. Chopin never spoke to Madame Sand again, though they had mutually sworn that he

should die only in her arms. "Dying! He was dying all his life!" said the impetuous Hector Berlioz, who could not tolerate the melancholy Chopin.

In 1848 and 1849 he visited England and Scotland, attended devotedly by an English girl who had come to love him. A characteristic picture of him is drawn by an eye-witness, who watched the little man (this undersize was his most sensitive point) as he moved about from group to group of charming, chattering women, consulting occasionally a tiny jeweled watch as exquisitely fashioned as himself.

He had wavy hair of a chestnut color, delicately penciled eyebrows, a nose with a distinguished crook, a sensitive mouth. He was always attired with scrupulous respect to the prevailing mode. His hands and feet were small and perfectly formed. He was the incarnation of that which was poetical and distinguished. This was Frédéric François Chopin.

The following year he died of lung disease. He died surrounded by friends, pupils, and one or two women who loved him, among whom was not George Sand. Of her he complained to the last hour. So passed the supreme poet of the piano. "Poets," said Percy Bysshe Shelley, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

FRANZ LISZT

ONCE in a long while, and not invariably in royal families, a king is born. Franz Liszt was such a king among men. His career was like the passage of some great flaming meteor across the heavens. Everything was thrown at his feet. Not one of the good fairies was absent at his cradle. The story of his life reads more like an extravagant romance than actual fact. Yet the man did exist. Some, now living, remember him, and they look about them, dazed, still bewildered by the passage of the comet.

Liszt, happening to possess a prodigious capacity for music, became one of the most important of modern composers, and beyond doubt the greatest pianist in the history of his art. But he would have been astonishing in any sphere. When some one asked him what he would have been were he not a musician, he replied, "The greatest diplomat in Europe." As it was, he created a new epoch in the history of the piano. Few dreamed before he appeared that the cold-looking instrument of keys and wires could pour forth such floods of color and beauty, such thunder and lightning, such dramatic proclamation or seductive song. Liszt had no rivals. Others were pianists. He was a magician—a god who had given the machine capacities it had not previously possessed, a Piper of Hamelin who drew the whole wondering world after his footsteps!

Because the man and his music were one, it was difficult to separate them. Liszt played as he looked, and looked as he played. He bore himself with the pride

and the grace of a monarch. His face changed at the piano—sometimes noble and tender, sometimes stormy and defiant, sometimes sardonic, Mephistophelian, and always, underlying everything, an expression of infinite knowledge and power. All adored him. It is a fact that men followed him in the streets and treasured his cigar stubs, and as for the gentler sex—the composer Grieg, after visiting Liszt at Weimar, remarked that ladies eyed him as if they would like to eat the last shred of his abbé's robe. For Liszt in later life became an abbé. It has often been said that he took orders just in time to balk the pursuit of the proud but amorous Princess of Saxe-Wittgenstein. He had no objection to her adulation. He was far from insensible to feminine charm, but after one unhappy love-affair of his youth he ceased to care for the bonds of marriage, and was fully enough of a courtier to find more than one way of saying "no."

Liszt was born at Raiding, Hungary, October 22, 1811. From the beginning he showed phenomenal gifts for the piano. His teachers seemed to be merely reminding him of what he already knew. Naturally he was impatient of pedagogic formulas, sometimes rebellious, but quick to own his fault and listen to reason. So that for once a Heaven-sent genius was thoroughly schooled! The good Czerny, of the "Finger-Dexterity" known to all perspiring piano pupils, took him in hand, and made him play yards of studies. At twelve he was already famous in a number of European capitals. At this age also he received a consecration to his art which he never forgot. For the great Beethoven, sitting in an audience, came to him after the concert and kissed his brow. Liszt worked the harder. He was now a petted youth in Paris. Favored by the aristocracy, he was supporting his poor father and mother with his already considerable earnings as vir-

LISZT, 1811–1886

tuoso and teacher when he had his first sorrow. He fell in love with a nobly born pupil, and she with him. As society was constituted in those days, such an affair could have at best but an unhappy ending. The girl's parents intervened. The young Liszt, like many another lover of those days, became more and more engrossed in religion. It was a romantic period—more so than any other that modern society has known. Romantic attachments, monastic seclusions, lingering deaths through disappointed passion, defiance of rulers, dabblings in theology—all this was in the air. How seriously Liszt took his repulse in love we shall never know. He was a typical young man of the thirties, a little theatrical, as all the youth of that period, but deeply in earnest as well. But we do know that from that time on Liszt seldom, if ever, considered matrimony seriously, and that, with all his generosity and idealism, he was disposed during the remainder of his life to be a trifle cynical about human relationships.

In 1835 Liszt was the most formidable virtuoso in the world. He had successfully put all of his rivals, among them the really admirable artist of the old school, Thalberg, behind him. But now came on the stage one of the most picturesque and romantic personalities of the early nineteenth century, the violinist, Paganini. He had already done for the violin what Liszt was about to do for the piano: invented a new and special technic for the instrument which revealed all kinds of unheard-of possibilities of its mechanism. Paganini, tall, gaunt, pale, satanic, if a man ever was, in his appearance, took all Europe by storm. Liszt, fired by this new art, which in many respects reflected his own temperament, resolved to emulate it. He locked himself in his studio and emerged the Paganini of his instrument!

As if to beard Paganini himself in his den, Liszt took

some of the master-violinist's own compositions and bedeviled them in ways bewildering and well-nigh insurmountable to other pianists of the day. Such a composition is the study based on Paganini's "Campanella," a work in which Paganini had intended to suggest the ringing of bells. Liszt carried out the effect much farther in one of his most celebrated pieces for the piano.

"Campanella" Etude
Played by Leopold Godowsky
Columbia Record A 5484

Liszt's technic was the result, not only of his fingers, but his imagination. Color and fantasy characterized everything that he did. He made arrangements of the music of other composers, and as a rule glorified instead of cheapening it in the process. A work which displays very characteristically Liszt's originality and brilliancy in this field is the fantasy on airs from Verdi's "Rigoletto."

"Rigoletto" Paraphrase
Played by Leopold Godowsky
Columbia Record A 5896

Other pianists developed a style associated with their "school" or peculiar only to themselves. Liszt was a master of all styles. The story is told of an evening at George Sand's, when Chopin sat at the piano, and the lights were turned out. Chopin, as every one believed, kept on playing, but when lights were brought it was seen that Liszt had taken his place. Liszt bowed. "Liszt," he said, "can imitate Chopin, but can Chopin imitate Liszt?"

Liszt has more than once been accused of a certain theatricalism. Doubtless there was a trace of this in his character. It shows here and there in his art as well as his life; yet at heart he was noble, sincere, and supremely gifted man.

It was in 1833 that Liszt met the Countess d'Agoult. She was a woman of uncommon intellect and personality, one to understand such a man as Liszt, one to rebel against conventions when her affections were involved, and set the world at naught in her rebellion. There was a long and devoted intimacy between the two. They traveled over much of Europe together. The man, who was never known to unburden himself of his own sorrow, while always helping and consoling those who laid their troubles on his broad shoulders; the man who rescued Richard Wagner and scores of others from absolute penury, and nobly gave of his best in the cause of their immortal creations, as did Liszt—this man found a companion in whom he could, in whom he did, confide.

Was it in memory of the D'Agoult or some other episode that Liszt wrote the sentimental piano pieces, the "Liebesträume," of which the one in A flat is the most famous? She was but one of the hundred eager women who pursued that amiable and fascinating man over hill and dale. Liszt supplied pianists with a very popular composition which begins dreamily, mounts to a passionate climax, and after a brilliant display passage subsides with peaceful echoes of the initial song.

"Liebestraum" ("Dream of Love")

Played by Xaver Scharwenka	Columbia Record A 5467
Played by Pablo Casals (violoncello)	Columbia Record A 5756

To understand fully the complex character of this man and his art we must remember that he was a Hungarian with the passionate and electrical temperament of his countrymen. Liszt grew up with the sound of the music of the Hungarian gipsies in his ears. The excitement of the national dances was in his veins, also the languor, the rhythmic capriciousness, the pulsing fire of his race. It is generally agreed that in his com-

positions for the piano he seldom surpassed the originality and fascination of the Hungarian rhapsodies. Of these there are in all fourteen. They are really tone-pictures of gipsy life. There are effects like those of gipsy instruments. The sawing and scraping of fiddles, the rapid evolutions of the dancers, the passion, the coquetry, the joyous cries of those who look on, are in these rhapsodies.

The dance begins, as is so often the custom with the gipsy people, in a slow, mournful, proud strain—a moody extemporization, free in rhythm, gradually changing in spirit from grave to gay. After passages somewhat declamatory in character, and ornamented with those musical flourishes which are characteristic of the gipsy, the pace quickens and the dance proper begins.

Second Hungarian Rhapsody

Played by Prince's Orchestra	Columbia Record A 5230
Played by Percy Grainger	Columbia Record A 6000

A second composition in this form, and equally fascinating because of its brilliancy and fire, is the Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody.

Sixth Hungarian Rhapsody
Played by Arthur Friedheim
Columbia Record A 5491

Like most other modern men, Liszt was a tone-painter. The range of subjects that interested him bears testimony equally to his breadth of culture and to the quality of his imagination. The piano piece, "Venezia e Napoli" ("Venice and Naples"), is a record of the composer's impressions of those two cities—the spell of Venice, dreaming in the midst of her lagoons, and the brightness and gaiety of Neapolitan life, as expressed in the Italian dance, the "tarantelle." The "taran-

telle" is so named from the belief that the person bitten by a tarantula can only save himself by dancing madly.

"Venezia e Napoli" ("Venice and Naples")
Played by Josef Hofmann
Columbia Record A 5915

Tone-painting of quite a different kind is that of the study, "Waldesrauschen"—"Murmurings of the forest"—in which the composer again displays his technical originality and his mastery of the piano for imaginative purposes.

"Waldesrauschen" ("Forest murmurs")
Played by Josef Hofmann

Great though Liszt was as a pianist, he was far from content with the career of a public performer, however alluring its rewards. The Liszt of the later days glowed with a calmer and holier fire. He could still invoke the tempest, and roar like the lion he was; but his thoughts were on less temporal things. He now composed music which looked far toward the future, and anticipated some of the most modern compositions of to-day. His home at Weimar became the Mecca of all the musicians of the world. Sooner or later they made the pilgrimage to Liszt. He knew them all, understood them all, and helped them all. Grieg, Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, Smetana, César Franck—the list is endless in the number and importance of the men whom he inspired. He died at Bayreuth, July 31, 1886. It was a wonderful thing to have been such a musician. It was still more wonderful to have been so loved as a man.

AMBROISE THOMAS

LESUEUR, the teacher of Ambroise Thomas at the Paris Conservatoire, called his talented pupil his "note sensible" (the "sensitive" or "leading" tone of the scale), because of Thomas's musical sensitiveness and because he was the seventh of Lesueur's pupils to win the Grand Prix de Rome.

The son of a musician, Ambroise Thomas, born at Metz, August 5, 1811, learned notes with his alphabet and soon played the piano and violin. A man of exceptional quickness and sensibility, as the phrase of Lesueur implied, he was impatient of pretense or platitude, and did not miscalculate the value of academic honors. He knew that it was one thing to please his teachers and another to gain the ear of the world. He returned to Paris as soon as he had spent the three years of the Grand Prix scholarship in travel and at Rome, and began producing operettas. His early works gained considerable temporary success.

Thomas, like most French composers, had the inborn talent for the stage, a knack of driving home a situation, a captivating gaiety and lightness of touch, agreeable then as now. There ensued a short period, however, when the public seemed to tire of his works. Then descended upon Paris the distracting political events of the Revolution of 1848. In that year art was relegated to the background. Thomas, in the uniform of the National Guard, passed under a friend's window brandishing a gun: "This is the instrument upon which I must compose to-day, and the music it produces requires no words."

In 1849 he recovered and strengthened his position with the public with his opera bouffe, "Le Caïd," produced at the Opéra Comique, January 3d of that year.

The libretto of "Le Caïd" is vague and fragmentary and more apropos of the affairs of 1849 than of to-day. It is apparently a satire on musical conditions of the period. The air of the drum-major, from the first act, is for a barytone. It is the jovial song of a strutting, pompous, but harmless individual, "terrible in aspect, but kind in heart." It has the humor and the gusto that one hopes for but does not always find in music of this type.

"Air du tambour-major" ("Song of the drum-major")
Sung by Leon Rothier — Columbia Record A 5876
Sung by Henri Scott — Columbia Record A 5450

The two greatest works of Thomas were "Mignon," produced at the Opéra Comique, November 17, 1866, and "Hamlet," first performed at the Opéra, March 9, 1868. The success of "Mignon," an opera full of melody and beautiful orchestration, was immediate and overwhelming. Within six months it had one hundred performances, and the composer was presented with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. Thomas lived to attend the one-thousandth performance of the work. The libretto, by Jules Barbier and Michel Carré, presents incidents from the plot of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" arranged in conformance with the prevailing French operatic style. The overture is the most extended and eloquent piece of instrumental music Thomas ever composed. It contains a number of the principal airs of the opera.

"Overture to 'Mignon'"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5774

Mignon, the daughter of noble parents, was stolen from her home in Italy by gipsies. Her mother died of grief. Her father, half-crazed with sorrow, wandered from land to land, seeking his child. In the courtyard of an inn (Act I) Mignon is ordered by the gipsy chief to dance for the entertainment of a troupe of actors on their way to the castle of a nobleman, where they are to take part in a festival. Because of fatigue, Mignon refuses to do this, and the chief is about to beat her when an aged harper, the half-demented Lothario, protects the girl, and the student, Wilhelm, also advances to her relief. Questioning Mignon about herself, Wilhelm receives as his answer the wistful, dreamy song of the first act, "Know'st thou the land?" in which the girl seems as one in a dream to behold the distant home of her childhood. "Do you know the land," she sings, "where the orange-blossom grows, where spring reigns eternal, where the skies are ever blue? It is there I would fain return; it is there I would live and die." This represents one of Thomas's highest flights as a composer.

"Connais tu le pays?" ("Know'st thou the land?")
Sung by Bettina Freeman
Columbia Record 30475

Wilhelm purchases Mignon's freedom of the gipsies. The actors proceed to the castle. Filina, beautiful and selfish, looks with a favoring eye on the student, who is invited to accompany the troupe. Mignon, full of gratitude, asks to go with Wilhelm disguised as his servant.

At the castle Wilhelm is deep in the toils of Filina. Meanwhile Mignon has come to love her rescuer. Wilhelm, with Mignon by his side, makes love to Filina seated at her dressing-table. There is the charming scene in which Mignon, left alone, tries to employ

THOMAS, 1811–1896

Filina's rouge to advantage, and, a moment later, confronts Wilhelm in one of Filina's dresses. To her despair, Wilhelm tells her in a melodious and sentimental air that she must leave him.

"Addio, Mignon" ("Good-by, Mignon")
Sung by A. Bendinelli
Columbia Record A 1633

Filina comes back, is cruelly amused at the innocent maneuvers of Mignon, who, in a rage, tears the gorgeous costume from her back and dons again her gipsy dress.

With Lothario, Mignon watches an open-air fête. Actors and guests do honor to the beauty and grace of Filina. She is attired for the fête as Titania. Filina sends Mignon on an errand to the castle. Suddenly the edifice is in flames. Lothario has applied the torch, believing this to be Mignon's wish. Wilhelm emerges from the building with the unconscious Mignon in his arms.

In the last act Mignon is recovering from a long illness, while Wilhelm and Lothario watch over her. Lothario has brought the girl to the home of his youth, where long-forgotten scenes help to restore his mind. Wilhelm knows at last that he loves Mignon, and while she sleeps sings of his devotion.

"Ah, non credevi tu" ("Never the maiden dreamed")
Sung by Charles Harrison (in English)
Columbia Record A 5313

Mignon, waking, repeats the words of a prayer taught her in infancy by her mother. By this means, and by the discovery of a girdle worn by her in childhood, the Count Lothario recognizes his daughter and all ends well.

There were two versions of this opera. In one Mig-

non married Wilhelm; in the other she died. The public preferred the wedding, and M. Thomas had no objections.

It was Messrs. Barbier and Carré who again obliged Thomas when they gave him a libretto ostensibly based on Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Some scenes of the play and part of the text of Shakespeare, notably the soliloquy of Hamlet, "To be or not to be," are reproduced, but we recognize the characters more often than we recognize the sequences of Shakespeare's drama. The form is that of the conventional French grand opera. There are five acts. In the second act Hamlet engages the players, and discovers beyond doubt the guilt of his stepfather. This is the scene in which, with forced gaiety, Hamlet sings the well-known drinking-song.

" Chanson Bachique " (Drinking-song)
Sung by Oscar Seagle
Columbia Record A 5547

The finale of this opera was doubtless conceived as a Gallic antidote for Shakespearian gloom. Hamlet mourns over Ophelia's grave and determines to kill himself. The king approaches, at the head of a cortège. The ghost rises again and looks reproachfully at Hamlet, who, at last, turns about and stabs the king. The populace, easily convinced that the man was a murderer, will not hear of Hamlet's suicide and acclaim him as their ruler.

After all, opera is opera, and musicians are the last to be troubled by any trifling little changes of plot or story. There are still Italian provinces which only know "Othello" through the opera of Rossini, which has a happy ending. As for "Hamlet," witness the remark of a not uncelebrated conductor who had the birthplace of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon pointed out to him:

"Shakespeare? Who was he?"

"Why, you know! He wrote 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Othello,' and 'Hamlet.'"

"Ah yes! Of course! Of course! The librettist!"

Thomas was a man of broad culture, a brilliant conversationalist, and a favorite at the court of Napoleon III. He was successively chevalier (1845), officer (1858), and commander (1868) of the Legion of Honor and a member of the Institute (1851). His tastes, however, were simple. Fêted everywhere, enjoying most of the honors that his country could shower upon him, he loved nature, and when not engaged in Paris was most often found on a quiet island in Brittany, where he escaped from the turmoil of the city.

His music has a distinction, refinement, and polish of its own. He was deeply versed in the traditions of the French stage. He wrote admirably for the voice. He understood the art of instrumentation, and his later scores abound in delicate, pleasing effects. His talent did not run as deep as that of Gounod, but he had style and charm. His aims were serious, perhaps too serious for the quality of his art, yet he was a modest man. He often remarked that the most gratifying experience of his career was the free performance of "Mignon" given on the day following the gala celebration in May, 1894. "It gave an imprint," said he, "of a national character to my work." He was an ardent patriot. In 1870 he saw his birthplace in the hands of the enemy, an event which saddened his later years. He died in Paris, February 12, 1896.

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD

EMOTIONAL, impressionable, devout, Charles François Gounod vacillated all his life between the theater and the cloister. This is reflected in his art. His dramatic music seldom lacks the religious element. His religious music is music of amorous emotion as well as worship. Listening to it, it is as though one heard, beyond the prayer, the rustle of silken skirts in the gallery.

Gounod was born in Paris, June 17, 1818. His grandmother knew music and poetry and was an accomplished actress. His father was a painter, and it was thought for some time that Charles would follow in his footsteps. His mother, who had the charm, the thrift, the culture of a Frenchwoman of good birth, taught drawing and music, and by this means supported her family after the death of her husband in 1823.

When Gounod was six he was taken to the opera, nearly perishing with excitement. He could neither eat nor drink. The mother said:

"You know if you do not eat you do not go to the theater."

"Before such a threat," wrote Gounod, "I would have heroically swallowed anything they could put before me. I dined, therefore, with exemplary obedience, and . . . there we were, mother and I, starting out for the promised land. It seemed as if I was about to enter a sanctuary. . . . I was filled with a sort of sacred terror, as at the approach of some mystery, imposing and redoubtable. I experienced emotions as profound

as they were unknown; the desire and fear of that which was to pass before me."

The boy was obviously so stirred by this experience that his mother, who did not wish him to study music, was uneasy. She went to Gounod's school and asked the professor "for Heaven's sake" to "get that musical idea out of his head."

"Aha! little Charles," said the professor next day, "so you wish to become a musician?"

"Yes."

"Ah! but you do not think what that means! To be a musician amounts to nothing in the world."

"Nothing!" said the child, astonished. "Is it nothing to be a Mozart, Weber, Meyerbeer, Rossini?"

"*Peste! mon garçon!* But at your age Mozart had done some great things. What have you done? What can you do? Here! show me what you can do"—as he scribbled on a piece of paper the words of the romance of Joseph from Méhul's opera, then famous, of that name. "Put music to that," said the professor. "See if you can do as well as Méhul. As for Mozart—there's still time."

The song was written during the recreation period. Gounod took it to the principal.

"What is it, my child?"

"My song is finished."

"What, already?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let us see. Sing it to me."

"I sang," says Gounod in his memoirs, "and when I had finished I turned timidly about to face my judge. His eyes were full of tears. He drew me to his heart and said, 'It is beautiful, beautiful, my boy. . . . Be a musician, then, since the devil pushes you to it. It's no use to fight against that!'"

Gounod entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he

studied with a number of the best teachers of the day, and where Cherubini directed his attention to sacred composition and the music of Palestrina. Gounod's mother was fearful when the time came for the drawing of lots for the military conscription. Gounod comforted her. "Never fear, I will secure exemption myself by winning the Prix de Rome." He accomplished this in 1839 with his cantata "Fernand," the Grand Prize being awarded him by an overwhelming majority of the judges.

In Rome Gounod encountered two women who were to be potent influences in his life. One was the great singer, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, an artist whose nature and intellectual gifts drew about her the greatest minds of the day. She was so taken with Gounod's talent and personality that she promised to remember and help him whenever she could. It was, in fact, Madame Garcia who at a later day introduced Gounod as an opera-composer to the world. The other woman was Mrs. Henselt, who had been, before she married, Fanny Mendelssohn, sister of the composer, and the unnamed creator of a number of the "Songs Without Words." A warm friendship grew up between the two which developed on Gounod's side, at least, into a sentiment more intense. The parting for him was bitter.

It was at this time that he turned to religion. The arrival of an ecclesiast who had also been a personal friend of Gounod's in Paris strengthened him in his determination to enter the Church. He talked of little else. He studied in monasteries and missions. His letter-heads were those of the Missions des Étrangers, engraved with two bleeding hearts surmounted by a crown of thorns. It was not until Madame Garcia was approached by a manager of a Parisian theater who desired her to appear a number of times in opera that Gounod came from his retirement. This new opera, known as "Sapho," was not over-successful, either in

GOUNOD, 1818–1893

1851 or when it was revised thirty years later, but it launched Gounod on his career. It was followed by two unsuccessful grand operas, and then by an *opéra comique*, "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" (1858), which is full of charming music and too little known to-day. Then came "Faust," the libretto by Barbier and Carré, first performed at the Théâtre Lyrique, March 19, 1859. The opera presents but one episode of Goethe's masterpiece—the episode of the love of Faust and Marguerite, which is the most human and least philosophic aspect of the work.

The scenes of this opera are so familiar that they need not be described in detail. Those with a passion for statistics—there are such even in music—have reckoned that the musical score contains more melody to the square inch than that of any other opera.

In the air sung by Valentine, departing for the wars, he commends his sister, Marguerite, to the care of the boy Siebel, who adores her. This air was not in the original score, but was composed by Gounod for the barytone, Charles Santley, when "Faust" was first performed in London, June 11, 1863.

"Dio Possente" ("Even bravest heart")

Sung by Riccardo Stracciari	Columbia Record 49214
Sung by Henri Scott	Columbia Record A 5877

Mephistopheles, who appears as Faust's traveling-companion in the market-place, sings the sardonic couplets, "The Calf of Gold"—that calf, he says, before which all men, the great and the lowly, bow in abject servility.

"Dio dell' or" ("The Calf of Gold")
Sung by Jose Mardones
Columbia Record A 847

The same record (A 847) has on its reverse side the music of one of the most dramatic scenes in the opera—

that in which Marguerite, kneeling in the cathedral imploring pardon from on high, is taunted by the terrible voice of the invisible fiend, threatening her with eternal torment.

In an ardent song Faust (Act III, Scene 1), led by Mephistopheles into the garden of Marguerite, salutes reverently the chaste dwelling of her whom he adores. This is one of Gounod's most celebrated arias.

"Salve! dimora" ("Hail, chaste dwelling!")
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro — Columbia Record 48782
Sung by Florencio Constantino — Columbia Record A 5204

The Soldiers' Chorus (Act IV, Scene 1) is heard when Valentine returns at the head of his troops from the wars. This chorus was not composed as a part of the score of "Faust," but was taken from an earlier and uncompleted opera of Gounod's, "Ivan, the Terrible."

Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust"
Played by Prince's Band
Columbia Record A 1493

The ballet-music, considered in Gounod's time one of the finest pages of the opera, displays effectively Gounod's melodious style and his effective use of the orchestra. This ballet occurs between the fourth and fifth acts. The scene is the Vale of Tempe (the only reference to the second part of Goethe's poem made in the opera). Faust, Mephistopheles, Helen of Troy, and many figures of Greek myth are seen. Faust is startled by a vision of Marguerite.

Ballet Music from "Faust"
Played by Metropolitan Opera Orchestra
Columbia Record A 6041

Mephistopheles insolently tunes his guitar before the dwelling of Marguerite and mockingly hints at her ruin.

His satanic laughter is one of the notable effects of this song.

Mephistopheles' Serenade
Sung by Jose Mardones
Columbia Record A 5200

The manner in which "Faust" has kept the stage for over half a century is testimony to the solid value as well as the melodic beauty of the opera. Not only in France, but in every land, with every public, educated and uneducated, rich and poor, it has held its own. Gounod, French to the pith, nevertheless studied carefully many operas of different periods and schools. "Faust" was created when he had grown to his full height as a composer and learned, through many failures, how to write in a finished and effective manner for the stage. The workmanship and inspiration shown in certain scenes are really past praise—for example, the garden scene, with its sweeping climax, as Marguerite cries out her love to the stars, then throws herself into Faust's arms! The writing for the voices, the richness and refinement of the instrumentation, are still models to be studied with the utmost care. Yet there was distrust of this work in rehearsal and on the part of publishers, and when Gounod lay dying there was a long-haired melomaniac who, being refused admittance, beat frantically on the door, anxious to assure the man whose life was ebbing that "Faust" was a poor thing which would not outlive its day!

Gounod's next work of importance—although, on account of the vagueness and undramatic character of the libretto of the gifted Gérard de Nerval, it never held the stage—was "The Queen of Sheba," performed for the first time February 28, 1862. The plot hinges on the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon, her awakened passion for Adoniram, Solomon's sculptor,

and the death of the two at the hands of discontented assistants of Adoniram. The following air, a splendid song for a tenor, is sung by Adoniram as he molds his statue and implores the help of the gods to give him inspiration for a master-work.

"Lend me your aid"
Sung by Charles Harrison
Columbia Record A 5348

"Mireille" (1864), originally a tragedy in five acts, later reduced to three acts, with a happy ending, was based on a poem of Frédéric Mistral, written in the Provençal dialect. The joyous waltz song was not in the original version of the opera, but was interpolated in the later edition. It is found in the first act.

"Waltz Song ('Rondinella Leggiera') from 'Mireille'"
Sung by Maria Barrientos
Columbia Record 48650

Gounod's most popular opera, after "Faust," was undoubtedly "Romeo and Juliet," the libretto by Barbier and Carré from Shakespeare's tragedy. This work was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, April 27, 1867. The music has less depth and originality than that of "Faust," but certain airs have a pleasing gaiety or lyrical fervor typical of Gounod's talent.

In his later years Gounod turned almost entirely to the composition of religious music. His most famous production in this vein, indeed one of the most popular melodies he composed, is his "Ave Maria." An interesting peculiarity of this work is that only the melody is original with Gounod. The accompaniment is note for note the first prelude of J. S. Bach's (1685–1750) "Well-tempered Clavichord." Hence the saying that Bach,

more than a hundred years before Gounod, wrote the accompaniment for the latter's "Ave Maria!"

"Ave Maria"

Sung by Lucy Gates	Columbia Record A 5981
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro	Columbia Record 49350
Sung by Eugenie Bronskaja (in Latin)	Columbia Record A 5193

When the Franco-Prussian War broke out Gounod, far beyond military age, went to London. In 1871 England held an International Exhibition and invited four distinguished musicians to present works. Sullivan represented England; Pinsuti, Italy; Hiller, Germany; and Gounod, France. Deeply moved by the sorrow of his loved country, he composed the cantata "Gallia," calling it a "biblical elegy." He divided the work into four sections—the finale, "Jerusalem," for soprano solo and chorus, being one of the great moments of the composition.

Finale from "Gallia"
Sung by Columbia Mixed Chorus
Columbia Record A 5712

"The Redemption," a sacred trilogy, was composed in 1882 for the music festival at Birmingham, England. It is dedicated to Queen Victoria. On the title-page Gounod wrote "The work of my life." He himself compiled the text, of which the words are largely scriptural. The chorus, "Unfold, ye portals," occurs in the finale of the second part. The earthly chorus sings, "Unfold, ye portals everlasting," and the heavenly chorus, accompanied by harps and trumpets, asks, "But who is He, this King of Glory?" Both choruses, with the support of full orchestra, organ, and fanfare of trumpets, sing:

"Unfold, ye portals everlasting,
Behold the King of Glory,
He mounts up through the sky—
Behold the King comes nigh."

"Unfold, ye portals" from "The Redemption"
Sung by Columbia Mixed Chorus
Columbia Record A 5712

"The Redemption" was followed by a second sacred trilogy, "Mors et Vita" (Birmingham, 1885). Both works were sold to Novello, London, for twenty thousand dollars each. Thus Gounod was successful in a worldly as well as an artistic sense.

It was while in London that Gounod composed his very popular piece, "Funeral March of a Marionette." It is said that the piece was suggested to him by the eccentric gait of the English critic Chorley, a frequent visitor at Gounod's house; that Gounod's pupils, delighted with the burlesque, besought the composer to put it on paper. This fanciful program has been attached to the composition:

A marionette has been killed in a duel. The funeral procession sets forth. The troupe converse about the vicissitudes of life and reflect sadly that it required but one fairly hard knock on the nose to end the career of so talented an artist. It is midsummer. Some of the troupe begin to find the way long and wearisome. They stop to slake their thirst at a roadside tavern. The refreshment-takers enter into various details touching the qualities of the defunct. They forget that the funeral procession has nearly reached the gates of the cemetery. They resolve to rejoin it, avoiding, however, all appearance of undignified haste. They fall into their places and enter the cemetery to the same phrase as the one at the beginning of the march.

"Funeral March of a Marionette"
Played by the Russian Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1211

Other compositions of Gounod which have found wide popularity are his charming song to words of Victor

Hugo bearing the English title, "Sing, smile, slumber," and various compositions of sacred music of which the following are recorded:

"Sing, smile, slumber"
Sung by Lucy Gates
Columbia Record A 5981

"Adore and be still"
Sung by Columbia Mixed Quartet
Columbia Record A 5514

"Nazareth"
Sung by Frank Croxton and Columbia Mixed Chorus
Columbia Record 5424

Gounod was very popular in London. It was there that he formed the historic friendship for Mrs. Weldon, a fashionable woman who inhabited a house in Tavistock Square. Some said she was beautiful; others that she was the worst-dressed woman in town. After a long and intimate acquaintance the two suddenly parted and Gounod returned to Paris. Mrs. Weldon separated from her husband, lost her money, and became a music-teacher. No doubt she boasted that she knew the traditions of Gounod's music. In want, she presented a board bill for the three years during which she had entertained Gounod as the lion of her receptions, and in 1884 an English jury awarded her the amount of fifty thousand dollars for her services "as secretary, business agent, and landlady"!

May Byron paid Gounod a visit in his apartments at Paris. He lived in a corner of the Boulevard Malesherbes in a three-story building inhabited by himself, his married daughter, his sister-in-law, and his son Jean with his family. Gounod wore a black-velvet jacket and skull-cap, talked delightfully, was obviously and unaffectedly fond of praise, and very sensitive to "ad-

verse criticism." His workroom, study, library, reception-room—they were all in one—was paneled and vaulted in oak, lighted by stained-glass windows, and fitted with Persian rugs, "small antique tables, divans and sofas in abundance." The composer was hospitality itself. There was felt "an indefinable atmosphere of warmth, tenderness, and trust." The old man was devoted to his grandchildren. Gounod warmly espoused the works of some contemporaries, while for men like Berlioz and Wagner he had little praise. He said of Berlioz that he was "a musical nature that lost its balance"; of Bizet, "a charming musician"; of Wagner, "a wonderful prodigy, an aberration of genius; a visionary, haunted by all that is colossal."

Gounod could not have been sincere and have said anything else. He was not a revolutionist in the radical sense of the word. He was rather one to invest with fresh interest the forms ready to his hand. He was far from content, however, with recognized and established traditions, and there were not lacking those who saw dangerous things in his music. "Faust," one of the best constructed operas in existence, impresses us, above all, by its personal quality. It is not a composer on dress parade before an audience who is talking, but Gounod, and none other. Faust, Valentine, Marguerite—they all sing with the same voice; they all express the sentimental soul of the celebrated Frenchman. "Faust" is the most enduring expression of a talent which stands out significantly in the history of French music.

Gounod lived to see the five-hundredth performance of his master-work, and to be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He died October 18, 1893.

JACQUES OFFENBACH

FEW of us, as we watch the diverting scenes and listen to the sparkling melodies of "The Tales of Hoffman," realize that this work is the expression of a life's tragedy.

Jacques Offenbach, the son of a Jewish cantor, came to Paris in 1833, aged seventeen, lugging under his arm a violoncello as big as himself, and determined to make his fortune in the glittering capital. When he had sat in the 'cello class of Professor Vaslin, at the Conservatoire, for one year, he decided to move on; for he was impatient of restraint, of the gradual acquirement of knowledge, and felt in his heart that he had in him the material of success.

Offenbach, darting about, found a position as 'cellist in the orchestra of the Opéra Comique. There he learned more about opera and composing for the theater than his teachers could ever have taught him. They were intent on making a respectable musician of him. But respectability was not a part of Offenbach's make-up. It was, in fact, the butt of all those indescribable jokes with which he sprinkled the pages of the dozens of operettas he was to compose. The years flew by, and he mounted and was thrown forward on a wave of popularity which constantly grew in its proportions and the momentum with which it advanced. Offenbach acquired a theater for himself, a cozy little theater of charming and somewhat indiscreet decorations in the Champs-Elysées, which he named the Bouffes Parisiennes. And there he did his worst! To that little theater

came all the world, to laugh with unbuttoned laughter at things which no one should have laughed at, to hear the latest of those wonderful melodies that Offenbach had but to shake from his sleeve. These tunes had this quality in common with our "popular music" of to-day—that they immediately "caught on." They were on every tongue, and even little children lisped airs and words of which, in the majority of cases—and fortunately—they seldom realized the full meaning. But unlike our popular music, there was in most of these airs a real art quality, a grace, a spirit—the French word *esprit* is a more truly descriptive adjective—which caused them to live as well as to sing.

So it went on! A veritable madness, said the present dean of French composers, Camille Saint-Saëns, seemed to have come over the human race. Monarchs on their way to Paris wired ahead for a box at the Bouffes Parisiennes. The society of the day was lax and its ideals low. The populace asked only to be amused. The jaded boulevardiers of the period, the politicians in the intervals of their plotting, sat at the feet of Offenbach, who, alas! too often debased his God-given talent for the sake of the moment and its gold.

In the space of thirty years he produced some ninety operettas. Many of them, still popular in Europe, won favor in part deserved by their real beauties, their touches of humor, tenderness, or dramatic characterization, and most emphatically undeserved by their superficialities and the mad haste of the opportunist by whom they were composed.

Both these characteristics are present in the melodious and lively overture to "Orpheus in Hades" (1858).

Overture to "Orpheus in Hades" ("Orphee aux Enfers")
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5537

OFFENBACH. 1819–1880

There were singers in those days, and Offenbach had the devil's own nose for finding the man or woman who would set an audience on fire. But at the bottom a tender-hearted and idealistic man, with a desire for the better as well as the more showy things of life, he knew that he was not fulfilling his destiny. He was amusing a frivolous people for whose approval he cared little or nothing. He owed it to himself to be great. As the years sped by and the gold rolled in, one ambition grew up in his heart. He longed to be taken seriously. He longed to produce one work which would assure him a lasting position in the Hall of Fame.

That work was "The Tales of Hoffman." It worthily achieved the purpose of the composer, whom it was as if Fate pursued, determined to mete out punishment to the last pound of flesh for former infidelity to his highest ideals. The sketches of the new opera were complete, in the musical shorthand that Offenbach employed when his ideas came faster than he could write them down, and he was coaching the singers, with some of whom he had difficulty because they suspected him of having the evil eye, when he was forced to take to his bed. He had with him his dog, whom he had named, after a song in "The Tales of Hoffman," Kleinzach. "Alas, poor Kleinzach," he said, "I'd give all I have if you and I could be at the first performance." On his deathbed Offenbach gave the last directions about the orchestration of his master-work to his friend, Ernst Guiraud, and thus enjoining him passed away.

The story of this opera is one of the most curious and original in the literature of music-drama, and most strangely symbolic of Offenbach's career. For Hoffman, too, is a man who chases delusions and whose footsteps, throughout his life, are dogged by a mysterious and unkind fate. Pursuing the ideal woman—the opera is a recital of his loves—he fancies he sees her

in different forms, only to draw back after each of his experiences, crushed by the disillusionment of reality. At last the Muse of art speaks to Hoffman—as she spoke to poor Offenbach when his life was too far gone for him to rise and follow her—and tells him there is but one love that will bring him happiness; love of that which his genius was given him to serve.

The librettists pieced their story together out of the fantastical tales of E. A. T. Hoffman, the poet, essayist, jurist, critic, composer, and author of romantic stories which exerted a potent influence on the development of nineteenth-century literature in Europe. The opera, unusually constructed, is in a prologue, three acts, and an epilogue. In the prologue and epilogue Hoffman begins and concludes his narrative. Sitting among fellow-students, distrait, melancholy, he answers their raillery by offering to tell the story of the women whom he has loved. "The name of the first," he says, "was Olympia."

Olympia was a dancing-doll whom Hoffman, an inexperienced and credulous youth, believed to be a real woman. The doll says, "Yes," "No," dances and sings.

Hoffman only comes to his senses when Copelius, the evil-eyed inventor of the doll that has played such havoc with his heart, smashes the automaton in a rage. His dream of youth and love has also been shattered.

In the second act Hoffman, with the passions of an older man, woos the superb Giulietta, courtesan of Venice. This situation inspired the celebrated barcarolle, a melody of the simplest kind, made of the soft Venetian night, the magic of the moonlight on the lagoons, the poetry and romance of the hour. The barcarolle is sung as a duet by Giulietta and Hoffman's servant, Nicklausse (the part taken by a woman in man's costume), as the scene—a terrace, with Hoffman at the feet of Giulietta—is disclosed.

Barcarolle: "Radiant night" from "Tales of Hoffman"

Sung by Patterson and Keyes (in English)	Columbia Record A 5274
Played by Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra	Columbia Record A 5966
Played by Mery Zentay, violinist	Columbia Record A 2503

This is not the only appearance of the barcarolle. At the beginning of the act it provides what is called in artistic phraseology "atmosphere." At the end it is heard again, but with a terrible and tragic significance. Behind Giulietta, in her shadow, as it were, stands a silent and ominous figure in a black costume, felt as a presence, rather than perceived, at first, as a man. This is Dapertutto, the magician, who is spoken of as "a soldier of fortune." Giulietta is his slave. She is to secure for him the soul of Hoffman by imprisoning his image in a magic mirror. Dapertutto voices his malevolent thoughts in the following air:

"Tourne, tourne, miroir" ("Turn, mirror, turn")
Sung by Hector Dufranne
Columbia Record A 5444

At Giulietta's instigation, Hoffman fights and kills her lover, Schlemil. Victorious, he seeks Giulietta, only to see her reclining in the arms of another. To the ironical lilt of the barcarolle, and the laughter of the faithless woman, the curtain falls.

Most pathetic and disheartening of all these strange incidents of Hoffman's career is his third and last love-affair. Antonia, the beautiful daughter of Crespel, is under a sinister fate. Her mother, a singer, died of consumption. Antonia's lungs are impaired, and Crespel, her father, knows that if she sings she, too, will die. Crespel is hostile to the love of Hoffman for his daughter. He has fled with her from city to city. He has been pursued, not only by Hoffman, but also by the fiendish Doctor Miracle. A singular being! His face is like a death's head. His attire, in Offen-

bach's original conception—sometimes altered on the stage to-day—is that of a greasy quack doctor. If you met him on the street, you would dismiss him as a crafty and dishonest patent-medicine man. But look a little closer, and you will recoil from the evil that leaps from those eyes! Miracle professes concern for Antonia. In a terrifying scene he grasps a fiddle, saws on it wildly, and commands the girl to sing. As she obeys, she dies.

In the epilogue the students who surround Hoffman remark on the strangeness of his adventures, and depart to drink elsewhere. Hoffman, who is awaiting Stella, a singer in a neighboring theater, falls a prey to curious fancies. Is it not strange that the inventor Copelius, the magician Dapertutto, and Doctor Miracle seem in retrospect to have had very much the same type of features? Was it one or was it many who pursued him to his ruin? Were any of these people real men? Did the women actually live? Did he love them, or was it all but a troubled dream? And what is life itself? Is it a dream? A truce to thought, and another drink! Stella, entering, finds Hoffman in a stupor with his head on the table. Hoffman's rival, the crafty Lindorf, has been watching like a spider in his corner. Singular to relate, his face seems to bear a resemblance to the faces of Copelius, Dapertutto, and Miracle! With a sigh and a backward glance, the frail Stella departs on the arm of Lindorf, and with this final betrayal of the unfortunate dreamer, who is nevertheless, in his slumber, possessed of a fairer vision than any mortal woman could embody, the curtain falls.

Selections from "Tales of Hoffman"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5367

Such was the opera in which Offenbach, consciously or otherwise, epitomized his own career.

LÉO DELIBES

A GREAT composer dawns on the world. His art is attacked by many, supported by a few. Lesser lights gather about his standard or flock to the opposition. Critics quarrel. The gutters run with ink. The public looks on with wonder and delight, and goes its way. By and by the dust of the battle settles and from the cloud certain figures emerge to remain with us and smile through the years. Among these are frequently composers not of the first, but of the second rank; men of true talent, but not deceived about themselves, not hitching their wagons to too high a star; anxious to give the best that is in them to their art; humble in its presence; happy in its service. A composer of this kind and rank is that master of delicious ballet music, Léo Delibes.

To Delibes the ballet was not a series of hackneyed evolutions, but a poem, a dream of the most delicate beauty. He was a musical descendant of a long line of ballet-composers whose art in France had antedated the opera itself. He could trace his inheritance far back to Lulli of the sixteenth century, with his powder and his pomp, his stately, formal music which amused an idle king. Delibes learned much in turn from his master in composition, Adolph Adam, composer of such exquisite scores as that of the ballet, "Ghiselle," and from other men of Adam's period—Hérold, Auber, Boieldieu—all masters in miniature, men who held, rightly or wrongly, that the mission of music was not to instruct or edify, but to delight.

Delibes, born at St.-Germain-du-Val, February 21, 1836, came to Paris in his tenth year. He was successively choir-boy at the Madeleine, a pupil of many honors at the Conservatoire, accompanist at the Théâtre Lyrique, and second chorus-master at the Opéra. Perrin, the stage-director, convinced of his talent, commissioned him to compose music for a ballet, "La Source," in collaboration with a Russian composer, Minkous. The second and third tableaux of this ballet were composed by Delibes. It was performed at the Opéra, November 12, 1866. Later it was given in Vienna under the title of "Naila, die Quellen Fee" ("Naila, the Water Nymph"). In this early music the delicate beauty and the fanciful charm of Delibes's composing are already shown.

"La Source"—"Circassian Dance"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1227

"Naila" ("La Source")—Intermezzo
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5714

The audience preferred the music of Delibes to that of Minkous, with whom he had been associated as a favor, and Delibes was finally intrusted with the setting of an entire ballet, "Coppelia," which proved one of his greatest works. The scenario of this ballet was distantly derived from the story of old Copelius, the toy-maker, the magician, who figures in the tales of the romantic writer, E. A. T. Hoffman, and also in the first act of Offenbach's celebrated opera. The ballet has two acts. The story is a tiny thread which serves to introduce many graceful and diverting dances.

"Coppelia"—"Waltz of the Hours"
Played by the Cincinnati Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5943

DELIBES, 1836–1891

"Sylvia," or "The Nymph of Diana," was performed on the same stage on the 14th of June, 1876. The scenario of the old pastoral kind, which had years ago delighted the gay courts of French kings, was based on Tasso's poem, "Aminta," a poem of Arcadia, an impossible land where nymphs, shepherdesses, fauns, satyrs, and goddesses run about in engaging attire.

The pizzicato—so named from the fact that it opens with a musical passage plucked by the fingers instead of played by the bows of the violinists—and the airy grace of the waltz, have gone to the four corners of the earth.

Pizzicato, Intermezzo and Valse Lente
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 999

It was truly remarked by contemporaneous critics that Delibes had been almost the first to write ballet music which, while it fitted the stage situation exactly and gave the dancers the most agreeable opportunities, also stood by itself on the concert platform. So with the music of "Sylvia," which has long held an honorable place on orchestral programs.

Delibes produced many operettas, songs, choral works, and two *opéras comiques*, "Jean de Nivelle" and "Lakmé," produced at the Opéra Comique, April 14, 1883. The book of "Lakmé," by Goudinet and Gille, was founded on the story, "Le Mariage de Loti" ("The Marriage of Loti"). The scene is India under English rule. Gerald and Frederick, young officers, are wandering about with friends, when Gerald, stopping to sketch a scene in front of a Brahmin temple, sees Lakmé, the beautiful daughter of Nilakantha. Love at first sight! Nilakantha, enraged, stabs the Englishman. In the forest Lakmé nurses Gerald, who is badly wounded. Gerald is inclined to think the world well lost for love, and Lakmé has departed in search of a drug which, ac-

cording to Indian legend, makes love eternal, when Frederick appears on the scene, reminds Gerald of his duty to his queen and of the fact that he is engaged to a lady in England. Gerald departs, and Lakmé, in despair, poisons herself with an herb that grows in the forest.

The music of this work is not "deep," but it has a charming and unique color. There is in it something of the exotic beauty and fantasy of the designs one might see on an Oriental fan or object of art, a work not to be taken too seriously, but to be enjoyed.

The "Bell Song" derives its name because of the composer's use of bells to characterize the appearance of Lakmé, in the attire of a dancing girl. Only Delibes could have written this graceful and semi-Oriental melody, in which the flavor of the East qualifies in a charming manner a brilliant and popular display piece for the soprano voice. "Lakmé" was written with special thought of the voice of Marie van Zandt, an American soprano from Texas, whose art Delibes greatly admired. When she slightly changed the notes of a certain passage he first objected, then said: "Very well, sing it your own way. I really think your version is better than mine."

"Ou va la jeune Hindoue" ("Bell Song")
Sung by Maria Barrientos
Columbia Record 49151

The barytone air, "Lakmé, ton doux regard," is in a broader and more dramatic style than most of the music of the opera. It is sung in the same scene as that in which Lakmé sings the "Bell Song." Édouard de Reszké used to sing it with such emotion and such art that he made noble the character of Nilakantha.

"Lakme, ton doux regard" ("Lakme, how sad your glance")
Sung by Hector Dufranne
Columbia Record A 5444

Delibes wrote "Lakmé" perched up in the highest story of one of the crowded houses of the Rue de Rivoli. "His study," wrote a correspondent, "is not much longer than what in America is called a hall bedroom. It contains a small upright piano, two or three tables loaded with books and music, besides a wide, unpainted board supported by crossed legs." "Lakmé" was composed in that room and on that table.

In 1881, on the death of Henri Reber, Delibes became professor of composition at the Conservatoire, and in 1884 a member of the Académie. He was never a rich man. He lived a simple and industrious life and worked harder for his pupils than he ever did for himself. He was a gay fellow who never grew old; six feet tall, with thick hair and blond beard and a laugh that shook the rafters. Offenbach found one day, in rehearsal of one of his own works, that in some strange manner a solo for the big bass drum had been written into the orchestral parts. No one could tell how it came there. There was one answer—Delibes. He was a born wag. It is recalled that Delibes and his friend, Philippe Gille, used to follow Meyerbeer about the streets of Paris with audible compliments and exaggerated homage. Meyerbeer would turn and salute the pair with extreme politeness, taking them for a couple of newspaper-men, for whom the composer of "Les Huguenots" entertained a respect not unmixed with fear!

One evening at Gille's house Delibes was playing fragments of his new opera, "Kassaya," and tumbling about with Gille's son, Victor, who was Delibes's godchild, when he seemed exhausted and lay down on a couch. He did not rise through the evening. "You know I am all here. It may look to you that I am sleeping, but I am listening to everything that is going on." The next morning, when on his way to his classes at the Conservatoire, he was taken suddenly ill on the street, and died.

By his exquisite ballets Delibes will be long remembered. In them he revivified the past in a modern manner and also anticipated the succeeding period in which, thanks largely to him, the French ballet came to its full glory. "The scores of 'Sylvia' and 'Coppelia,'" wrote Alfred Bruneau, the French critic and composer, "beautiful, distinctive, spiritual, singing, luminous, lively, full of all sorts of ingenuities of rhythm, melody, harmony, and orchestration, are the ravishing jewels which, in the museum of our treasure-house, occupy a niche of their own."

GEORGES BIZET

THE composer of "Carmen," to-day one of the most popular and brilliant of all operas, died young and broken-hearted at the apparent failure of his masterpiece. Madame Galli-Marié, who took the title rôle, was shuffling the cards in the scene in which Carmen foresees her death only a few hours from the time he passed away.

Bizet inherited his prodigious talent. His mother was an admirable pianist, sister-in-law of Delsarte, of physical-culture fame. His father commenced life as an artisan, but so loved music that he became a professional musician at the age of twenty-five. He often repented the early years spent in an uncongenial trade; he dreamed of what he might have been if he had had an earlier start. But there was his child, born with genius, knowing in his boyhood what the father had given years and the very blood of his heart to learn!

"Alexandre César Leopold" he was named at his christening, but he quickly became "Georges" for short. He was born in Paris, October 25, 1838. At ten he entered the Conservatoire, took prize after prize, and made every one love him. He was gay, impetuous, hot-hearted. He had a shock of yellow hair, firm features, a strong body, a ringing laugh. The sweetness of his mouth balanced the mischievous sparkle of his eyes. He was near-sighted, even then, and a tremendous worker.

Bizet won the Prix de Rome in 1857 with his cantata, "Clovis et Clothilde." In Rome he spent his happiest years. In Rome he dreamed the dreams that never

came true. He wrote his mother that he intended to make one hundred thousand francs as soon as he returned to Paris. It was simple! Two successes at the Opéra Comique, and neither of his parents would have to teach. With one hand he fought circumstances; with the other he held aloft the banner of the ideal. Bizet was accused on certain occasions of writing down to the popular taste. The wonder is that with all his trials he produced so much great art. And there is such a thing, as he proved in his "Carmen," as writing, not "down," but "up" to the finest sensibilities of the public.

When Bizet returned to Paris his mother was on her death-bed. He had no money. He found music, in his own words, "a splendid art, but a sad trade." He did hack work of all kinds. He gave piano lessons, composed for dances, and wrote music for hire.

Count Waleswki had bestowed on the Opéra Comique a subsidy of one hundred thousand francs, on condition that a new work by a winner of the Prix de Rome be mounted each season. Bizet was the first to benefit by this agreement. His opera was "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" ("The Pearl Fishers"). It was produced on the 30th of September, 1863.

The libretto is the work of Carré and Carmon. The Ceylonese pearl-fishers choose a virgin priestess who is to call down the blessings of Brahma on their perilous undertakings. When Leila, the priestess, appears, she is recognized by Nadir and Zurga as the beautiful and unknown maiden whom they once beheld before a temple in the forest. The duet in which this incident is recalled is one of the finest passages in the opera. It was sung with sacred text at Bizet's funeral.

"Au fond du temple" ("In the depths of the temple")
Sung by James Harrod and Graham Marr
Columbia Record A 5926

The comrades had vowed never to allow a woman to come between them and had hurried from the spot. But neither has forgotten. Recalling the past, Nadir sings of the day that he first saw Leila, as in a dream.

" Mi par d'udire ancora " (" Methinks again I hear ")
Sung by Florencio Constantino
Columbia Record 30466

Nadir is unable to restrain his passion for the priestess. They flee. It is the generous Zurga, at the price of his own life, who makes their escape possible.

The public found this opera disturbing in its novelty, and only eighteen performances were given. A letter that Gounod wrote Bizet at this time would be sound advice for any man, whether composing or driving rivets in ships: "Do not hurry under pretense that you are pressed. Bring your work to maturity as if you had twice the time, only work without interruption; that was the system of the tortoise and it defeated the hare."

Bizet's second opera was "La Jolie Fille de Perth" ("The Fair Maid of Perth"), which, produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, December 26, 1867, had a short run. "Djamileh," an Oriental one-act piece, in which, to quote Mr. Philip Hale, "the three comedians should be seen as in an opium dream," was given without success at the Opéra Comique, May 22, 1872; but the two works in which Bizet, artistically speaking, came into his own were "L'Arlésienne," in which he wrote the incidental music for the drama by Daudet, and the opera "Carmen." Carvalho, manager of the Vaudeville, wished to revive the form of the melodrama—the drama with musical accompaniment and commentary. He asked Daudet and Bizet to collaborate, as a result of which two very wonderful talents, essentially typical of the best in the French art of their period, thought and felt as one.

The heroine of "L'Arlésienne" ("The Woman of Arles"), after whom the drama is named, never appears on the stage. This was a subtlety which disappointed audiences of the day, eager to see the woman who wrought the destruction of the youth, Frederi. Discovering her infamy, he tried in vain to forget her. His mother wished him to marry the faithful Vivette, who loved him well. This affection Frederi could not return. On the very night of their betrothal, while the peasants danced the farandole in the courtyard, he destroyed himself. Marvelous is the reflection, in Bizet's score, of those calm and pastoral scenes in southern France which form the background for the play of the terrible passions of the human race.

In the prelude to "L'Arlésienne" Bizet uses with superb effect the ancient Noël, or Christmas song, of Provence, "The March of the Three Kings." This is an air of great antiquity, and one of the finest folk-tunes in existence. In its original form it narrates the journey of the kings who go to lay their treasures at the feet of the Infant Jesus. At first it is played "in unison" by the instruments of the orchestra without chords to accompany the melody. The inspired adagietto, a passage of simple and sublime tenderness, accompanies in the drama the meeting, after many years, of the shepherd Balthazar and Mother Renaud. These two figures are introduced with the utmost skill and poetry by the dramatist as a foil to the agony of Frederi. Balthazar loved Mother Renaud, when both were young, as fiercely, perhaps, as Frederi the woman of Arles, but Renaud belonged to another, and she and her shepherd through long, empty years kept faith.

Prelude and Adagietto from "L'Arlesienne"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5559

BIZET, 1838–1875

Another page—an adorable one—of the "L'Arlésienne" music is the idyllic minuet, with its flute solo, so charmingly suggestive of the countryside.

Minuet from "L'Arlesienne," Suite No. 2
Played by George Barrere, flutist
Columbia Record A 1449

"L'Arlésienne" was given its first performance at the Vaudeville, Paris, October 1, 1872. In 1873 Bizet married Geneviève Halévy, daughter of Ludovic Halévy, Bizet's old teacher at the Conservatoire. Whether through Halévy's influence or the undirected choice of Leuven and Du Locle, then directors of the Opéra Comique, Bizet was commissioned to write a work for that institution. He experimented with various subjects and at last chose that of "Carmen," after the novel of Prosper Mérimée. The libretto was prepared by Halévy and Meilhac. It did not follow the original tale too closely. The figure of Micaela, José's fiancée, for instance, does not appear at all in Mérimée's story. She is introduced in the opera to afford a dramatic contrast to the figure of Carmen; for the managers of the Opéra Comique were by this time sufficiently alarmed by the subject of Bizet's choice. Said Leuven:

"Carmen? Mérimée's Carmen? Isn't she assassinated by her lover? And this crowd of thieves, gipsies, cigar girls! At the Opéra Comique! A family theater! A theater for the promotion of marriages! We rent five or six boxes every night for these meetings of young couples. You are going to put our audience to flight. No, it's impossible."

Halévy mentioned the extenuating circumstances of Micaela, of gipsies who should be attired, not dirtily, but according to the rules of opera-land, and of a brilliant ballet to soften the effect of Carmen's death.

"Death? Try not to let her die," cried Leuven. "Death has never been seen on this stage. Do you hear? Never. Don't let her die! I beg you, my dear child."

Leuven retired from the direction of the Opéra Comique before "Carmen" was given. Du Locle was the manager when the opera was performed, March 3, 1875.

José (Act I), a young lieutenant of the guards on duty in Seville, is seen by Carmen, the cigarette girl, the gipsy, the wanton. Piqued by his indifference, she pursues him. She sings a love-song, dances before him, and at last throws a rose which hits him "like a bullet" in the heart.

"Habanera" from "Carmen"

Sung by Maria Gay	Columbia Record A 5279
Sung by Lina Cavalieri	Columbia Record A 5179

This song is not the melody Bizet originally composed for the entrance of Carmen on the stage. Madame Galli-Marié wanted something different from his first effort, something in which she could display all her charms. Bizet tried twelve times to suit her. Only at the thirteenth effort did he succeed, with an old Spanish tune which had already been used by the composer Yradier. The "Habanera" from "Carmen" is not, then, the original invention of Bizet nor yet of Yradier, but of a singer unknown, whose melody fascinated more than one composer.

José, engaged to the fair-haired Micaela, cannot forget the smiles and the disturbing glances of the gipsy. She is arrested, and he is commanded to take her to jail. But the gipsy, full of wiles, sings of her love for the young soldier whom she would fain meet at the inn of Lillas Pastia in the mountains, and José, as wax in the hands of the woman, forgets faith, honor, every-

thing for her. She escapes, and for disobeying orders he is cast into prison.

At the inn of Lillas Pastia (Act II), a resort of thieves, cutthroats, and toss-pots of the countryside, Carmen is besieged by her admirers. Among them is Zuniga, José's superior officer. Soon comes Escamillo, the swaggering toreador, to shouts of welcome and acclamation. Carmen is much interested, and Escamillo is not unmindful of his good fortune. At first for the company, but later for her—at her—he sings of the bull-ring, of the shouts of the excited crowd, and the prowess of the toreador.

Song of the Toreador

Sung by George Baklanoff	Columbia Record A 5272
Sung by Giuseppe Campanari	Columbia Record A 5777

Carmen coquets with him. Escamillo and the company depart. Carmen is asked to join a smuggling expedition. She refuses. "The reason? I'm in love." She expects José, who even now comes singing up the valley.

Carmen welcomes him. Carmen caresses him. Carmen dances for him as only she can dance. Then sounds the note of the trumpet, clear and penetrating, between the click of the castanets, summoning José to duty. The gipsy, in a royal rage, tells him to choose—the garrison or the love of Carmen. José takes from his breast the rose for which he bartered a soldier's honor, the flower which has been his one consolation since the time of his disgrace, and implores her to have mercy.

"Flower Song" from "Carmen"

Sung by Edoardo Ferrari-Fontana	Columbia Record A 5721
Sung by Florencio Constantino	Columbia Record A 692

Carmen is touched by this, but will not relent. José sadly gathers up his arms and is about to go when, as the devil will have it, there is a knock on the door, and his superior, Zuniga, is before him. José is ordered arrogantly to return at once to the barracks, but military rule and the rivalry of two men for a woman are different things. Swords are drawn. The men are fighting when Carmen calls in her comrades. Zuniga is disarmed, and José, outlawed, casts his lot with Carmen and her people.

But Carmen (Act III) soon commences to tire of her soldier. He is over-scrupulous, serious, melancholy, and possessive. The gipsy will always be free. The great moment of the third act is the card scene, managed with equal dexterity by composer and librettists. On one side of the camp-fire sits Carmen with cards, on the other two prattling girls, Frasquita and Mercedes. The light-hearted gaiety of their song contrasts powerfully with the somber music heard as Carmen picks up the deck and throws a spade. Death! She throws again. Once more a spade. And a last time. Again the black omen. For a moment, gazing into the future, the gipsy is face to face with destiny. Then she turns petulantly to join the tribe in a new adventure.

Card Scene from "Carmen"

Sung by Maria Gay	Columbia Record A 5279
Sung by Frascani	Columbia Record A 1634

José is left to guard the pass. Micaela steals in, frightened at these surroundings, with a sad message. She puts her trust in God to protect her in this perilous place, where she has come to find the faithless one. This is the occasion for her melodious song, "Je dis que rien" ("I say that no fear shall deter me").

Micaela's Air from "Carmen"
Sung by Hulda Laschanska

A shot! José and the toreador descend the pass from opposite sides, the toreador with a hole in his hat. Discovering that they are rivals, they fight. Again the gipsies intervene, this time to protect Escamillo. Carmen shows plainly her new infatuation. There is a violent scene, and José consents to leave only when Micaela tells him that his mother is dying. The curtain falls.

We have waited until now to describe the music of the prelude to "Carmen." This music is heard at the beginning of the opera and again with easily recognizable alterations as the introduction to the last act. It is prophetic of the development of the drama. The opening strain is founded on the rhythm of the Spanish jota. The second theme is the song of the toreador. The dance returns. Suddenly it breaks off; there is a moment of silence, more expressive than the playing of a dozen orchestras, after which the 'cellos intone one of the most dramatic motives in all music—a motive of five notes, savage, foreboding, an outcry of passion, which, repeated, warns the hearer of Carmen's tragic end. Here, in two measures, is the epitome of the tragedy. The prelude is followed in the record hereafter to be noted by another no less brief and remarkable example of Bizet's genius—the intermezzo which precedes the fourth act. It is difficult to overestimate the originality of this little piece. One hears successively the banging of instruments of percussion, the plucking of strings, and the strange song of a clarinet—ghostly, sinister, a melody which is as a disembodied voice of the desert. There is a passionate reply from other instruments of the orchestra, after which the unearthly melody is heard again. "This music," said Nietzsche, who, turning from Wagner, exulted in the genius of "Carmen," "is wicked, subtle, and fatalistic. It remains popular at the same time. Its gaiety is

African; destiny hangs over it; its happiness is short, sudden, and without forgiveness."

Prelude and Intermezzo from "Carmen"
Played by Columbia Symphony Orchestra (Conductor, Felix Weingartner)
Columbia Record A 5559

The end of the drama comes quickly. The day of the bull-fight! Spanish women, flaunting their finery, like birds-of-paradise, in the square of Seville! Cavaliers no less gaily attired! The cries of the venders! The laughter of street urchins, and a sun which inflames the blood—all these things are in the pounding music of Bizet. A shout of welcome, and the glittering pageant files into the ring; the solemn, black-robed alguazil, representative of the law; a cuadrilla of Toreros; chulos; banderillos; picadors; and lastly, with Carmen on his arm, the toreador. A moment, the last the gipsy will ever know of love and languor, and he leaves her to enter the bull-ring. Carmen is warned by her companions. José is lurking about, more a mad animal than a man, with death in his eyes. He approaches and desperately implores Carmen to return to him. She draws his ring from her finger and flings it in his face. José, seeing red, strikes her to the ground. And he cries, as she falls: "I have killed you. Oh, my Carmen, my Carmen, whom I adored!"

AMILCARE PONCHIELLI

AMILCARE PONCHIELLI, composer of that brilliant opera, "La Gioconda," was a zealous and thoughtful musician, a teacher as well as composer, who labored modestly in a corner of Italy throughout his lifetime, and left a mark on the history of his epoch.

Reflective in his art, he was one of the most absent-minded of artists. After the performance of his first opera, "I Promessi Sposi" (Cremona, 1856), he rushed upon the stage to express his delight and gratitude to the prima donna, Signora Brambilla, whom he afterward married. What he actually did was to turn to the singer who stood nearest him, a steady-going woman veteran who had grown gray in the service, throw his arms rapturously about her neck, kiss her on both cheeks, and exclaim: "Angel of melody, admirable creature, supreme artist! I thank you and adore you!"

Ponchielli was born at Cremona, Italy, August 31, 1834. He was a man of high purposes. He thought for himself. He studied eagerly the works of the later Verdi and other masters. He devised new idioms for the expression of emotion, abrupt dramatic phrases, an orchestral speech which set off in a new and forceful manner certain situations on the stage. He was the teacher of both Puccini and Mascagni, and profoundly influenced the young Italians of to-day. He was also a master composer of ballet music. In "La Gioconda" he had an opportunity for many brilliant effects, for swift, vigorous, dramatic development, in place of the stilted forms of the old-fashioned Italian opera. The

libretto was based on Victor Hugo's drama, very popular at that time, "Angelo, the Tyrant of Venice." The text was the work of Arrigo Boito, who signed himself "Tobia Gorrio." The opera was first performed at La Scala, Milan, April 8, 1876.

On a festival day in Venice, Barnaba, spy of the Ten, watches the crowd. He makes advances to the street singer, La Gioconda, as she passes him with her blind mother, "La Cieca." Gioconda repulses the spy and goes in search of her lover, Enzo, a proscribed nobleman. Enzo has returned to the city, disguised, and arrives just in time to save Gioconda's mother, accused by Barnaba of witchcraft, from the anger of a superstitious crowd. Enzo holds the throng at bay until the appearance of Alvise, chief of the council, with his wife, Laura. Hearing the voice of Laura, who intercedes for her, La Cieca gives the unseen pleader a crucifix and her blessing.

Enzo, with mingled emotions, recognizes in Laura the woman whose marriage had caused him to leave Venice. His word is now Gioconda's, but his heart is still with the other woman. Barnaba watches malignantly, taps Enzo on the shoulder, and tells him that to-night, while Alvise is at council, Laura, who still loves him, will come to his ship, at anchor in the harbor. Having planned all carefully, Barnaba writes a note which he drops in The Lion's Mouth, informing Alvise of his wife's treachery. Gioconda overhears the plotting.

At night (Act II) the moon shines on the lagoon, the waves are lapping softly against the side of the vessel, while Barnaba, on the watch, sings a barcarolle in which he mocks his unsuspecting victims.

"Ah, pescator, affonda l'esca" ("Ah, fisherman, thy bait now lower")
Sung by George Baklanoff, barytone
Columbia Record A 5272

Enzo appears on the deck of his vessel and sings the romance, "Cielo e mar," the finest of all Ponchielli's arias, a song of moonlight and love. In its long curving phrases is the genesis of that type of melody with which Ponchielli's pupil, Puccini, was to enrapture the world.

"Cielo e mar" ("Heaven and ocean")

Sung by Alessandro Bonci	Columbia Record A 5479
Sung by Giovanni Zenatello	Columbia Record A 5400

The jealous Gioconda steals on board, resolving to kill Laura. She spares her, however, when Laura lifts the crucifix given her by Gioconda's mother. As Barnaba and Alvise approach in a boat Gioconda spirits Laura away. Finding that his ship is surrounded, Enzo, after a dramatic scene with Gioconda, sets it on fire.

Alvise (Act III) informs his wife that he knows all and commands her to drink poison. Gioconda gives Laura a sleeping draught, to replace the poison, and the wife, swallowing it, lays herself on her bier. The scene changes. The iron-hearted Alvise gives an entertainment, a spectacle of the utmost splendor. Here occurs the superb ballet, the "Dance of the Hours." Twenty-four dancers represent the different periods of the day. Six are clad in black, with silver stars, to typify the hours of night; six in pink, indicating the dawn; six in golden hues representative of midday; six in mauve, the twilight. Black night slays them all. There is then a brilliant ensemble. Ponchielli's orchestra sings, sparkles, flashes with color.

"Dance of the Hours"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5857

The dance concluded, Alvise draws aside a curtain and shows the guests his wife, whom all suppose to be

dead. Enzo, unmasking, tries to kill Alvise. He is seized by the guards and carried off to prison.

Gioconda, victim equally of Enzo and Barnaba, has brought Laura (Act IV) to a ruined palace on an island in the Adriatic, where Enzo, who has escaped his prison, joins her. The lovers give thanks to their deliverer and flee. Gioconda has secured Enzo's safety by promising herself to Barnaba. He approaches, claiming his prey. For Gioconda there is only one escape—suicide. Here occurs the great aria, "Suicidio."

"Suicidio" ("Suicide")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record A 5198

Gioconda, to make all secure for the fleeing lovers, puts on her gayest raiment, trifles with Barnaba, and finally tells him that she is his—as a corpse. She stabs herself and falls at the spy's feet. Barnaba curses the dead woman and, bending over her, shrieks, "I have strangled your mother!" On this edifying scene, too horrible and sensational for any one to take seriously, the curtain falls. The gorgeous scenery and costumes, the vigorous action, the dances, the ensembles, the modern and realistic style of the work, have made "La Gioconda," despite the extravagance of the story, popular with opera-goers.

ARRIGO BOITO

WHEN Italy was winning freedom from Austria, and all the youth of the land were dreaming of the future of their mother-country, and all the nascent genius and art of the race was feeling the stir which usually precedes the fresh achievement of a people, there arose a youth who dared attempt one of the greatest things of which a musician has dreamed—to interpret through music the entire meaning of Goethe's "Faust." This was Arrigo Boito, Italian on his father's side, Polish on his mother's, and uniting in his own veins temperamental and spiritual qualities of both races. He is a poet and a composer. In his opera, "Mefistofele," he is both. In this opera he tries to paint the drama of the evolution and salvation of the soul of man, who, through errors, sorrows, and love, arrives finally at the consummation of his destiny.

The astonishing thing is not that Boito, by no means so skilled and experienced a musician as others of his countrymen, should have dared attempt this, but that in a singularly beautiful and uneven work he should so nearly have fulfilled his purpose.

"Mefistofele," an opera far ahead of its time, was first performed at La Scala, Milan, in 1868, when the composer was in his twenty-sixth year. It failed. It was revised and enthusiastically received when given in its altered form in 1875. "Mefistofele" stands like some colossal, half-finished statue, lacking a head or a limb, and yet so inspired with the vision of the artist that it fills the beholder with a deeper and grander emo-

tion than might many a lesser work, more perfect in form. Boito's text was based on both parts of Goethe's "Faust." Gounod, inspired by the same subject, had taken but one episode of the vast poem and made a five-act opera of it. Berlioz, Liszt, and others of the immortals had chosen representative episodes and set them to music. But Boito thought of a music-drama embracing the complete conception of the poet.

Trumpets that resound through space play a motive heard more than once in the opera when the cause of the Most High is invoked. Then follows the song of praise, and the chanting of seraphim and cherubim as the trumpets again throw out their sonorous proclamation of the might and majesty of the Lord.

Opening Chorus from "Mefistofele"
Sung by Columbia Opera Chorus
Columbia Record A 5790

After this comes the mocking voice of Mefistofele, "Hail, Sovereign Lord."

"Ave, Signor"
Sung by V. Bettoni
Columbia Record E 2702

Mefistofele appears, proclaiming, "I am the spirit that denies." Boito's musical portrayal of the fiend is subtly conceived. This is not the red-clad individual of Gounod's opera, who in other surroundings might be mistaken for a Parisian gentleman bound for a costume ball, but the cynical, sneering spirit which corrupts every effort and every ideal of man by making it appear vain and little. There are parody, contempt, not only in the song, but in the accompaniment.

"Son lo spirito che nega" ("I am the spirit that denies")
Sung by Jose Mardones — Columbia Record A 5216
Sung by V. Bettoni — Columbia Record E 1875

BOITO, 1842–1918

In Faust's studio the aged philosopher, vainly perusing his learned tomes, disillusioned, as has been many a man who trusted overmuch in the knowledge that is in books, looks out over the smiling fields, in despair at the joy and freshness of nature, which mock his fruitless quest of knowledge. Mefistofele announces himself. Faust agrees to serve him after death, in exchange for youth and love in this life, and the two depart on their adventures.

Mefistofele transports Faust to the scenes of the unholy revels of witches and demons on the Brocken. There are wild ceremonies and incantations. The fiend, seating himself on a throne, dashes to pieces at his feet a ball, symbolic of the world he scorns.

"Ecco il monde" ("The world I'll show you")

Sung by Jose Mardones	Columbia Record A 5216
Sung by V Bettoni	Columbia Record E 1875

The end of the first half of Boito's opera is the scene which marks the finale of Gounod's, and here Boito reaches his highest inspiration. Marguerite is seen alone in her prison cell. At first she does not recognize her lover when he enters with Mefistofele and entreats her to flee with them from the knife of the executioner. She rises from the straw, her mind wandering, singing of her child whom in her madness she threw into the sea, and of the grief which is destroying her. Boito achieves one of the most moving passages in the opera—a passage to which Verdi might have been proud to sign his name—by a melody of almost childlike simplicity. No thundering orchestra, no striving "counterpoint," no strange chords—only a human lament of unspeakable poignancy. A duet follows, in which the repentant Faust and the unhappy Marguerite dream of the happiness which will nevermore be theirs.

Duet: "Lontano, lontano" ("Far away")
Sung by G. Della Rizza, soprano, and G. Tommosini, tenor
Columbia Record E 2702

When Faust urges Marguerite to flee with him, when Mefistofele cries, "She's damned," when the desperate woman sinks on her knees and implores the aid of God, the music of the prologue swells forth in the orchestra, and the angelic chorus proclaims from heaven, "Redeemed."

The next scene, one of the most beautiful in the opera, is also one of the most difficult for those who see the work for the first time to understand. Faust is seen in adoration at the feet of Helen of Troy. Boito has attempted in his music to interpret Goethe's conception of the soul of Faust passing through another phase of its development through the influence of the spirit of Grecian art.

Many years elapse. Faust is again in his studio, where all lies deep under the dust of time. His hour has come to die. Faust welcomes it, for he has discovered the secret of salvation, the joy which lies in the brotherhood and service of man. Mefistofele lurks in the shadows, thinking himself secure of his prey. No longer despairing, unrestful, but looking forward to his release, Faust's memory goes back over the long years, his struggles, yearnings, aspirations, and to her whom his selfishness betrayed. He knows now the grandeur of destiny. Again the clear, spontaneous, simple character of true Italian art comes to the fore in Boito's music. In the reflective wisdom and melancholy of Faust's song is that which perhaps no other Italian composer could have accomplished—the accents of the man who knows life, its sorrow, love, and faith.

The final moment comes. Mefistofele summons his spirits to aid him in capturing the soul of the dying man,

but the opening *chorus mysticus* is heard again, and from above sounds the voice of Marguerite, leading "upward and on."

"Mefistofele" stands as the sum of Boito's achievement as a composer. For years he is supposed to have been at work on an opera, "Nero." Probably it will never appear. Boito is too critical to risk the production of a work inadequate to his ideals, a work which, moreover, would stand or fall by the last operas of Verdi. For these last operas, "Otello" and "Falstaff," Boito wrote two of the greatest libretti in musical literature. He made possible the supreme monuments to Verdi's fame. Much fine poetry, literary criticism, political essays, and other similar productions, is to Boito's credit. Perhaps the present age in Italian art discomfits him, for, with all the talent of Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and others, where are the Verdis to-day? There was but one, Boito's bosom friend. Boito, at this time of writing, lives like his Faust, with his memories, and memories do not conduce greatly to the production of fresh masterpieces.

Note by the author.—Since the completion of this sketch Arrigo Boito died at Milan, June 10, 1918. He was born at Padua, February 24, 1842.

GIACOMO PUCCINI

A GREAT success is often the result of many failures. Giaccomo Puccini, composer of "La Bohème," "La Tosca," "Madam Butterfly," and other of the most popular operas of the present day, is a case in point. In his youth Puccini, born at Lucca, June 22, 1858, was a disappointment to every one. He failed in school. He failed when an uncle tried to make a singer of him. Even "Madam Butterfly," perhaps the most popular of all his operas, failed at its initial performance.

But Puccini had two things powerfully in his favor: a bulldog tenacity of purpose and inability to know when he was beaten, and a mother who believed in him from the bottom of her soul. She pinched and saved that he might have the necessary training in his art. Her faith was unwavering. Puccini's ancestors had been musicians for generations. There was music in him. He loved it, and some day it would come out. He was her son.

Puccini passed through the hands of several teachers, who could do nothing with him. Finally he found a congenial guide in Angeloni, an old musician, a former colleague of his father, who seemed to have some understanding of the boy. Angeloni secured Puccini a position as organist in a little church of Lucca, the town of his birth, and Puccini promptly got into trouble with the church authorities. This came about because he was fond of weaving into the solemn musical service favorite airs from the popular operas of the day. What was worse, the congregation seemed to enjoy it, until

respectability claimed its own and the church authorities put a stop to the mischief. It is to be feared that Puccini was not regarded as a model citizen.

He drifted along until he heard a performance of Verdi's "Aïda," which awakened him to a realization of his purpose in life. He then decided to go to Milan and learn how to compose operas.

There were no funds available, but his mother contrived to gain audience of Queen Margherita of Italy, and the queen, who became the lifelong friend of the composer, agreed to supply the means for two years' study in Milan.

Arrived at Milan, Puccini, true to form, failed in his entrance examinations for the Conservatory. The next year he passed every other applicant and entered the famous institution with flying colors. Astonishing to relate, he soon succeeded in getting a capriccio for orchestra approved by his teachers and performed by the Conservatory band. Astonishing, in the first place, because he succeeded in something at a first attempt, and, secondly, because it is unknown to this day how he found any one with the patience to read his manuscript. The Puccini manuscripts were then, and are now, miracles of illegibility.

Puccini's teacher in composition was Amilcare Ponchielli, the composer of "La Gioconda," the teacher and mentor of many of the young Italian musicians of the day, who encouraged his pupil to write a first opera, "Le Villi" (Milan, 1884). This opera turned out to be of little value, but if luck had been against Puccini in the early stages of his career it was with him now. "Le Villi" attracted the attention of Tito Ricordi, head of the Ricordi firm of music-publishers in Italy, which is one of the most powerful musical corporations of modern times. Ricordi believed he saw in "Le Villi" the makings of a great composer whom

he decided to secure at once. He paid Puccini two hundred dollars for "Le Villi," and four hundred dollars for a second opera, "Edgar" (Milan, 1889), which was not much better than the first. With this money Puccini paid a restaurant bill and other debts of long standing, took the cheapest lodgings in the student quarter of Milan, and laid the real foundations of his career. It was in these circumstances that he composed his third opera, "Manon Lescaut" (produced at Turin, February 1, 1893), after the romance of the Abbé Prévost, an opera which wholly vindicated the judgment of Ricordi and placed Puccini in the front rank of the young Italian composers of the day.

The story of Manon Lescaut, as beautiful as she was frail, and of the sorrow she brought to herself and her unhappy lover, Des Grieux, appealed to Puccini in a way other than to Massenet, who wrote what is probably his greatest opera on the same subject. Massenet, as we shall see, tells a fairly continuous tale. Puccini selects four strong situations—salient points in the drama—and expends on them all his genius for swift, irresistible musico-dramatic development. "(1) The meeting of Manon and Des Grieux in the courtyard of the inn at Amiens, and their flight to Paris; (2) Manon's attempt to escape with Des Grieux from the apartments to which she has been brought by Geronte, a rich and elderly adorer, and Manon's arrest, at the instigation of the infuriated Geronte, as a thief and a light o' love; (3) the grim transportation scene, in which Manon, with other condemned women, is led to a transport ship bound for the French colonies in America, while the distracted Des Grieux tries in vain to intercede for her, and a crowd of loafers jeer and jest at the expense of the unfortunates; (4) Manon's death, in an American desert." This libretto was the creation of the composer and several collaborators.

PUCCINI, 1858

"Manon Lescaut" made an immediate appeal to the public because of the lively and melodious music, and the novel manner in which the situations were driven home on the stage. Above all, there was the "human interest" of the story. Puccini, wise in his generation, has always selected as subjects for his operas stories or dramas well known and certain to be effective on the stage.

But Puccini had yet to write his most beautiful and inspired work, the opera which, when all is said and done, will longest perpetuate his name. That opera is "La Bohème" (produced at Turin, February 1, 1896), the libretto by Luigi Illica, after the celebrated novel *La Vie de Bohème* by Henri Mürger. The plot was made of memories. Prior to and during the period when Puccini composed "Manon Lescaut" he lived in one room in the Bohemian quarter of Milan—he and his brother and a friend. For this room the trio paid six dollars a month. There they cooked their meals over a lamp, and the story goes that Puccini had to play the piano loudly to drown the sound of eggs sizzling in the pan—a proceeding forbidden by the landlord. This landlord reappears, large as life, in the opera. He often examined the students' daily mail before he gave it to them, in order to deduct, when possible, the sum of his monthly rental. The boys smuggled in their fuel in a lawyer's black bag, which the most dignified of the three carried through the streets with him, pretending that he was on some professional mission. Puccini kept a diary, which is in existence to-day. In this diary are preserved entries of the daily expenses, which were mainly for coffee, tobacco, milk, and, in one place, a herring! Reminded of this in a later year, Puccini laughed and said: "Ah yes, I remember. That was a supper for four!"

Glorious days, when all worked mightily, lived on

next to nothing, and fell in love with the pretty girls of the quarter! All this became warp and woof of "La Bohème."

The form of "La Bohème" is somewhat similar to that of "Manon Lescaut." Only two of the scenes hinge closely together. A joyous racket in the orchestra, the curtain flies up, and there are the immortal Bohemians—two of them at least—Rodolphe, the poet, and Marcel, the painter, enemies of propriety, dressed as the choicer spirits still dress on the fourteenth day of July in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and, of course, starving. Rodolphe's epic is burned to keep the fire going. But Schaunard, the musician, comes in armed with food and money. High festival by the Bohemians! The landlord demands his rent, is first flattered, then bullied, then thrust from the room. The comrades of Rodolphe go out. Then comes the moment in the whispering orchestra—oh, might it tarry with us!—when Mimi, the little seamstress over the way, opens the door. The girl is pretty, not too proud, and the moon is shining through the dusty window-pane—a dangerous situation, indeed, for a young poet with an article to finish for his paper. Not accidentally, perhaps, Mimi's candle blows out and she drops her door-key. Searching for it, the two touch hands, and are soon lost to the world.

It is here that Rodolphe sings his romantic solo, beginning "Che gelida manina" ("Your tiny hand"), and, continuing, "Sono un poeto" ("I am a poet"), a glorious melody of youth and love, a true lineal descendant, in its long, rapturous phrases, of the melodies of Italian composers of an early period.

" Che gelida manina " (" Your tiny hand is frozen "
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro
Columbia Record 48741

Mimi answers, in music of charming simplicity and feeling, that she embroiders flowers in her little attic, and they make her happy by telling her secrets of love and the springtime—such as only poets know.

" Mi chiamano Mimi " (" Mimi, they call me ")
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna
Columbia Record A 5195

The conclusion of this act is a moment of exquisite poetry. Rodolphe persuades the pretty girl to join him and his comrades at supper, shadows take possession of the dirty old studio, and the voices of the two lovers float back over the orchestra as they descend the rickety stairs. Puccini has been accused, in other operas, of having written with one eye on the gallery and the other on the box-office. Here, at least, he lives again the Arcadian days of his youth, he looks into Mimi's eyes, he presses her hand, and writes that which, as long as his music endures, will set youth and age a-dreaming.

" O soave fanciulla " (" O charming maiden ")
Sung by Eugenie Bronskaja and Florencio Constantino
Columbia Record A 5185

"The Bohemians," says Mürger, "always went about together, played together, dined together, often without paying the bill, yet always with a beautiful harmony worthy of the Conservatoire orchestra." In the second act they dine at the Café Momus, Mimi and Rodolphe seeing little of the bustle and gaiety of the scene before them, Marcel dejected and distrait. His Musette has deserted him for a banker whose voice, though cracked, is golden. And here she comes, full sail in silks and furbelows, leaning on the arm of her elderly adorer and regarding her old friends through a lorgnette as one

would contemplate the inferior beings of some distant planet. She eyes Marcel and sings a song that would work mischief in the breast of Saint Anthony. But youth triumphs over age and wealth. Like two magnets, amid the noisy crowd, Marcel and Musette draw nearer each other. Musette makes a fuss over her shoe, which, she says, hurts her; her banker hurries off to find relief, and when he comes back his bird has flown. Musette, half-shod, has rejoined the Bohemians.

The course of love, however, did not run smooth. Marcel (Act III) and Musette undertook to manage an inn at a gate of Paris. All went well until she began to flirt with the customers and drove him nearly mad with her caprices. Rodolphe quarreled with Mimi. There were tears, reconciliations, avowals, which only preceded fresh disagreements. Mimi developed an alarming cough.

This is the substance of the first three acts. In all his lifetime Puccini did nothing to surpass the simple eloquence and pathos of the final scenes. Winter in very truth has descended on the Bohemians—cold, hungry, back in their garret, and jesting miserably in order to hide misgivings. The faithless Mimi and Musette have disappeared. Marcel and Rodolphe sing a doleful but melodious duet.

"Ah, Mimi, tu piu non torni!" ("Ah, Mimi, fickle-hearted!")
Sung by Florencio Constantino and Ramon Blanchart
Columbia Record A 5185

Suddenly arrives Musette, with the news that Mimi is on the landing below, out of breath, and unable to climb the stairs. They bring her in, they lay her on Rodolphe's hard, ragged bed, to die. There is need of food, medicine, money. Musette takes off her jewels, presents of her latest admirer; Colline removes his old coat, companion of how many trials, consoler of how

many sad hours! To the pawnbroker! Farewell to the brave garment! It never bowed to rich or great. With pockets full of books, it sheltered poets and philosophers.

"Vecchia zimarra" ("Garment old and rusty")

Sung by Andrea de Segurola	Columbia Record A 1214
Sung by Jose Mardones	Columbia Record A 846

Mimi recalls to Rodolphe the happiness of their love, and dies in his arms. The orchestra echoes her farewell as the curtain falls on this idyl and tragedy of youth and days gone by.

Puccini's next opera was the grim and realistic "La Tosca." His music emphasizes the force and terror of the drama. Critics have marveled at the effectiveness of his music for the theater. One reason for Puccini's proficiency in this field is his eminently practical method of composition. Puccini uses a miniature cardboard stage, on which are reproductions of the scenes as they are to be set and acted. He moves figures on and off, studies each situation, each position of his characters, and times his climaxes as carefully as a general, in advance of an offensive, would time the movements of his men.

The libretto of "Tosca," based on the drama which Sardou wrote for Sarah Bernhardt, is by Luigi Illica and G. Giacosa. The period is 1800, when Rome cowered under the lash of autocratic tyranny. The Baron Scarpia, chief of police, rapacious, hypocritical, cruel, has cast his eyes on the beautiful actress, La Tosca. Her lover, Cavaradossi, an artist, shelters the escaped political prisoner, Angelotti. Scarpia, pursuing Angelotti, tortures Cavaradossi when he refuses to betray his friend, the while demanding of Tosca that she shall yield herself if she wishes to save the life of her lover. Tosca, maddened past endurance by the groans of

Cavaradossi, which issue from the torture-chamber, gives her promise. But first, she insists, a passport for her and Cavaradossi to enable them to leave Rome. When Scarpia has written the passport Tosca kills him with a knife. Escaping from the room without detection, she hurries to tell her lover, imprisoned and awaiting execution in the adjoining tower, that he is saved. Scarpia, on the promise of Tosca's favor, had assured her that Cavaradossi's execution should be a mock one—blank cartridges. Instead, the execution is real. Cavaradossi falls dead. There sound from below the cries of the soldiers who have discovered the murder of Scarpia. Hurrying to avenge their chief, they are just in time to behold Tosca, shrieking her defiance, hurl herself from the tower to destruction on the stones far below.

As in "La Bohème," there is no orchestral prelude to this opera save three loud, violent chords, heard as the curtain rises, and associated with the thought of Scarpia. The curtain reveals the interior of the church of Sant' Andrea del Valle. Cavaradossi is painting a Madonna, to whom he has given "the dusky glow" of his black-eyed Tosca, and the blue eyes and golden hair of another. Mystery of art, he exclaims, which blends the beauty of his glorious Tosca and all others of her sex in one ideal conception. This is the occasion for Cavaradossi's first solo in Puccini's characteristic melodic vein.

"Recondita armonia" ("Strange harmony")

Sung by Florencio Constantino	Columbia Record A 682
Sung by Alessandro Bonci	Columbia Record A 1316
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro	Columbia Record 48750

The Baron Scarpia dines (Act II) at the Farnese Palace. He summons Cavaradossi, then Tosca, and before the eyes of the woman her lover is led into the torture-chamber. With a malevolence equal to his out-

ward courtesy Scarpia questions Tosca, who, maddened, springs to her feet—"Assassin! How much?" Scarpia laughs. "My enemies have called me venal, greedy of gold. But as for you—" At first he is suavity itself, but the threat behind this suavity is in his song.

"Gia mi dicon venal" ("Venal my enemies call me")
Sung by Carlo Formichi
Columbia Record A 1647

Tosca kneels to make her prayer. It is the most popular melody in the opera. "My life I've lived for love and art. I have not harmed a human being. Father in heaven, do not forsake me now."

"Vissi d'arte e d'amore" ("For love and art I've lived")

Sung by Emmy Destinn	Columbia Record A 5587
Sung by Celestina Boninsegna	Columbia Record A 5195
Sung by Olive Fremstad	Columbia Record A 5282

Cavaradossi (Act III), condemned to be executed at dawn in the tower, is writing a last farewell to Tosca. To a sobbing Italian melody he remembers the shining stars and the faint perfume of flowers on another night when he clasped her in his arms.

"E lucevan le stelle" ("Then shone forth the stars")

Sung by Florencio Constantino	Columbia Record A 682
Sung by Giovanni Zenatello	Columbia Record A 5359
Sung by Alessandro Bonci	Columbia Record A 1316

How much is a composer to be identified with his music? Puccini did not compose "Tosca" with a dagger in one hand and a bottle of Cæsar Borgia poison in the other. Quite the contrary! There is a page of the manuscript score of "Tosca" in which the musician, apparently at a stop in his inspiration or momentarily tired of his task, sketched a skull, cross-bones, and a rooster. When the opera was in process of com-

position Sardou urged Puccini to play him the music. Puccini did not wish to show his score until it was completed. But something was due the author of *Tosca*, and the composer's wits relieved the situation. He sat down at the piano, and improvised such balderdash as came into his head at the moment. Sardou was enchanted!

Puccini's fourth important opera was "Madam Butterfly." The origin of the story by John Luther Long and of the play in which he collaborated with David Belasco was the tale of Pierre Loti, "Madame Chrysanthème." She was a real person who loved Loti when he was in Japan, though not too seriously. Saying farewell, she dropped into the water a yellow chrysanthemum. But Madam Butterfly, or Cio-Cio-San, as she was called by her own people, was more in earnest when she married Lieutenant Pinkerton, of the United States Navy, forsook her gods for him, and fancied that he had taken her for good and all. When Pinkerton left her she waited patiently for him to return, as he had promised, and see his child. Only when Pinkerton touched for a day at the harbor of Nagasaki, with an American wife on his arm, did Butterfly realize the truth. Preferring "to die with honor when one cannot live without dishonor," she ended her life with the dagger which, at command of the Mikado, her father had used to end his.

Composing this opera, Puccini not only made use of some characteristically Japanese melodies, but also quoted from "The Star-spangled Banner" during the conversation of Pinkerton and Sharpless, the American consul, in the first act. Pinkerton tells Sharpless of the charm of his new plaything, Cio-Cio-San, to whom he is to be wedded, with Japanese ceremonies, this afternoon. Butterfly and her guests approach in the distance, Butterfly leading them and singing as she comes nearer.

For this moment Puccini evolved a peculiarly beautiful and exotic passage of harmony. If chords could be said to have fragrance, it would be true of this music.

"Ancora un passo" ("One step more")
Sung by Alice Nielsen
Columbia Record A 5250

The wedding ceremony is scarcely over when Butterfly's uncle, the priest of the temple, denounces her for faithlessness to her gods. Pinkerton dismisses him. Evening falls. The little cottage glows with light, and down toward the harbor a thousand twinkling lanterns seem to mirror the stars in the sky, while Butterfly and Pinkerton sing passionately of their love.

Love Duet from "Madam Butterfly"
Sung by Tamaki Miura, soprano, and Torio Kittay, tenor
Columbia Record 49265

In the second act Butterfly is waiting for Pinkerton. "One fine day," she sings, a line of smoke will be seen in the sky, a cannon will boom in the harbor, and the ship cast anchor. Butterfly will hide, as Pinkerton approaches, to tease him a little and that her heart may not break for joy. In the first act Butterfly is a girl. Her song of the second act comes from the heart of a woman.

"Un bel di" ("One fine day")

Sung by Tamaki Miura, soprano	Columbia Record 49260
Sung by Alice Nielsen	Columbia Record A 5250

A gun sounds over the water, and through the glasses Pinkerton's ship is seen. Butterfly attires herself in her wedding garments and, with her child by her side, watches through the night for Pinkerton. Exhausted by her vigil, thus far fruitless, she is not present when

Pinkerton, with Sharpless, arrives. To the long, singing phrases of Puccini, Pinkerton, realizing at last his selfishness and its tragic possibilities, tells Sharpless that he can never forgive himself. Sharpless remarks that he prophesied calamity from the beginning.

Duet: "Addio, fiorito asil" ("Farewell, oh happy home"
Sung by Armanini and Parvis
Columbia Record A 1394

Butterfly, descending, learns the truth. In her last hours the stoicism of her race comes to her aid. She faces stonily the American wife of Pinkerton, and even agrees to give up her child that he may live in the country across the seas. Having dismissed her servant, Suzuki, she takes the dagger from its sheath, kisses the blade, and prepares for the end. At this moment Suzuki pushes the child through the door. Butterfly smothers him with kisses.

"Piccolo iddio" ("Fairest idol of my heart")
Sung by Alice Nielsen
Columbia Record A 5300

Butterfly, as Pinkerton and Sharpless burst in, joins the gods of her fathers.

"Madam Butterfly" was first performed in 1904 at La Scala, Milan. Puccini came to New York in 1907 to superintend the Metropolitan production, which took place, after previous American productions by Henry Savage, on February 11th of that year. One evening he attended a performance of Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West"—a play of ranches, "Injuns," "forty-niners"; a girl bartender for a heroine; a renegade cowboy for a hero, a sheriff with a silk hat, boiled shirt, and cigar as the villain of the show. At the climax of this drama, Minnie, the bartender, plays poker

for the life of her man, who is wounded and helpless in the loft above, and wins. Puccini said he intended to set the play to music. In 1910 he came again to New York, to supervise the first performance in any theater of "The Girl." Puccini was eminently successful in this score in setting to music everything that happened on the stage, such as the galloping of horses, the noise of a storm, etc. He used a melody of the Zuñi Indians, a motive in ragtime supposed to portray the baser side of the character of Johnston, the hero, and other themes meant to provide local and historical color. As a *tour de force* the music surpassed everything Puccini had done before. As an artistic achievement, however, there was a division of opinion, despite the wonders of the orchestration—the score is scarcely surpassed in this respect by any modern work—and the advanced character of the harmony.

What are the things which have made Puccini successful and prosperous to a degree seldom attained by a composer? First of all, he has evolved a type of melody, sensuous, long-lined, richly harmonized, which has fascinated opera-goers the world over. Secondly, he has a genius for the theater, and is one of the most skilful and progressive musicians of to-day.

Puccini works and plays at Torre del Lago, a beautiful estate on the shores of a large lake in the mountainous regions of northern Italy. This has been his home since his early successes. Here he finished "La Bohème" and "Madam Butterfly." Here he repairs, whether to create an opera or to fish and hunt over the countryside. For Puccini is neither a recluse nor a dreamer. Men and women, the realities of modern life, interest him more than books and theories. The reasons for his popularity are not far to seek. The man who is in touch with the world about him will seldom fail to gain its approbation.

RUGGIERO LEONCAVALLO

RUGGIERO LEONCAVALLO, the composer of "Pagliacci," is not only a musician, but a man of considerable literary knowledge, and advanced in his attitude toward his art. He dreamed of composing a trilogy of operas on the subject of the Italian Renaissance, when Italy was the leader of the world in art, in thought, and in budding republican ideals. He struggled with this dream for years, during which he went through the most trying and extraordinary adventures. His funds gave out and he had to make a living as a concert pianist. In this capacity he traveled in Germany, Belgium, Holland, Egypt, Turkey, Greece—making money here, losing it there, and sketching out the music of the first of the three operas.

He was playing in a café in Cairo when his uncle, Leoncavallo Bey, as he was called there, secured Ruggiero an invitation to play at the court of the Khedive. He was received with favor and was appointed musician-in-ordinary to the brother of the Egyptian Viceroy. Later, Arabi Pasha promised the composer the position of director of the Egyptian military bands. All would have been well had it not been for the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, in consequence of which the person of the director of the military bands was no longer safe. It was then, with the quick-wittedness born of despair, that Leoncavallo disguised himself as an Arab and fled to Ismailia, on the back of a camel. Has the reader ever ridden a camel? He should try it, if only to learn all

that Leoncavallo, a stout man, underwent on that eventful night of his career!

Leoncavallo was born in Naples, March 8, 1858. His father was Judge-President, and his mother the daughter of a well-known Neapolitan painter. Ruggiero studied at the Naples Conservatory and undertook his first concert tour at the age of sixteen.

Having finished the libretto and the music of the first opera of his trilogy, "I Medici," he took the work to the Ricordi publishing-house for sale. Ricordi was pleased with the idea and the poem. A year later the music was completed. Ricordi did not like it and refused to perform the opera. Probably he was right. In any case, his indifference sent Leoncavallo over to the rival publishing-house of Sonzogno and to the triumph of his career.

The success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" had convinced Leoncavallo that for the time, at least, short and realistic operas, rather than vast philosophical music-dramas, would command the attention of the public. He turned from history and philosophy to life itself when he wrote text and music of "Pagliacci," an opera which won a sweeping triumph when produced at the Teatro dal Verme, Milan, May 21, 1892.

There is shown on the stage a play within a play, the principal characters being members of a wandering troupe of Italian comedians. At first the play is a comedy, but it quickly develops that the passions of the actors are real, not feigned, and the lines spoken on the stage within a stage become the expression of genuine emotions which lead to the final tragedy.

How truly Leoncavallo had drawn from life was shown when he was accused by Catulle Mendès of having stolen his plot from Mendès's drama, "La femme du tabarin," a work first performed in 1887. Mendès threatened suit against the composer for infringement

of copyright. The astonishing fact then developed that Leoncavallo's opera was based on an incident which actually occurred in Calabria in 1865, years before Mendès's drama saw the light. In that year an Italian player killed his wife, during a performance, for actual infidelity too closely resembling the actions, in the drama, of a character she impersonated; and, as fate would have it, the case was brought to trial before the very court over which Leoncavallo's father was presiding magistrate! Sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, the murderer cried out in the court-room: "I do not repent. I would do it again." Leoncavallo added, in his reply to Mendès, that if the dramatist desired he, Leoncavallo, could produce his witness, in the person of the slayer, who had recently completed his term, and was on hand to testify in the composer's defense.

The most famous passage in the opera is the prologue, sung by the clown, Tonio, who puts his head through the curtain before it rises and, in song, addresses the audience. To a remarkable accompaniment, now grotesque and humorous, now somber and tragic, the clown informs the audience that, although actors may seem to be born only to amuse others with their motley garb and antics, they, too, suffer. "We are men and women," he says, "like yourselves—one God, one heaven above us, one great, lonely world before us. Listen, then, to the story, as it unfolds itself. Come on"—he turns about—"come on. Ring up the curtain."

Prologue from "Pagliacci"
Sung by Riccardo Stracciari
Columbia Record 49180

The clown disappears. The curtain rises. To the shouts of the villagers the actors enter in a donkey-cart, Canio, the leader of the troupe, beating a drum;

LEONCAVALLO, 1858

Tonio, the misshapen clown, diving about distributing handbills with grotesque buffoonery; Nedda sitting in the cart. The villagers greet them. One suggests to Canio that Tonio looks too kindly on his wife. Canio, honest, impulsive, ardently devoted to her, scouts the idea, though he cannot put it entirely from his mind. There have been several little incidents on the route—he laughs, first merrily, and then a trifle bitterly. It would be dangerous, he says, for any one to try that game, for the stage and life are different things. In the evening they will see a comedy between Harlequin, the lover, Columbine, the wife, Punchinello, the husband. In the plot it will pass, but if, in real life, Harlequin should act so freely, there would be a different ending.

Nedda is left alone. Tonio makes brutal love to her. She puts a whip across his shoulders. Tonio retreats, vowing vengeance. He has been watching Nedda, and knows she has an admirer hanging about. This admirer now appears—Silvio. There is a love-scene as he implores Nedda to flee with him.

"Decidi al mio destin" ("Tell me my fate")
Sung by Cottino and Badini
Columbia Record E 2251

The revengeful Tonio brings Canio to the spot. Canio pursues Silvio, who escapes. Nedda refuses to tell the name of her lover. Canio vows that he will find him, and only the intervention of Beppe, a minor member of the troupe, saves Nedda from his revenge. Beppe, making peace, reminds them that it is time to dress for the play. Canio is as one bereft of reason. He has now to act—to laugh, to leap, to be a fool for the people. This is the essence of the tenor aria, "Vesti la giubba" and "Ridi, Pagliacci." "Laugh,"

shouts the desperate Canio. "Laugh, O player, though sorrow be eating your heart."

"Vesti la giubba" ("On with the motley")

Sung by Giovanni Zenatello	Columbia Record A 1235
Sung by Florencio Constantino	Columbia Record A 679
Sung by Hipolito Lazaro	Columbia Record 49020

The tragedy comes swiftly. At nightfall the villagers gather to see the play. A little stage is set in one corner of the great scene. Nedda is the Columbine; Canio is the supposedly stupid husband, Punchinello; Tonio is the sly lover, Harlequin. Columbine and Harlequin are together, holding high festival, while Punchinello is away. Punchinello is heard approaching. Harlequin disappears. Punchinello demands the name of his wife's admirer, which she refuses to tell. Canio, in his disguise, is now talking of his own tragedy, and with such intensity that the audience of peasants is excited to the top pitch of enthusiasm. What acting!

Nedda, terror clutching her, sees murder in the eyes of her husband. Suddenly Punchinello seizes a knife on the table and stabs Columbine to the heart. Appalled, the villagers realize that this is no comedy, but a fearful crime. The first to rush forward is Silvio, Nedda's lover, who has been one of the audience. Canio turns like a flash, and Silvio also falls. Canio stares before him; the knife drops from his hand. "The comedy," he says, in an awed voice—"the comedy is ended."

Like Mascagni, Leoncavallo remains to the great public a man of one opera. Many works have come from his pen since "Pagliacci," but none have commanded long-sustained or world-wide attention. Reviewers have spoken highly of Leoncavallo's "La Bohème," a subject which the composer has accused Puccini of stealing from him. Music from the opera, "Roland of Berlin,"

a work Leoncavallo composed at the order of Kaiser Wilhelm, was performed when the musician toured in the United States during the season of 1906–07. It showed that the Kaiser had again overrated his judgment. Of the celebrated trio—Puccini, Mascagni, and Leoncavallo—Puccini seems the only one to have passed the point of his first successes. He is, perhaps, the last and greatest of the Italian realistic school of composers. Younger men whose works show a more poetic and idealistic trend are now taking the stage in Italy.

PIETRO MASCAGNI

THINGS grow quickly in the hot Italian soil, and this is as true of opera as it is of vegetation. To the Italian composer the intellectual toil and travail of the musician of a more northern clime is not only unnatural but often impossible. The Italian either has or has not the inspiration for a lasting work of art. If he has, he does the thing at once, or he is unlikely to do it at all.

This is true not only of such composers as Rossini and Bellini, but of younger Italians of the present day. They are gentlemen of "temperament." Exceptions may be noted. But consider the fortunes of Mascagni, composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" ("Rustic Chivalry"), born at Leghorn, December 7, 1863.

Pietro Mascagni is the son of an Italian baker, born with genius, who determined, against the wishes of his father, to follow a musical career. He resolved to take lessons secretly. His father discovered this, and Pietro was saved from a mortal beating by a kind-hearted uncle who took him into his house and let him compose. The uncle was not thanked for this by his brother, but probably felt recompensed by his pride in hatching a composer.

Pietro then attracted the attention of the Count Florestan de Larderei, a wealthy amateur, who paid for his tuition at the Milan Conservatory. At the Conservatory Pietro was a failure. He had more music in him than concentration or self-control. He would not work with regularity. Being the kind of man who

acts first and thinks afterward, he bade his instructors an insolent farewell, left the Conservatory, joined a traveling Italian opera company, married, barnstormed, starved. Defying the butcher, in direst want, he competed for a prize offered by the music-publishing house of Sonzogno, finished in eight days the score of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and awoke world-famous.

Italian opera audiences are not phlegmatic. They are pleased or ardently displeased. In the latter instance, hisses, catcalls, carrots, riots. In the former, demonstrations of joy and delirium, tears and cheers, the composer carried out of the theater on the shoulders of the audience, taken home in a carriage drawn by the enthusiastic populace instead of beasts of burden, serenades, flowers, pandemonium. But in all the annals of Italian opera there are few occasions which equaled, in the display of popular enthusiasm, the opening performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" at the Costanzi Theater, at Rome, May 18, 1890. The opera went far beyond Italy. All over the world it was received with open arms. An older man than Mascagni, then in his twenty-seventh year, would have been pardoned for the increase of self-appreciation which has since been his.

The drama from which the libretto of "Cavalleria" is made is a story of Sicilian peasant life, by Verga. It was a story of stories to inspire a musician of Mascagni's disposition and tendencies — no philosophy, but the tremendous realities of passion. Two peasant women of Italy fight over a man, and the result is a killing. The music did not flow from Mascagni's pen; it exploded like the eruption of a volcano.

The story is very simple, like most of the primal things of life. Turiddu, a youth of the village, went to the wars. He was then the lover of Lola. When he returned Lola had become the wife of Alfio, the carter. Turiddu consoled himself with the trusting Santuzza,

but in his heart was more than ever smitten with the coquettish and intriguing Lola, as fickle-tempered as himself. In Mascagni's overture the instruments sigh and moan and exult as they play the prelude in which is expressed the contrasting emotions of the drama, and the curtain rises on the square of a Sicilian village.

It is before dawn on Easter Sunday. Turiddu is returning from the wars. His voice is heard coming nearer and singing passionately of the beauty of Lola. This song—the singer is not visible—coming out of the dawn even now flooding the little Sicilian village with its light, seems the incarnation of hot-blooded, romantic youth and fair Italy.

Siciliana: "O Lola, fair as the flowers"
Sung by Giovanni Zenatello
Columbia Record A 1235

Villagers gather in the square. Lucia, mother of Turiddu, questions Santuzza as to his whereabouts. "Hush!" is Santuzza's hurried warning as Alfio appears. She knows the truth too well. Those on the stage kneel to sing the Easter hymn. It is a dramatic passage —the swelling chorus of peasants, the responses of the choir in the church, the "asides" of the conscience-stricken Santuzza, imploring pardon for her sin.

"Rejoice, for Our Saviour still liveth"
Sung in English by Columbia Opera Chorus

Lucia and Santuzza are alone, and the kindness of Lucia, who resumes her questions about her son, finally wrings from Santuzza the truth. Lucia, overwhelmed by this revelation, goes to pray. Turiddu, coming to meet Lola at the service, is confronted by Santuzza. She reproaches him bitterly. He is unyielding. A gay fragment of song heralds the approach of Lola, who exchanges barbed civilities with Santuzza, throws a rose

MASCAGNI, 1863

and a languishing glance at her lover, and goes into the church. With an elemental intensity, a coarseness of the soil, an abruptness and fury of which only the genius of a Mascagni would be capable, this scene is reflected in the music. Turiddu repulses the woman who clings to him and implores his compassion. Prostrate on the ground, Santuzza cries as he disappears, "Your Easter shall be bitter; that I swear." Turning she faces Alfio. She tells him everything, and Alfio vows revenge on the soldier. On this turmoil of passion the curtain falls, and the incomparable intermezzo comes like a cooling breath from the orchestra. What must have been the emotions of the audience which heard this music for the first time!

"Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana"

Played by Prince's Orchestra	Columbia Record A 5871
Played by Kathleen Parlow	Columbia Record A 5908

The villagers come from the church, Turiddu and Lola careless of what fate may bring. Turiddu invites the company to drink.

"Brindisi" (drinking-song) from "Cavalleria Rusticana"
Sung by Florencio Constantino
Columbia Record A 681

The end comes swiftly. Alfio challenges Turiddu. Turiddu, facing his doom, calls to his mother and sobs in her arms like a child. Some have thought the music of Mascagni in this place sentimental. But the Italian peasant is always a child, and it is probable that Mascagni is nowhere truer to nature than the musical accents in which Turiddu cries, "Mamma! mamma!" begs the blessing of Lucia, and wildly confronts his fate.

Turiddu's Farewell: "Addio, alla Mamma"
Sung by Florencio Constantino
Columbia Record A 5205

Distant cries are heard. Shrieking women rush on the stage. Alfio has killed Turiddu, and to crashing chords of the orchestra the curtain falls.

After "Cavalleria Rusticana" Mascagni composed, in mad haste, opera after opera. In his first work he has a very effective and condensed plot, eminently suitable to musical treatment. But afterward he chose libretti that were poor or unsuitable to his genius, and his music, as a rule, has not fulfilled the great promise of his early work.

The extraordinary success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" was indirectly responsible for the creation of its companion opera, "Pagliacci," by Leoncavallo.

JULES FRÉDÉRIC MASSENET

THE late Jules Frédéric Massenet was a man of his time and the world about him. He was not one of those artists who come into existence half a century or more ahead of their period, work for the future, and die misunderstood or not wanted by the majority. He was an excellent musician, of great and indisputable gifts, an industrious worker who understood the tastes of the public of his day and was capable of artistic response to them.

Massenet came of thrifty middle-class parents. He was born at Monteaux, May 12, 1842. Some Tyrolese peasants, singing to his mother before the birth of her son, prophesied that the child would be a musician.

His father was an ironmaster, in his youth an officer under the First Empire, who, after the restoration of the Bourbons, sent in his resignation, established ironworks, and invented a huge hammer of extraordinary power. "So, to the sound of heavy hammers of brass, as the ancient poet says, I was born." The quotation is from Massenet's autobiography.

A Vulcan of music, however, he was not destined to be. His music was tender, melodious, sentimental, lending itself well to the purpose of the composer in the many operas in which he sang of woman and love. Thaïs, Mary Magdalene, Salome, Manon, Griselidis, these and other of the noble dames of history and legend were the heroines and the musical inspiration of Jules Massenet.

Massenet's parents were not in easy circumstances.

When, as a boy of eleven, he was taken to the Paris Conservatoire, it was necessary to be industrious and thrifty. Jules worked hard at that institution and was broken-hearted when his parents told him, after two years' study, that he would have to return with them to St.-Étienne.

Twice he ran away from home and was brought back in a destitute condition. His flights were always in the direction of Paris and the musical institute. His determination impressed his parents so much that they permitted him to live with his aunt at the French capital and return to the Conservatoire.

Massenet got a chance to play first the triangle and then the kettle-drums in a theater three evenings in the week, at a fee of fifty cents an evening. He also played on Fridays in orchestral concerts at the Café Charles. All this was invaluable experience for him. He was growing up in the atmosphere of the playhouse, where he was soon to come into his own. He obtained the Grand Prix in 1863 and left for Rome in the same year. Jules Valles remembered him at this time as "a youth with long blond hair and deep eyes. Though a mere boy, he inspired respect in us by his unremitting hard work. He was as regular as a pendulum, sitting down before the piano each day at the same hour."

Greatly influenced by the beauty of the Italian country, Massenet ceased to be merely a musician, a specialist in tones. He felt the emotion of art. He came to believe in using the eye as well as the ear in composing. He once cautioned a Swedish student who came to him for lessons to observe his own mountains, fjords, and peasantry. "Out of these you must make music."

Saint-Saëns thus epitomized the genius of Massenet, "Massenet's Muse is a virtuous personage who does

MASSENET, 1842–1912

nothing against her conscience, but she loves to please and she puts flowers in her hair."

Massenet did not undergo a long evolution as a composer, and some of his happiest inspirations were the products of early years. The "Élégie" is a song taken from the incidental music to Leconte de Lisle's antique drama, "Les Erinnyes," which Massenet composed in 1873. This song, it may be admitted, is not Greek—the drama was based on the "Orestia" of Sophocles—but wholly French in its spirit. Its melancholy has an unexplained charm. It might be a reminiscence of the happy days described in a classic French romance, or painted elegantly on a fan of Watteau, or preserved in the perfume of an old love-letter.

"Elegie" from "Les Erinnyes"
Sung by Riccardo Stracciari
Violin obbligato by Sascha Jacobsen
Columbia Record 49333
Played by Eddy Brown, violinist
Columbia Record A 5904

It was said that even in the music of the "very curious, very solitary" Claude Debussy there slumbered something of Massenet. That is an important remark. Massenet, at his best, is a true French artist. It is easy to speak of his skill in writing theatrical music, his grasp of the demands and tastes of the public, but one must also bear in mind the genuinely national element in his art, and his nearness to the hearts of his people. A number of his small pieces for orchestra demonstrate this. In them the composer, as some one said of the American author, Hawthorne, is "charmingly provincial"; inspired by simple, homely events of life anywhere in France, of which he speaks in his own way. In no other country are the people of the so-called middle and lower classes so appreciative of the comforts

and privileges of the daily existence. They put art into their garden, their table, their amusements, and this community spirit is reflected in much of the music of Massenet.

The title of the following pieces from his orchestral suite, "Scènes Pittoresques" ("Characteristic Scenes"), is an index of their mood. The "Angelus" is an evening reverie. The "Fête Bohème" is doubtless intended as a picture of a students' ball, or the like, where everything is laughter, extravagance, and high spirits reign supreme. These pieces are also remarkable for the clearness and fineness of the instrumentation.

"Angelus" and "Fete Boheme"
From "Scenes Pittoresques" ("Characteristic Scenes")
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5703

Massenet produced his first opera, "La Grand Tante," in 1867, but his first lyrical drama to go outside of France was his "Herodiade," an opera of "biblical names, Oriental scenery, and French romance," treating of the wife of Herod, and of Salome of biblical lore. Salome (Act I) searches for her mother, Herodias, from whom she has long been separated and whom she does not know by name. She has a pure devotion for John the Baptist, who saved her from a beast in the desert. She sings to Phanuel of the goodness of the prophet.

"Il est doux, il est bon" ("Kind is he, and good")
Sung by Mary Garden
Columbia Record A 5289

Herod pursues Salome. Herodias demands the head of the prophet, who, she says, insulted her. Salome tells John of her adoration for him, and John exhorts her to love but one—God. The thought of Salome

(Act II) haunts the mind of Herod. Surrounded by slaves, he tosses restlessly on his couch. He can think only of her, and this is the occasion for the amorous air, beloved of barytones, "Vision Fugitive"—the vision that leaves Herod no peace.

"Vision Fugitive" ("Fleeting Vision")

Sung by Louis Graveure	Columbia Record A 5792
Sung by Oscar Seagle	Columbia Record A 5734
Sung by Giuseppe Campanari	Columbia Record A 5127

Before the very Holy of Holies Herod offers his love to Salome who repulses him with horror. Herod orders the death of both John and Salome. John is executed. Salome, appalled by the discovery that Herodias is her mother, takes her own life.

"Herodiade" was produced December 19, 1881, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. Three years and a month elapsed between the appearance of this work and what will probably rank as Massenet's finest achievement, his opera, "Manon," first performed at the Opéra Comique, Paris, January 19, 1884. His inspiration was the famous tale of the Abbé Prévost. The Abbé Prévost was a strange man. As a youth his father, after a misdemeanor, threatened to shoot him if he did not enter the priesthood. The son took orders. He wrote ponderous and learned tomes on theological and philosophic subjects. They molder on the shelves, but one little romance, which sprang straight from the heart of the man, a romance which it is fair to consider in a large degree autobiographical, has taken its place among the celebrated masterpieces of literature. This romance is *Manon Lescaut*, to which Massenet, Auber, Puccini, and others have written music. Of them all, Massenet has come nearest to the eighteenth-century atmosphere of the tale. The elegance, the artistic superficiality of the age, the gaiety, tinged with melan-

choly, which is observed in much of the art and literature of this period, are often present in his music. It was Meilhac, the librettist, who suggested the theme. Taking up the book of *Manon Lescaut* from the table, he said to Massenet, "There's a charming subject for an opera and a charming name."

"Call it simply 'Manon,'" said Massenet; "that's better!"

The matter was settled. Massenet went at once, incognito, to The Hague, and composed the opera in the same scenes as those in which the Abbé Prévost had written the story.

Des Grieux and Manon (Act I) meet in the courtyard of the inn at Amiens. Manon is a beautiful and unsophisticated country girl, but she is ripe for adventure. The two go to Paris. Des Grieux writes his father, asking permission to marry Manon. Meanwhile Lescaut, the rascally cousin of Manon, assists De Bretigny, a wealthy nobleman who has cast his eyes on the girl, to lure her from the side of Des Grieux. Manon is warned that Des Grieux's father will never consent to their union, and that it will be to her interest to join his rival. Des Grieux comes back from posting the letter to his father. "Listen, Manon! On my way I dreamed the sweetest dream." To a murmuring accompaniment of the orchestra he narrates his vision. This is one of the loveliest of Massenet's inspirations.

"Il Sogno" ("The Dream")
Sung by Florencio Constantino
Columbia Record A 689

Des Grieux is kidnapped, and Manon, in tears, goes to join De Bretigny.

Manon meets Des Grieux's father (Act III) at the fête of the Cours de la Reine, and learns that her unhappy lover is taking orders. Curiosity, a perverse love of

conquest, an impulse of genuine affection—who knows what—is stirred in the capricious girl. She hastens to the church of St.-Sulpice. Des Grieux is seen clad in his clerical garb, fighting with himself against the passion which still possesses him.

Suddenly Manon is before him. Des Grieux tries in vain to resist her. She was never lovelier, more impassioned, more triumphant in her beauty. "Am I not Manon?" she cries. He forgets all, and she throws herself into his arms.

Manon and Des Grieux live by their wits, and Des Grieux (Act IV) is accused by De Bretigny of cheating at cards. At his instigation, both the lovers are arrested as swindlers. Des Grieux's father saves him, but will not intercede for Manon. Manon, condemned to be transported to America, meets her lover for the last time (Act V) on the road to Havre. In his arms she recalls their flight to Paris, the trip along the road, the little home they loved so well, the black priest's robe of St.-Sulpice, and the music makes vivid these memories. And so she dies—Manon, the unfortunate, the incomprehensible, the hapless daughter of joy.

In 1885 George Hartman drew Massenet's attention to Goethe's "Werther" as material for an opera, and the composer was fascinated with the subject. The plot was taken from Goethe's famous novel: the love of Werther for Charlotte, already another's; Charlotte's fidelity to her vows, despite her growing love for Werther; Werther's suicide and Charlotte's grief.

This was the material of Goethe's romance, which fascinated all Europe. Napoleon took the novel with him to Egypt. In some cities it was hawked about in the streets. In China, Charlotte and Werther were modeled in porcelain. Werther "gave birth to a race of sentimentalists who have raged and wailed in every part of the world."

At the first rehearsal of the opera Massenet was so excited that he sat at the piano "and began," in his own words, "to cry like a woman." One of the greatest of Massenet's inspirations is the scene at the beginning of the third and last act, when Charlotte has sent Werther away. She reads his letters and marvels that she had the will to dismiss him.

"Air des Larmes" (Air of Charlotte)
Sung by Mme. Eva Gauthier
Columbia Record E 3456

Werther, leaving, has asked for his pistols. Charlotte, greatly disturbed by this news, follows him, but too late. It is Christmas Eve, and as the carols of children and the pealing of bells are heard outside Werther dies in her arms.

George Kestner, a grandson of the Charlotte who inspired Goethe's tale, committed suicide on the night on which "Werther" was first performed in the Imperial Opera House in Vienna, February 16, 1892.

In the same year there was produced on the 18th of February, at Monte Carlo, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" ("The Juggler of Notre Dame"). In this opera there were originally no women characters. Only male singers took part. Massenet welcomed the subject since, always sensitive to criticism, he had been annoyed at reproaches leveled at him because of his prevailing choice of women rather than men for his heroes, and his predilection for sentimental subjects.

It was almost by accident that he came upon the story. The postman rang the door-bell just as the composer was setting off on a trip. The janitor having left the house, Massenet descended the stairs and, hurrying to catch a train, stuffed the bundle of mail into his valise, to be examined at his leisure. Among the packages was the story of "The Juggler." He read it with

constantly increasing delight and immediately wrote its author, Morris Lena, of the Paris University, to come and set to work with him. Massenet called the opera a "miracle in three acts" and dedicated it to his wife. At the head of the score he wrote the beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Jean, a juggler, comes before a monastery in the town of Cluny (Act I) and tries to amuse the people for pennies. No one cares for his ordinary tricks, and finally he is asked to sing a ribald song in praise of wine. The poor, simple-minded jester, asking pardon of the Virgin, accedes to the demand of the crowd. The prior comes from the monastery and terrifies Jean by a picture of the penalty which will be exacted of him hereafter unless he foregoes his blasphemous ways, becomes one of the brothers of the monastery, and works for the Lord. For a moment the jester regrets giving up his free, wandering life, and this is the burden of his song.

"Liberte" ("Oh Liberty")
Sung by Mary Garden
Columbia Record A 5289

Jean (Act II) is not happy at the abbey. His is not the temperament of the monk, and all the brethren except himself have specialties. There is the musician monk, the poet monk, the painter monk—only Jean has no vocation. He tells the good Boniface, who is paring vegetables for the midday meal, of his trouble, and the cook consoles him by narrating the legend of the sage-brush. When the Infant Jesus was pursued by enemies, the proud rose refused to shelter him, fearing her beauty would be spoiled. It was the humble sage-brush which spread out its arms and saved the Holy Child.

If these words be true, reflects the humble Jean, he is as good in the eyes of God as the most accomplished

of the brethren. He seizes his juggler's tools and begins singing and leaping about. The monks are scandalized and are about to expel him from the monastery, when the good Boniface stops them and points to the statue of the Virgin. She moves, she smiles, she extends her arms and blesses Jean. The monks fall on their knees and chant the Kyrie Eleison.

"Now," exclaims Jean, with a beatific smile, "I understand Latin!" He falls back dead. The halo crowning the head of the Virgin descends and shines above him.

Massenet was alarmed when Mary Garden asked him to allow her, a woman, to impersonate the juggler.

"I was a little frightened," he said, "at the idea of the monk taking off his robe after the play to put on a smart gown from the Rue de la Paix, but before the triumph of the artist I bow and applaud." He never found it easy to refuse a request of the fair sex.

In 1894 three operas by Massenet were produced. "La Navarraise," a grim and turbulent drama inspired by the success of Mascagni's opera of like character, "Cavalleria Rusticana"; "Le Portrait de Manon," a fanciful sequel to "Manon"; and "Thaïs," which, with an earlier work, "Esclarmonde," was written for the American singer, Sibyl Sanderson.

Three operas in a year! People marveled at Massenet's achievements. He was asked how and when he accomplished so much. "When you are asleep," was the composer's reply. He rose in the morning at five and worked on his manuscripts and correspondence until ten. Every moment of the day was utilized. Letters were promptly answered, and for every one who kept his appointment punctually Massenet had moments to spare.

"Thaïs" was composed in the country by the seashore. Massenet never had to resort to a piano to perfect

his music, and most of the opera was written on the veranda looking out toward the sea, with Massenet's pet cat lying on the table by him. "The cat," wrote the composer in his memoirs, "sitting on the table, crouched almost on the leaves on which I was writing, with a carelessness which enchanted me. Sitting on the piazza, one could hear the breaking of the waves on the seashore. The cat could not admit so strange and noisy a clatter, and each time it was produced she would reach out her paws, show her nails, and spit as if to force the sea back." Was it the antics of this gifted feline which suggested to the composer the music for the Alexandrian Thaïs? She was a famous beauty of her age, and her story is sung in many a legend and fable.

Anatole France wrote an ironical tale of Thaïs and the monk, Paphnuce, who dreamed of redeeming her. Paphnuce went to Alexandria. He exhorted the woman, and took her, repentant, to a convent in the desert. Thaïs died in the arms of God. But, alas! her image had wrought havoc in the soul of the monk. Across mountain and valley he sped, and, crouching by the bedside of the dying woman, implored her to be his. "A sinner," to cite the excellent Henry T. Finck, "became a saint, and a saint became a sinner."

The first scene of the opera shows the monk Athanael (the operatic equivalent of Paphnuce of the original tale) on the banks of the Nile, seeing in a vision Thaïs, before an eager throng, miming the rites of Aphrodite. Athanael swears that he will save her soul. In his monk's robes he comes to the house of Nicias in Alexandria, a gay and generous-hearted voluptuary, a friend of Athanael's youth, and a patron of Thaïs. Alone on the terrace of Nicias' mansion, looking over the beautiful and wicked city, Athanael prays God to keep his soul pure and aid him in his holy mission.

"Voila donc la terrible cite" ("Behold the terrible city")
Sung by Hector Dufranne
Columbia Record A 5558

There follows the diverting scene in which the maids of Thaïs, Crobyle and Myrtale, divest Athanael of his monk's robes and clothe him in a manner befitting a guest in the festival at which Thaïs is soon to show herself. Thaïs, confronted by the monk, is impressed, but does not understand his tale of love eternal. She awaits him (Act II, Scene 1) in her chamber, invokes the spirit of Venus, and when Athanael appears bids him welcome in the name of the goddess she serves. Suddenly the monk, grand and terrible in his holy wrath, throws from his shoulders the gorgeous cloak which covers his religious habit, and, with the fury of the fanatic, warns Thaïs of the evil to descend on her if she does not alter her life and seek God.

Athanael leaves the chamber saying that he will wait through the night on the door-step of Thaïs' palace for the moment of her repentance and expiation. It is when the curtain falls on this scene that the orchestra plays the popular "Meditation"—melodious, sensuous music of love rather than of religion, which is supposed to tell of the change taking place in the soul of the woman.

Meditation from "Thais"
Played by Kathleen Parlow, violinist
Columbia Record A 5843

Emerging from her dwelling in the morning, Thaïs (Act II, Scene 2), in the garb of a penitent, asks the monk if she may preserve a small antique image of Eros, an exquisite piece given her by Nicias, "for love is a virtue rare."

"L'Amour est une vertu rare" ("Love is a rare virtue")
Sung by Mary Garden
Columbia Record A 5440

This is the first moment in which the monk betrays the love and jealousy which, unknown to himself, are in his breast. He snatches the statue from her. "Nicias!" he cries—"Nicias! Curse the source whence comes this gift! Destruction upon it!" He dashes the statue in pieces on the ground.

The two encounter a group of revelers who seek to attack Athanael and take Thaïs from his side, but the generous Nicias aids them to escape from the throng and make their way across the desert to a convent, where Thaïs is received as a chastened penitent. The two scenes of the last act are separated by an orchestral intermezzo. The first shows Athanael again in the camp of his brethren on the Nile, tossing feverishly on his couch, and suddenly agitated by a vision of Thais at death's door. The intermezzo is supposed to describe his anguished flight to her side. The final scene is the death of Thaïs, radiant with the vision of approaching salvation, while the miserable Athanael grovels at her feet.

The death of Massenet, on the 13th of August, 1912, was the passing away of a composer whose music is indispensable to the operatic repertory of the present day. Some have called him the French Puccini, but it is hardly a just comparison. Puccini has been less versatile and far less prolific than Massenet, but more progressive in the development of his style. Massenet wrote too quickly to produce an unbroken series of masterpieces, although there is hardly an opera of his—"Thaïs" is musically one of the thinnest of them all—which does not contain at least an air or a scene which shows true creative talent. He often said that melody was the basis of music, "as the good earth is beneath everything."

Massenet produced over thirty works for the stage, a few of which were not published. He was an industrious and systematic workman. He never undertook

the writing out of a passage until it was perfectly clear in his mind.

It may be said that he wrote his life, his thoughts, his very habits into his music. His scores contain many written entries, such as "cloudy weather," "Charpentier has won the Prix de Rome," etc. He used to wear a red bathrobe when composing, which he called "homarder," "homard" being the French word for lobster.

Massenet was one of the best known and loved men in Paris—not only in the studio and theater, but in the street. Cab-drivers, chauffeurs, flower-sellers, paper-boys, and street children hummed and whistled airs from his works as he passed them. This greatly pleased him, for he was a kindly man who never rebuked without following with a compliment or word of praise. With women, as his music might indicate, he was courteous and gallant to a fault. He would assure a charming pupil that she suggested a melody, immediately improvising the theme on the piano.

In short, Massenet's art was himself, as the work of every serious artist must be, whether he intends it or not; what was good in him and what was poor; what was strong and what was weak; what was cheap and what was gold.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

THE career of Camille Saint-Saëns is a singular problem. He is beyond doubt one of the greatest French composers of to-day. He is also an inveterate traveler; a curious student of astronomy, archeology, mathematics; a critic, essayist, and playwright; a frequenter of distinguished society, every inch a Parisian and man of the world. His versatility is matched by the apparently incurable restlessness of his mind. A series of literary essays embraces subjects ranging all the way from spiritualism to the resonance of bells. He has composed with brilliant success in practically all of the forms and styles open to the composer of to-day. Yet there is a strange lack of the personal element in his art. Who, what, it may still be asked, is the essential, inner Saint-Saëns? That question he has never answered. He has been content to achieve a prodigious mastery of his medium, to produce music distinguished equally by the logic and finish of its workmanship, to charm, to entertain, to be a great artist without becoming a heavy one.

Saint-Saëns will have his little joke. Of irreproachable demeanor in public, this fine gentleman was never so irresistible as when he impersonated Marguerite, surprised by the jewels, in Gounod's "Faust," or La Belle Hélène in Offenbach's operetta of that name, when Bizet, composer of "Carmen," took the tenor rôle of Calchas! In the "Carnaval des Animaux" ("The Animals' Carnival") Saint-Saëns imitated with grotesque effect the gruntings, squealings, howlings of various creatures of the animal kingdom!

It was in the same composition, however, that he waxed poetic, in the case of his exquisite little piece, "The Swan." How suggest in music a swan? A young modern composer would have written a symphonic poem on the subject. It will be seen that Saint-Saëns has communicated simply, but with admirable art, the mood that might be inspired by the sight of the beautiful, stately bird, floating serenely on the surface of the water, in the dusk of the evening. This was the only one of the pieces in the "Carnaval des Animaux" which Saint-Saëns allowed to be published.

"The Swan" ("Le Cygne")
Played by Pablo Casals, 'cellist
Columbia Record A 5650

Saint-Saëns, born in Paris, October 9, 1835, commenced to play the piano almost as soon as he learned to walk. He could tell as a small child the notes struck by all the clock chimes in the house, and remarked one day that a person in the next room was "walking in troches"—that is, in a certain rhythm which he recognized. Later on Saint-Saëns became at the Conservatoire a pupil of Halévy and Reber in composition, and was for a time a private pupil of Gounod. At seventeen he had already a reputation as a pianist. Von Bülow was thunder-struck at his talent, and Liszt selected Saint-Saëns to play with him his "Mephisto Waltz" at the Zurich Festival in Switzerland in 1882.

It was in emulation of Liszt, the originator of the form, that Saint-Saëns wrote his four symphonic poems, "Danse Macabre" ("Dance of Death"), "Le Rouet d'Omphale" ("Omphale's Spinning-wheel"), "Phaëton," after the story of the rash charioteer of the heavens, and "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" ("The Youth of Hercules").

The "Danse Macabre" was inspired by a poem of

SAINT-SAËNS, 1835

Henri de Regnier. In his poem, Death, his bony heel tapping the measure, fiddles for the ghosts who dance at midnight in the graveyard. The winds howl and the specters leap about in their winding-sheets. The dance grows wilder until the cock crows, the specters disperse, and the place is again safe for honest men. In the music, Death is heard tuning his fiddle. There are strange orchestral effects. A bell tolls (flutes and harp). A horn echoes the crow of the cock. There is a brief reminder of the music of the goblins as they disappear.

"Danse Macabre"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1836

It has been pointed out that this music is witty, ingenious, picturesque, rather than terrible. The composer's conviction is none too certain. Saint-Saëns does not tell us of his terror, but watches the revels from a safe place, and calmly records the events of the night. He affirms nothing. He asks: "Do you believe in spirits? At any rate, you see what can be done with a modern orchestra!" Liszt was more serious in his symphonic poems, more subjective, more in earnest. Saint-Saëns remains the clever, impartial inquirer.

Saint-Saëns has written over a dozen operas. Those in the lighter vein, more especially, perhaps, "Ascanio" and "Henry VIII," are yet to be enjoyed by the general public. The work which has gained an important position in the operatic repertory is "Samson and Delilah." This opera was performed under the patronage of Liszt in Weimar, December 2, 1877. It has an important distinguishing quality as contrasted with almost all the other music of Saint-Saëns. It is often emotional; there are passages of elemental feeling. Delilah stands out, a gorgeous, commanding figure. Samson is any heroic tenor, with one or two expressive

airs. The other characters in the opera are of minor importance, but the music of Delilah reflects her beauty and her appeal to Samson.

This opera, which is now like modern music-drama and now like oratorio (it is performed with almost equal frequency on the concert stage and in the theater), opens with an agitated orchestral introduction, in which the music mounts to a climax and then subsides, while, as the curtain rises, the Hebrews sing the lament, "God, Israel's God." Samson steps forward, exhorting his people to have courage, to remember the passage of the Red Sea and other marks of the favor of Jehovah, to hold firm together and strike for freedom.

Abimelech, satrap of Gaza, advances to quell the disturbance. Samson kills him and escapes with his followers. The High Priest of Dagon emerges from the temple. Learning that Samson is inciting the Hebrews to rebellion, he curses the strong man, his people, and his God. The body of Abimelech is removed. The Hebrews return, Samson at their head. Then Samson is confronted with a more insidious foe than satrap or high priest. Delilah comes upon him, followed by a train of maidens, who, in one of the most beautiful passages of the opera, sing of youth and of springtime and love. Delilah takes up the theme, and Samson, warned in vain by an elder, is aflame with her beauty.

"Printemps qui commence" ("Joyous now doth Spring come forth")
Sung by Maria Gay
Columbia Record A 5280

A storm (echoed in the orchestra) is gathering as the curtain rises for the second act. Delilah, waiting for Samson, who has more than once escaped her, shows that she is actuated by a desire for revenge rather than by love. "O love, aid my weakness," is her cry, and this cry forebodes disaster for Samson.

"Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse" ("Love, lend me thine aid")
Sung by Jeanne Gerville-Reache, contralto
Columbia Record A 5533

The High Priest enters to offer Delilah what price she cares to ask for delivering Samson into his hands. The woman of Sorek, counting her vengeance dearer far than any gold or power, is contemptuous of the learning of the Priest, which has not enabled him to read her heart. Samson arrives. There follows the love-scene and the irresistible song of Delilah, one of the most expressive and popular of modern airs for contralto.

"Mon cœur s'ouvre a ta voix" ("My heart, at thy dear voice")
Sung by Maria Gay — Columbia Record A 5280
Sung by Jeanne Gerville-Reache — Columbia Record A 5533

Samson, undone by Delilah's fascination, is overpowered by the Philistines. The most salient features of the last act are the despondent lament of Samson, as, full of remorse for his weakness, he labors at the treadmill of the Philistines, and the grand "Bacchanale" in the Temple of Dagon, which precedes the destruction of the revelers. In the composition of this wild Oriental dance Saint-Saëns's acquaintance with the East served him well. The wailing cry of an oboe with which the dance opens, the thudding of drums and tinkling of various pulsatile instruments, the strange rhythms heard singly and in combination, make a superb piece of ballet music.

"Danse Bacchanale" from "Samson et Delilah"
Played by Chicago Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5903

"Local color," such as that shown in the "Bacchanale" from "Samson," is a subject on which Saint-

Saëns has made many musical observations. Traveling in southern Europe, for example, he wrote "Nuit à Lisbonne," "Jota Aragonesa," "Rhapsodie d'Auvergne." In the second movement of his fifth piano concerto he employed songs of the boatmen of the Nile. In his "Suite Algérienne" he records impressions of northern Africa, though it may be admitted that the following "Marche Militaire," if Saint-Saëns heard it played by natives, was performed by those who had learned their lessons of European bandmasters.

"Marche Militaire" from "Suite Algerienne"
Played by New York Philharmonic Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5998

Saint-Saëns's versatility, faithfully reflected in his music, has sometimes been held against him. Said Edmond Schuré:

"One could say of Mr. Saint-Saëns: 'He never changes his style. He practises all with equal ease.' It would be impossible to define the individuality that is observed in the whole body of his works. . . . Try to grasp him, lo! he is changed into a siren. Are you under the spell? He turns himself into a mocking-bird. Do you think you hold him at last? He mounts to the clouds as a hippogriff!"

It is true that Saint-Saëns has studied and assimilated the characteristics of many schools of music, old and new; that he has cast his genius in a multitude of molds; that he prefers to be impersonal in his art. But these are not his only characteristics. First of all, there is his love of a clear and ordered beauty; his understanding of this principle in the works of great masters who have lived before him; his modesty and good taste in desiring to speak only of fine things in his music, and this with as little fuss and feathers as possible. Also, there is his genuine independence of mind. Saint-Saëns may

have entertained himself with this or that experiment. He may have pondered thoughtfully and appreciatively the artistic discoveries of this or that school, and applied them in his works. As a young man he was censured because of his enthusiastic adherence to the standards of Liszt and other composers, then considered dangerous. But, after all, he has remained aware of his own convictions, his own mission as an artist. Today, the younger men, the wilder spirits, call Saint-Saëns a hopeless conservative. He can afford to smile. What has he not done for music in France? After Berlioz, who called him, in 1867, "One of the greatest musicians of our era," Saint-Saëns is the first to have promoted the cause of instrumental and symphonic composition in his own country, to have drawn composers in France out of dangerous ruts of provincialism. Before him the French musician dreamed of one kind of success—the success, too often superficial, of the theater and opera-house. Saint-Saëns has solidified the whole musical development of modern France. He can rest secure on his laurels. Few, indeed, have undertaken so much, succeeded so well, given pleasure to so many. His work is lasting testimony to his achievement as artist and man.

MODERN FRENCH COMPOSERS

MODERNITY is a matter of the spirit far more than of the letter. There are modern qualities, despite its traditions of a day that is past, in Bizet's "Carmen," produced in 1875. Massenet's "Thaïs" (1894) is an older work. Camille Saint-Saëns, alive at time of writing and active in the service of his art, must be ranked as a conservative by the side of Claude Achille Debussy, who died in 1918, or César Franck, who died in 1890.

César Franck was a Belgian, born at Liége, December 10, 1822. It was from this man, who wrought purely, humbly, and laboriously in the service of his art, and from the city which gave its life that freedom might live, that there came a series of masterpieces which sound a supremely exalted and spiritual note in the music of the present time.

Yet the life of Franck was simple and almost wholly devoid of dramatic incidents. He knew neither wealth nor fame. He was modest and unassuming to a fault. In his early youth he amazed his teachers by his proficiency in his art. His father for a time exploited him as a youthful prodigy, but Franck escaped from publicity, which was distasteful to him. He became in 1872 professor of the organ at the Paris Conservatoire and organist at Sainte-Clotilde. He married during the time of the Commune at Paris, and the wedding-party climbed over the barricades. Franck labored as teacher and organist, and between the periods at the Conservatoire and the services at Sainte-Clotilde hurried about

Paris giving piano lessons. He kept for himself certain hours in the early morning and the late evening for composition and for a circle of gifted pupils, a number of whom are to-day in the vanguard of musical development. "Papa Franck," as he was affectionately called, would then criticize the compositions of the eager young men he had gathered about him, and show them, with the simplicity and joy of a child, his own works. Among these are "Les Béatitudes," a work for chorus, solo voices, and orchestra; the D minor symphony for orchestra; the piano quartet and quintet; the violin sonata. Nothing is better illustrative of the simplicity and piety of Franck's nature than his reverent and tender song, "Panis Angelicus."

"Panis Angelicus" ("O Lord Most Holy")
Sung by Mme. Eva Gauthier
Columbia Record E 3456

A man of completely different stamp was Emmanuel Chabrier. We never heard his Homeric laughter. We never encountered the extravagant gestures, the gallant bearing, the outlandish hats, and the gorgeous waistcoats in which he delighted. We were not the passer-by who, one evening when Chabrier was entertaining Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and others chosen by the gods, shouted from the pavement, "If I were your landlord I should be too happy to ask you for rent." Those days are past. But we have Chabrier's music.

The whole man is reflected in his art. His irresistible gaiety, his nervous vigor, his passionate temperament, animate everything that he writes. He is a man of extremes, discontented with the comfortable or orthodox, delighting in the strangest instrumental combinations, the most audacious effects. His orchestra flashes with a thousand colors, some as bizarre as those that

Chabrier liked to wear, others glowing with the soft and exquisite beauty of the rainbow. His music is restless. It is never in repose. Its rhythms and its power sweep everything before it. For electric energy and dramatic spirit there is no music like it.

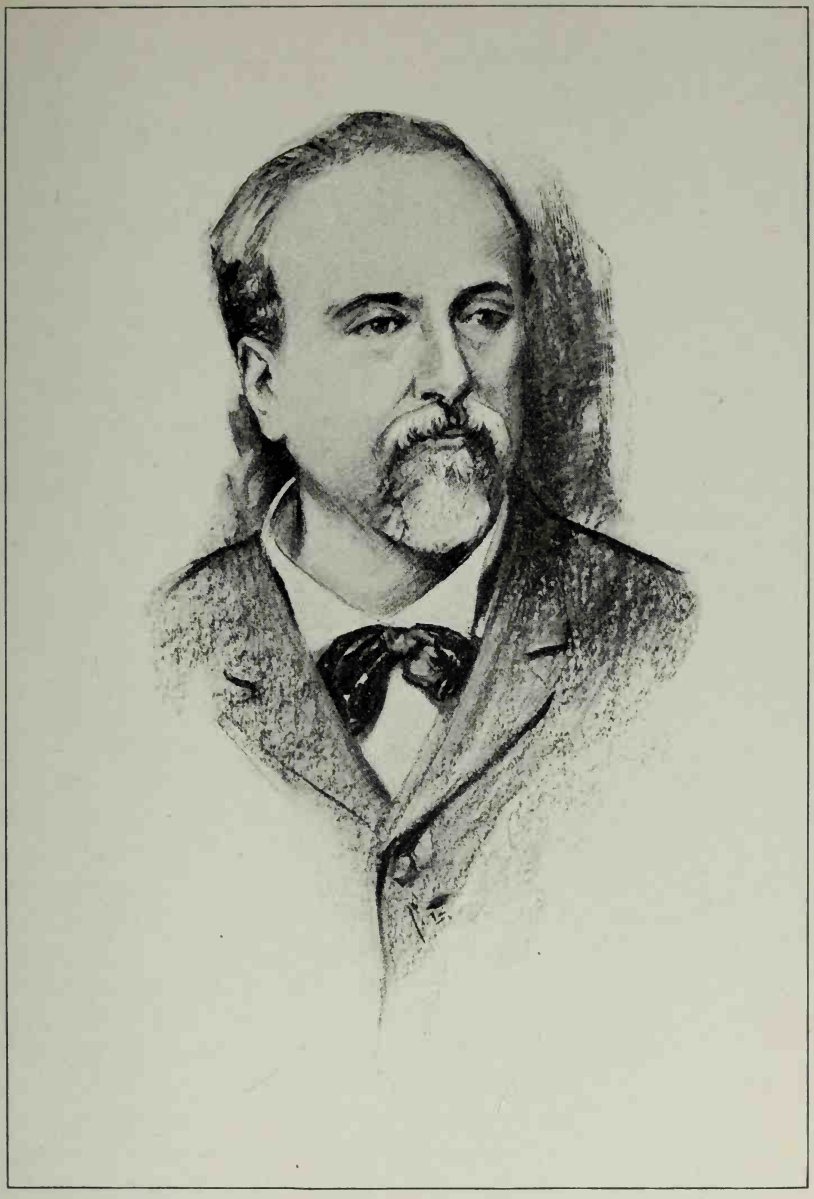
Visiting Spain, Chabrier wrote his orchestral rhapsody, "España," a work of extraordinary *esprit.* The composer saw the dancers, the dark eyes, the flashing smiles, the tiny heels that tapped the rhythm. "The music whirls along in rapid time. Spangles glitter; the sharp click of ivory and ebony castanets beats out the cadence of strange, throbbing, deafening notes—assonances, unknown to music, but curiously characteristic, effective, intoxicating. Amid the rustle of silks smiles gleam over white teeth, dark eyes sparkle and droop, and flash up again in flame. 'Olé! Olé!' Faces beam and eyes burn. 'Olé! Olé!'"

All this may be found in the gay, scintillating music of Chabrier.

"Espana"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5677

Chabrier, born at Auvergne, January 18, 1842, studied law. But music fascinated him. He had inborn talent for the piano, and a marvelous left hand. Alfred Bruneau, critic and composer, said that "the spectacle of Chabrier stepping forward, in a parlor thick with elegant women, toward the feeble instrument, and performing 'España' in the midst of fireworks of broken strings, hammers in pieces and pulverized keys, was a thing of unutterable drollery, which reached epic proportions."

The gaiety and humor of Chabrier, extravagant, audacious, keen-edged, are further shown in his Scherzo-Valse arranged for the violin. It was well said of this composer that he knew how to be "vulgar in good



CHABRIER, 1842–1894

taste"! His musical humor savors at times of the farce and impudence of the Parisian guttersnipe, but, like that guttersnipe whom Hugo immortalized in "Les Misérables," it has wit and distinction.

Scherzo-Valse
Played by Eugen Ysaye
Columbia Record 36514

But Chabrier was an unlucky man. Neither his "Gwendoline" nor his later *opéra comique*, "Le Roi Malgré Lui" ("The King in Spite of Himself"), was successful in his lifetime. And at the last a cruel paralysis smote both mind and body. As a result he had to leave unfinished beautiful fragments of what promised to be his greatest work, the opera "Briseïs." Chabrier died September 13, 1894. He had advanced well toward his thirties before composing to any extent. He began to create music too late, and was forced, apparently by an unkind destiny, to cease too soon.

In a short time and in a few works he compressed the essence of an incomparable talent.

Gustave Charpentier is a lover of life—not life at a distance or as viewed by artists who wear kid gloves—but life as it is, and especially that of the common people.

Living in the Montmartre district of Paris, the quarter of working-girls, students, laborers, criminals, he wrote: "I love the life which surrounds me, this life of the street and of the humble. I feel it profoundly lyric. At certain moments of great emotion I behold it traversed by lightning, by a mighty current of marvelous, fairylike beauty. I have tried to transfer my emotion to my art."

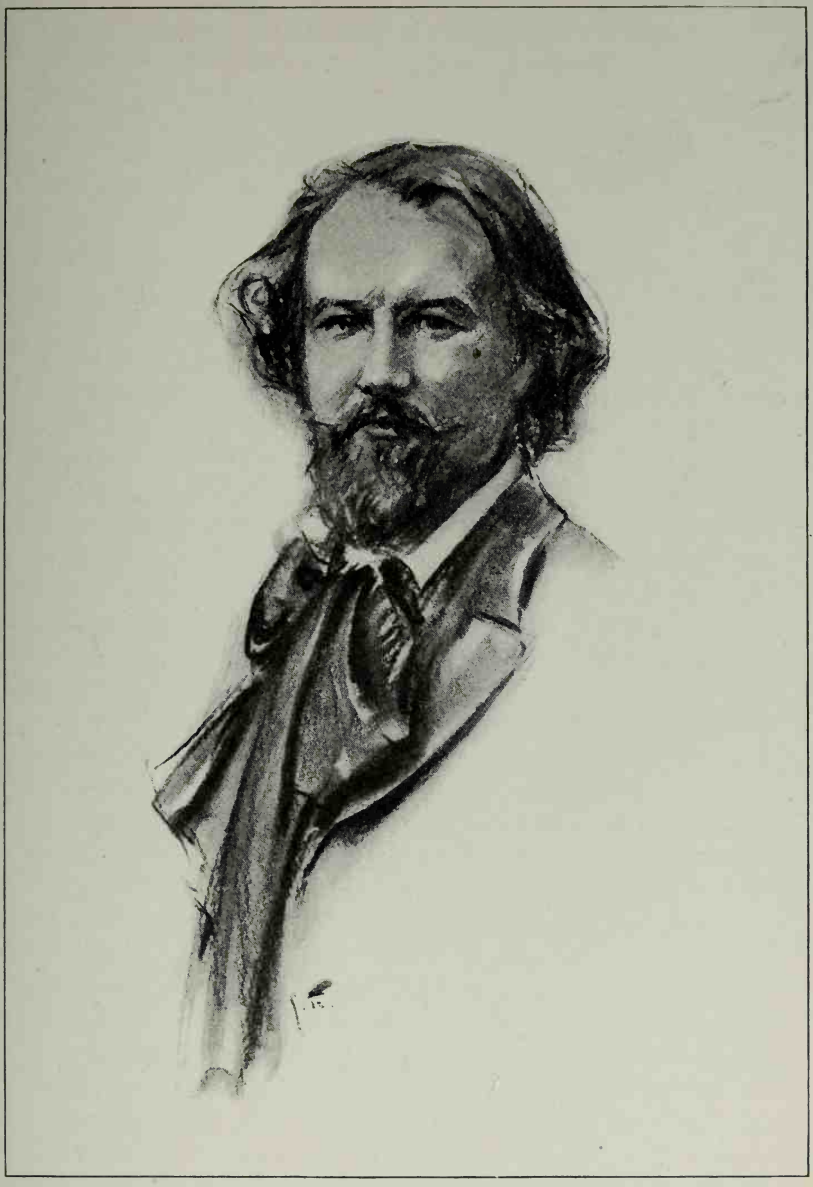
The parents of Charpentier, who was born at Dieuze, Alsace-Lorraine, June 25, 1860, moved to Turcoing after the Franco-Prussian War. Gustave had lessons in "sol-

fège" and the violin, and to support himself worked in a factory. There he organized an orchestra of workmen. The proprietor, much interested in his talent, sent Charpentier to the Conservatoire at Lille. He advanced so rapidly that the municipality of Turcoing voted him a pension to study in Paris. Charpentier entered the Paris Conservatoire in 1881, was taken out for a period of military service, became on his return a pupil of Massenet, and gained the Prix de Rome in 1887 with his cantata, "Didon."

"Louise," produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris, February 2, 1900, is the romance of a working-girl of Montmartre and her lover, Julien. He is a painter, a Bohemian, his head full of all the new-fangled ideas of socialism and the rights of youth which were the stock in trade of the young fellows of Charpentier's early days. Louise succumbs to the spell of Paris. Against the commands of her father and mother, she leaves her home and lives with Julien. Later she implores forgiveness of her parents, and returns to them, but the life of the simple household, after her experience of love and the great city, revives her discontent. The city calls her back to its arms. Julien implores her to return to him. There is an angry scene with the parents, a scene of protest and revolt, and while the orchestra hymns the songs of Paris Louise rushes from the house. The father shakes his clenched fist in the air, "Oh Paris!" The only answer is the far-off echo of one of the melodies of the city.

In the score Charpentier included with very graphic effect a number of the street cries of Paris—the song of the old-clothes man, of the vegetable seller, and other itinerants.

The beautiful air from "Louise," "Depuis le Jour," is heard at the beginning of the third act, as, emerging in the morning from the doorway of the humble but



CHARPENTIER, 1860

happy dwelling which she occupies with Julien, Louise looks over the city of dreams and recalls with rapturous emotion the first kiss of her lover.

" Depuis le jour " (" Since that fair day ")

Sung by Mary Garden	Columbia Record A 5440
Sung by Hulda Laschanska	Columbia Record

Charpentier's "Julien," produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, in 1913, is a sequel to "Louise." It narrates the further adventures of the painter and the girl. This work, however, did not meet with the success which attended the production of the former opera.

Claude Achille Debussy left the world music of unique and baffling originality. It is not easy to explain or locate the original sources of his art. True, it partakes occasionally of the characteristics of a known school and period, but—where was he born? That is, where, aside from the incident of physical birth, did this spirit first become conscious of its destiny?

It is true that the music of Debussy owns in several important respects to its French descent. But there is in it something more, something mysterious, pagan, antique, which is the possession of no one people. Debussy has seen nature and beauty in a way peculiarly his own, and has found new forms of expression. It was said of him that if the grass could be heard growing, he would have set it to music! He writes of the moonshine on a ruined temple, the falling of autumn leaves, the play of wind and water. What is most astonishing is the fact that underneath all this free poetic impressionism one discovers workmanship of unerring logic and precision. Yet there are analysts who deny the presence of "form" in the music of Debussy. These would not sympathize with the reflection of Plotinus:

"It is on this account that fire surpasses all other bodies in beauty, because, compared with the other elements, it obtains the order of form; for it is more eminent than the rest, and is the most subtle of all, bordering as it were on an incorporeal nature."

Debussy was born at Saint-Germaine (Seine and Oise), France, August 22, 1862. A relative saw that he received piano lessons and entered the Conservatoire in 1873. He won the Grand Prix in 1884 with his cantata, "L'Enfant Prodigue." In the same year he produced his delightful and melodious "Petite Suite" ("Little Suite") for piano, which has since been arranged for orchestra. Two pieces from it are "En Bateau," a barcarolle of a songful character which betrays Debussy's early love of Massenet, and "Cortège." "Cortège" ("Procession"), is gay, fanciful march-music that might be heard as the accompaniment of an antique festival.

"En Bateau" and "Cortege" from "Petite Suite"
Columbia Record

It is said that when Debussy was doing his military service he listened attentively to the overtones which clashed in the air as the trumpet blew "taps" and the bells rang in a neighboring church tower; that he learned much while accompanist for a Russian lady, from the singing of the Russian gipsies; that he gained inspiration from the score of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godounow." Debussy made an exquisite setting of Rossetti's poem, "The Blessed Damozel" (1888). He composed his epoch-making reverie for orchestra, "Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faun," in 1892. "Pelléas et Mélisande," a music-drama of a strange and shadowy beauty, based on the play of Maurice Maeterlinck, and one of the most significant operas of recent times, was performed at the Opéra Comique, Paris, April 30, 1902.

Important songs, piano and orchestral works, followed. The later Debussy was inclined to mannerisms and repetitions of the musical effects which had won him fame in previous years. In the set of piano pieces written for his daughter, "The Children's Corner," there are to be found charming musical thoughts. From it comes "The Golliwogs' Cake-Walk," an amusing take-off of American "ragtime," showing Debussy's ingenuity in imitating this style and also the extent to which he, among other European composers, has found it interesting.

"Golliwogs' Cake-Walk"
From "Children's Corner"

Debussy had a finer harmonic sense, a freer, more poetic spirit, than any other musician of his day in France.

Benjamin Godard (1849–95) was a child prodigy and, unfortunately, rather petted as such. Had his childhood been more normal and had less been expected of him he would have been a happier and a more successful man. He had fluency and a genuine and delightful gift of melody.

His opera, "Jocelyn," the libretto by Armand Silvestre and Victor Capoul, was produced at Brussels, February 25, 1888. The libretto is based on the poem of Lamartine, a poem concerned with the struggle in the heart of a priest between divine and profane love. Godard's opera was accepted and performed a number of times because the composer's talent sufficed to float scenes which could not have been saved by a less gifted man.

From this opera an appealing air has come down to us, so popular that it has not only been sung, but played in different arrangements wherever concerts are given.

This air is the Berceuse, a tender pastoral melody, heard as Jocelyn sings to sleep one who is his companion in the midst of peril.

Berceuse from "Jocelyn"
Sung by Orville Harrold — Columbia Record A 5439
Played by Herbert L. Clark, cornetist — Columbia Record A 2199

Cécile Chaminade, one of the most popular of women composers, who was born August 8, 1861, at Paris, is "a small, slight, gray-brown woman; short hair, small hands, and tiny feet; gray-blue eyes; nondescript dresser, with entire lack of distinguished carriage and manner; restless, reticent, and shy, but with a face of great intelligence, the essential quality of charm, and often fascinating by reason of the spirit within when this is roused." She became a pupil of Benjamin Godard. Her "ballet symphony," "Callirrhoë," given at Marseilles in 1888, brought her before the public. She has produced two suites for orchestra, a concert piece for piano and orchestra, and a great number of popular songs and piano pieces. The "Scarf Dance" and "La Lisonjera" made Chaminade popular in many countries besides France. These pieces bear witness to the grace and the feminine charm of her music.

"Scarf Dance"
Played by Columbia Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5987
"La Lisonjera" ("The Flatterer")
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 2141

Chaminade's home at Le Vesiné has become the refuge of many sufferers from the war.

Gabriel Pierne, born at Metz, August 16, 1863, was a pupil of Massenet and César Franck at the Paris

Conservatoire. He has produced a number of dramatic works, choral compositions, songs, and incidental music for the theater, and is best known in this country by his "Children's Crusade" for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra after the poem of Marcel Schwob. Like other French composers, even the greatest, Pierne does not disdain to express his talent in the composition of small, piquant pieces such as "The March of the Little Lead Soldiers." This march in miniature is a triumph of ingenuity, wit, and taste; a march in which the big instruments of the orchestra sound small, as the little lead soldiers, to the gay and inspiring tones of the flute, pass on parade.

" March of the Little Lead Soldiers "
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1589

One of the most poetic talents of the present day in France is that of Gabriel Fauré, born at Pamiers, Ariège, May 13, 1845. He came to Paris in his ninth year. Saint-Saëns was his master in composition. Fauré's success as a piano teacher at Rennes was somewhat dimmed by his being so attractive a young man that mothers hesitated to intrust their daughters to him for instruction! After serving in the Franco-Prussian War, Fauré became organist of the Madeleine and successively teacher of composition and director (1905) of the Paris Conservatoire, a position he holds at the time of writing. He has distinguished himself in many fields, but in none more than his original and poetic songs. His type of melody is peculiarly and exquisitely his own. One of the first compositions to carry Fauré's name overseas was his Berceuse for violin. It is in the manner of a quaint old French folk-song, dreamy

and tender, and well suited to the instrument to which it is given.

Berceuse (Faure)
Played by Eugen Ysaye
Columbia Record 36519

To-day the composers of France surpass those of all other countries in the originality and the varied character of their productions. We have mentioned but a few of an astonishing generation of creative artists. These men have in the past quarter-century or more restored to French music the conviction and the national spirit which it had lost, to a certain extent, prior to 1870. Disastrous as was that year to the French nation, it awoke in the hearts of the people a heroic determination to vindicate themselves, and to throw off, in art as well as in politics, the musical influence of Germany. Out of tribulation came achievement and self-realization. There is no brighter page in the history of modern music than that which records the contribution of France — a triumph in art which precedes the glorification of her spirit in other spheres, on other fields.

ANTONIN DVORÁK

GREAT men are simple. The heart of Antonin Dvorák, the Bohemian genius of music, was that of a little child.

He grew up in a hard school. His parents expected him to be a butcher, but his inclination toward music was stronger than any accident of birth or circumstance. No composer encountered more abject poverty in his early years. A piano was for a long time out of the question. Music paper to write on was a luxury. The peasants of Bohemia, poor enough in any case, were taxed to the breaking-point by the Austro-German government. With this government Dvorák and his community were anything but friendly. "To be a good Czech," said a journalist of the day, "is to be a good hater of the Germans. Dvorák is a good Czech."

It was fortunate in more ways than one that Dvorák was in the bad graces of those who ruled him, since otherwise he would probably have been given a berth in some German city, and ended his life a respected *Capellmeister* with all the originality taken from him —a fate which has overtaken more than one composer good and true. As it was, the genius of Dvorák fed on the life and nature about him. He wandered on the highways and through the forests of his land, listened to the songs of the peasants, and fiddled for fairs and weddings.

A peculiar wistfulness is in his music, a simple, confiding appeal which seems to have come not only from

the man but also from his race. The peasant suffers humbly and in silence. No one cares enough about him to listen to his woes. He may not read or write. But he can sing. In his song he tells Mother Nature all that he feels. Dvorák knew neither universities nor, for years, languages other than those spoken about him, yet the word was given him which reached the ear and heart of the world. Once heard, his melodies are not easily forgotten. Witness the dreamy tenderness and melancholy of the air known as the "Indian Lament."

"Indian Lament" (Arrangement by Kreisler)
Played by Kathleen Parlow, violinist
Columbia Record A 5798

Bands of strolling musicians used to perform in the inn owned by Dvorák's father. It was with almost unbearable excitement that the boy listened to these performances. He induced the village schoolmaster to teach him how to sing and to play the violin, and eventually obtained his father's permission to study music at Prague. The meager fund donated by his parent gave out, and Dvorák gained a living for several years by playing the viola in orchestras of cafés and theaters.

He was deeply stirred at this time by the improvisations and songs of the gipsies. One of a series of "Gipsy Melodies" is called "Songs my mother taught me"—songs which commemorate the sorrows of a wandering race. "And when I sing these melodies for my own children," continues the verse, "the tears rain down my brown cheeks also." No composer could have written for such a text a melody simpler and more touching than Dvorák's. Few composers in the history of music have been at the same time so unsophisticated and so

DVORÁK, 1841–1904

original in richness and color of harmony, melody of heart-searching eloquence, and variety and piquancy of rhythms. For a parallel to the poignancy and feeling of a song like this one must go to the music of the American negro, which, as we shall see, Dvorák loved and admired.

"Songs my mother taught me"
Sung by Hulda Laschanska
Columbia Records

Dvorák married on the financial basis of earnings far from sufficient for one, still less for two. He undertook every possible kind of musical work—teaching, playing the organ, conducting when the opportunity befell. In later years a friend asked him how he managed to compose and get his dinner under such circumstances; to which the composer replied, with perfect simplicity, that frequently he did not get his dinner.

At first Dvorák created with reckless haste, for his pen could not keep pace with the ideas which thronged his brain. Nothing seemed impossible for his genius. He struck off compositions, white-hot, in a variety of forms. It mattered comparatively little what the form was. The mold that lay nearest at hand was filled. Choral and orchestral works, songs, instrumental pieces, appeared in profusion. Later, experience of life and of art commenced to tell. He thought twice before putting pen to paper. He learned to use fewer ideas, and make more of them. He began to perfect forms of his own.

Dvorák's fame spread throughout Europe and preceded him to America. He was invited to visit this country in 1892 as director of the National Conservatory of Music in New York. There he composed his greatest orchestral work, the "New World" Symphony.

He believed that our finest and most original music came from the negro slaves, and he incorporated in the first movement of the "New World" Symphony a fragment of the well-known "spiritual," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

The slow movement of this symphony, one of the noblest and most poetic that Dvorák conceived, opens with majestic chords of the brass choir, and these are followed by a haunting melody which seems to have been created for the instrument to which it is given—the English horn. Over the whole movement broods the spirit of forest depths and virgin solitudes.

Largo from "New World" Symphony
Played by New York Philharmonic Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5998

Although Dvorák had created a masterpiece in this work, and employed in it at least one American melody, it was contended, with justice, that it was not an American symphony. It was the symphony, as some one wittily put it, of a homesick Bohemian who based his music on melodies that he heard about him, and continued doing so when he came to America. Dvorák proved, however, that American melodies could become valuable elements of symphonic composition, thus affording a stimulating example to young American composers.

Dvorák stayed in America until 1895, after which he returned to Prague to become in 1901 director of the Prague Conservatory, a post which he held until his death. He was unutterably happy to be at home again. It is probable that in many lonely hours he would have sacrificed his American salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year to get back to his own people. Not for him were the dirt and the noise and the money of great

cities. "Pan Antonin," as a compatriot described him, "of the sturdy little figure, the jovial smile, the kindly heart, and the school-girl modesty," was ever and incorrigibly himself, whatever he did, wherever he went. His friends were always laughing at his simplicity and guilelessness. One of them met Dvorák with a book in his hand. What was he doing? "Improving my mind," answered Dvorák. He was reading a book, set in large type, in words of one and two syllables, for young children. It was said of him that he had three passions—composing, living in the country, and caring for his pigeons! While in America he was invited to spend the summer at the home of a priest, the clinching argument being the offer of a donkey, to be placed wholly at the musician's disposal. Dvorák was delighted. "What a pleasure this will be," he cried, "for my children and myself!"

His children! One suspects that for them he wrote many more of his melodies than the public can ever guess. Listen to the "Humoreske"—one of a series of compositions so entitled, written originally for the piano, and in this instance transcribed for the violin. It is a fireside story, a story told by the composer as he smiles through his tears.

"Humoreske"

Played by Eugen Ysaye	Columbia Record 36908
Played by Kathleen Parlow	Columbia Record A 5412

And so he continued to the end, happy with his scores, his family, and chosen friends who did not terrify him with conventions and ceremonies, well content to live simply, work at the only craft he knew, and win hearts. He remained from first to last a peasant, born of his fields and forests, and holding close communion with them. When he tried to compose in a grand and

pretentious manner, as in certain of the later quartets, he failed as completely as he failed when he had to don formal garb and mingle with the great. He enriched music significantly by the sincerity and individuality of his contribution to the art, and this art was the reflection of the beauty and tenderness of his own nature. Dvorák was born September 8, 1841, and died on the 1st of May, 1904.

EDVARD GRIEG

NORWAY is a somber, wildly beautiful land. Great mountains, scarred and cragged, rise straight from the sea. Deep fjords have been graven in them by the action of the waters, and in the winter these fjords look like icy fingers stretched out by the ocean, eager to grasp their prey. The winter is a long and fearsome night when God knows what is abroad, and the peasants, huddling together about their fires, drink, fiddle, and sing, to forget the evil things that scream in the wind. "This is the land of which the outer limits confront the realm where the old Norse gods still dwell, and where, in the words of Jonas Lie, 'elves and mermaids are still regarded as tame domestic animals.'"

There are really but two seasons—winter and summer. The summer, a short, sunlit day, has scarcely smiled before it is gone, and because of its fleeting beauty it leaves sadness in the hearts of those who know too well the darkness, the cold, the solitudes of the long night. These things are told in the music of Edvard Grieg.

Grieg came of Scotch ancestry. His great-grandfather's name was Greig, or Greigh. He was a native of Aberdeen, who about 1746, in the troublous period of the wars of Charles Edward Stewart, the Pretender, left the land of his birth and settled permanently at Bergen, Norway. There he changed the position of the vowels in his name to conform to the principles of Norwegian pronunciation. His son, John Grieg, a merchant, became also British consul, and the office was

passed down to Alexander, father of the composer. The mother of Edvard Grieg was a woman of culture and considerable musical knowledge.

Grieg was born on the 15th of June, 1843. He soon showed his disposition for music—not only music, but modern music, to which he was to bring a new, strange, fascinating beauty. The story of his first attempt, as a small child, to play the piano is significant as being typical of his artistic originality and the modern quality of his ear. "What shall prevent me," says Grieg himself in a delightful reminiscence of his youthful days, "from calling back that wonderful and mysterious content at discovering, when I stretched my arms up to the piano, not a melody—that was too much—no, but a harmony! First, two notes; then a chord of three notes; then a full chord of four; at last, with both hands—oh, joy!—a combination of five notes, the chord of the ninth." It should be explained that this chord is one of the most important characteristics of modern music, and one of the most valuable assets of composers of to-day. "When I found that," said Grieg, "my happiness knew no bounds. . . . I was about five years old."

It was soon time for him to go to school, which he did not like, for he preferred to lie on his back and dream as he watched the summer clouds float lazily in the sky. A brilliant idea came to him in the arithmetic class. "In order to finish as soon as possible I left out all the ciphers, since, as I understood it, they signified nothing. But I profited through experience. Since then I have learned to reckon with ciphers!"

One day he brought to school, instead of an essay, a composition, his first attempt—variations on a familiar melody. A buzz went through the class-room. The teacher made inquiries. "Grieg has a composition." The professor went to a door and called to a colleague: "Come here. Here's something to look at. This little

GRIEG, 1843–1907

chap is a composer!" But the happiness of the child was short-lived. When the second professor had departed the first changed his tactics "and took me," said Grieg, "by the hair, until everything was black before my eyes, saying, harshly, 'Another time bring your German dictionary with you as you ought to do and leave this foolish stuff at home.'" Grieg found solace in the person of a young lieutenant who lived opposite the school and who was devoted to music. For him Grieg had to copy all his compositions. "Fortunately, I afterward succeeded in getting back all I had given him and throwing them into the waste-paper basket, where they most certainly belonged. I have often thought with gratitude of my friend the lieutenant, who has since become a general, and of the compliments which he paid to my first attempt at art."

The day came when Ole Bull, the celebrated Norwegian violinist, rode clattering into the yard and, hearing Grieg's music through the open window, insisted that he become a musician and that his parents send him at once to Leipsic to study. "I felt," said Grieg, "like a packet stuffed full of dreams."

At Leipsic Grieg was mortally homesick. He was then a lump of a lad of fifteen, probably like most Norwegian boys, of whom he himself said: "We Norwegians develop slowly. Before the age of eighteen, one seldom knows what is in him." The husband of his landlady comforted him. "Now see here, my dear Mr. Grieg, we have here the same sun, the same moon, and the same God that you have at home." But it was a long time before these things, and the lessons at the Conservatory, could reconcile Grieg to the loss of Norway.

Grieg in his innocence had expected that by some miracle he could become, in, say, three years, a "wizard master" of music, but surprise and disappointment were in store for him. The truth gradually dawned on him

that progress meant long and patient drudgery. This would have been endurable if he had had more sympathetic and intelligent teachers, but German provincialism ruled so strongly at the Leipsic Conservatory that it was impossible for Grieg's masters to realize what he was trying to do, or give him anything but the most academic counsel. When he tried to write the original harmonies that filled his ears he was reproved. The teachers did not realize that Grieg must discover new laws of composition before he could put himself into his music. He worked hard, scarcely leaving time to eat or sleep. The result was that in two years he suffered a collapse and a severe lung trouble, which left him with only one lung for the rest of his life. With the loss of physical strength, however, there seemed to come an increase of nervous energy. He recovered sufficiently to resume his labors and graduate with honors from the Leipsic Conservatory in 1882. After a happy summer in his Norwegian home, he went to Copenhagen, and there met the friend whom he needed just then more than any one else in the world. This was the gifted young Norwegian composer, Richard Nordraak, who, if he had not died at the age of twenty-four, might have been as great as Grieg in his art. At last Grieg had met a companion who understood his dreams and was with him heart and soul in his desire to found a school of genuine Norwegian music.

It was about this time that Grieg became intimate with Ole Bull. The two made trips far into the mountains, listening to the songs and dances of the peasants which Grieg would then incorporate in his music. No one realized better than he that music draws its existence not from professors and conservatories, but from the common people and the common experiences which make all humanity akin. Thus it is with the "Bridal Procession," taken from a set of "Two Lyrical Pieces"

for piano, music in which one hears the sawing of fiddles, the approach of the festive company along the road, and scraps of peasant songs which are gradually lost in the distance.

"Bridal Procession," Op. 19, No. 2
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5892

The lamented death of Nordraak, in whose honor Grieg wrote one of his most impressive pieces of music, cut short the promised crusade for the musical expression of Norway. But in 1867, the same year in which he married, Grieg founded a musical union in Christiania which he conducted until 1880. He toured Europe as a pianist conductor, tours in which he was accompanied by his wife, an admirable singer of her husband's songs.

The year 1874 was a banner one. Grieg was given a small pension by the Norwegian government, which enabled him to give up teaching and devote his time to composition. In the same year he received a letter from Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian author, asking him to write music for the drama "Peer Gynt." Grieg, supremely honored by this invitation, had not only a superb drama to inspire him, but a subject ideally in accordance with his genius. It was for him to establish the appropriate background for Ibsen's profound interpretation of an old Norwegian legend.

Composed for the theater, this music was later made into two orchestral suites. Early in the drama Peer visits the trolls, who live underground. The troll king wishes Peer to marry his daughter. When Peer refuses the great cave is in a tumult. The trolls gather and leap on his back until it seems that Peer can no longer throw them off. It is only the prayers of Peer's mother and Solveg, whose constant love at last brings redemption, which save him. The orchestra accom-

panies the scene of the trolls with uncanny music which constantly grows in excitement. A shriek of the instruments brings the piece to an end.

"In the Hall of the Mountain King"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5807

The scene of Ase's death is one of greatest pathos, and Grieg equals its poignancy by writing for it very simple music. This music consists in the repetition with growing intensity of a single sad strain. Peer is jesting to hide his despair as his mother dies. He kisses the dead face passionately and sets out again to wander for many years, until the faithful love of Solveg shall restore him his soul.

"Ase's Death" from "Peer Gynt" Suite
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5806

Later we find Peer, now an elderly and prosperous, if not contented, man, on the coast of Algiers. The sun mounts in the sky, birds trill, and soft breezes come in from the sea. This is the moment in which is heard one of Grieg's finest inspirations, the movement, "Morning," in which the composer shows again how readily and wonderfully he can translate scenes of nature in his music.

"Morning" from "Peer Gynt" Suite
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5806

Wandering in a desert, Peer is worshiped as a prophet by a wild tribe. He decides not to dispel their illusion, since he obtains from them much praise, comfort, and the love of the slave girl Anitra. She dances and sings before him, after which he woos her passionately,

only to be deceived and told to remember his graying hairs. The dance is an original and charming composition in the Oriental manner.

"Anitra's Dance" from "Peer Gynt" Suite
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5807

In the last act of "Peer Gynt" our hero, wearied, disillusioned, repentant, comes back to his mountain home, where he had left Solveg, his true love, years before. Only she has remained faithful. A tableau shows her in her hut on the mountain-side, where she had told Peer years before that she would await him. There Solveg sings her song, simple and true and sad, like the north, a song of love and faithfulness unto death.

"Solveg's Song"
Sung by Lucy Gates
Columbia Record A 5840

Grieg was one who knew and loved Nature in all her moods. The beautiful composition, "Letzter Frühling," also called "Der Frühling" ("The Spring"), is the second of "Two Elegiac Melodies" for stringed orchestra. None of Grieg's compositions afford better example of the sincere, deeply moving quality of his inspirations than this modest but exquisite piece of music.

"Spring"
Played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5844

Although Grieg sometimes filled a large canvas, he preferred small forms, producing a long series of songs of exceptional beauty and many piquant and poetic pieces for piano. One of the most popular, if not the most distinctive, of these is the "Butterfly," suggestive of the

gay and capricious flight of the insect from flower to flower.

"The Butterfly"
Played by Josef Hofmann
Columbia Record A 2434

The last years of Grieg's life were passed at "Troldhaugen" ("Trolls' Land"), a villa which he built for himself on a promontory which extended far into the sea. The road from Bergen came to an end in front of the grounds. At the entrance was a sign, "Mr. Grieg does not wish to receive callers earlier than four in the afternoon." Previous to that hour he composed. His studio stood at the water's edge, and bore a second notice, "If any one chooses to enter this house to steal, please leave the scores, as they are only for my use." He had in his hut a remarkable library of musical scores. After working-hours he was cordiality itself, a brilliant talker, fond of company, the kindliest of hosts, though somewhat tactless and inclined on occasion to be headstrong. His forehead and eyes had the poetry felt in his music. "In his eyes," said a visitor, "one catches a glimpse of Norway." Grieg occasionally took a short journey, but was always happy to get home. He was afraid of the sea, and for that reason never came to America. He died in 1907. The urn containing his ashes was placed in a grotto at the foot of a steep cliff visible from "Troldhaugen" and accessible only from the sea. The grotto was then sealed. An epitaph on a marble slab marks what was once the entrance. There the remains of Norway's greatest composer keep watch over the land that he loved.

Norway, with the possible exception of Finland in recent years, has been the most individual of Northern countries in her music. A countryman of Grieg who

gave early promise of surpassing him in the significance of his message was Christian Sinding, born at Kongsberg in 1856. In a somber and powerful symphony and a crashing Rondo Perpetuo for orchestra Sinding showed the Norse spirit of his ancestors, but his individuality was submerged in his admiration of Richard Wagner, so that he is known to-day principally by some interesting songs and piano compositions. A gentler talent was that of Johan Svendsen (1840–1911), the son of a bandmaster of Christiania, a conductor himself at the age of fifteen and a violinist of such talent that, having accepted a position in the orchestra of the Odéon Théâtre at Paris, his solo-playing on a certain evening drew the attention of the audience from the acting of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. An accident to Svendsen's hand interfered with his career as a virtuoso, but turned his attention the more to composition. Svendsen's "Romance," a beautiful and imaginative composition for the violin, has in it the true ring of the North—the dark color, the expressive melody, and the legendary sadness often and justly associated with Scandinavian music.

"Romance" (Svendsen) for violin
Played by Kathleen Parlow
Columbia Record A 5819

Johan Halvorsen, born in 1864 at Drammen, Norway, was also a violinist of unusual gifts who toured Scandinavia and certain cities of Europe, and became, in 1899, conductor of the National Theater at Christiania. He was not only a virtuoso, but knew the orchestra. Witness his march in the Eastern manner, known as the "Triumphal Entry of the Boyars." The boyars were hereditary owners of the soil in feudal times in Russia. They grouped themselves, with their followers, about a chosen prince, and held a rank cor-

responding roughly to that of the Highland chieftains. Halvorsen's march opens with a curious, barbaric motive played by the clarinets of the orchestra over a drone-bass of a primitive character. A songful contrasting section throws into bolder relief the pomp and color which are picturesque elements of the composition.

"Triumphal Entry of the Boyars" (Halvorsen)
Played by the Cincinnati Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5943

The folk-songs of Sweden, of which there is mention in a later chapter, offer a literature more varied and eloquent, perhaps, than the output of her better known composers. A charming and poetic talent which is near the spirit of the people is that of Tor Aulin (1866—). His "Humoreske" is a simple and charming composition.

"Humoreske" (Tor Aulin)
For flute, oboe, and clarinet
Columbia Record A 1984

Since about 1835 Finland has been making rapid strides in the development of a typical national art. In literature and painting, as well as in music, a number of important and significant figures have risen. Finland is a country of silver lakes and wild moorland. The beauty and melancholy of Northern nature and the stern lot of the Finnish people have contributed to the depth and sincerity of their art. Sibelius' (1865—) "Finlandia" was written in a spirit of patriotic protest when Finland was ruled by the old Russian government. That government was obliged to forbid the public performance of the work because of its exciting effect on the populace. Mark the opening—the chords that growl revolt, the suggestion of a people in prayer,

the rolling of drums, the growing excitement of the music, the wildly defiant conclusion.

"Finlandia" (Sibelius)
For grand orchestra
Columbia Record

The "Praeludium" of Jarnefelt, a composer (1869—) whose great gifts have been overshadowed by those of Sibelius, is an ingenious and entertaining piece of music built from a simple motive.

"Praeludium" (Jarnefelt)
Played by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record A 6014

Because of the novelty and eloquence of their folk-music, and the originality and seriousness of the younger Northern composers, much is expected of them in the immediate future.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

RUBINSTEIN, a colossal nature, a pianist of fabulous powers, was one of the great melodists. He could think melody almost faster than he could write it. A hundred ideas descended on him when he set pen to music paper. Some of these divine guests came with due state and ceremony. The musical thought would arrive in its complete and perfect form, requiring only to be transcribed precisely as it occurred to the musician. But when Rubinstein undertook a great symphony, an opera on a big scale, a sonata on the classic model, it was a different matter. He was a man of impetuous and emotional rather than reflective temperament. It was not his genius to build slowly and with infinite care, to sift out great ideas from small, and rear, block by block, column on column, his cathedral of tone. Whatever was in him at the moment went on paper. Hence it is that Rubinstein is survived to-day principally by his music in the smaller forms, by those simple, inspired melodies which he appears to have jotted down, again and again, as easily and spontaneously as he would have written a letter to a friend.

An example is the "Melody in F," a very simple piece originally composed for the piano. It retains to-day the freshness and charm that it had when first it fell on the ears of the public.

"Melody in F"

Played by Pablo Casals, violoncello	Columbia Record A 5649
Played by Mery Zentay, violin	Columbia Record A 2503

The days of Rubinstein's youth were hard and it was bitter experience which taught him to hug music to his heart. A Jew, born in Moldavia, November 30, 1830, he was early subjected to the persecutions which raged with a special violence in Russia during the reign of Alexander III. Finally, the entire family were baptized as Christians and, leaving behind them the scene of their tribulations, fled over the steppes in a covered wagon to Moscow.

Rubinstein's mother had noticed how attentively the child of five listened to her piano-playing. She decided to teach him, but found that he soon outstripped her own knowledge of the instrument.

In Moscow, Rubinstein became a pupil of Villoing, who, recognizing the boy's talent, agreed to give him lessons without payment until the time when he would be able to make a return for his education. These lessons were not always pleasant experiences. Villoing was a severe teacher. Blows as well as advice were part of his instruction, but Rubinstein had the vitality, the ambition, the indomitable will for which the great men of his race are famous. He throve under this harsh treatment, and at the age of ten astonished the public of Moscow by his performance at a charity concert in Petrovsky Park.

Villoing said that it was time to undertake a concert tour, to make some money, and become known in the world. In Paris, Anton played for Liszt, Chopin, and other of the famous musicians of the day. He was welcomed everywhere and patronized by aristocrats. Presents were showered upon him, which he promptly pawned. His family was in need and he had no illusions about the friendship of the great. They were to be made use of. They were to become stepping-stones of a career. While a guest at the castle of the Russian Grand Duchess Helen, on Kamennoi Island in the Neva River,

Rubinstein completed one of his most admired compositions. He wrote a series of twenty-four "musical portraits," each suggested by the personality of a guest at the castle, and later published under the collective title of "Kamennoi Ostrow" ("Kamennoi Island"). The twenty-second of these "portraits" has been named variously by different publishers, as "Rêve Angélique" ("Angelic Vision"), and other different titles, but it is best known to the public by the title of the set of pieces from which it is drawn. Some biographers of Rubinstein find in it a reminiscence of the romantic attachment which existed between the young musician and the woman who loved him, though circumstances of birth kept them apart. They were wont to promenade of an evening on the shores of the river, while a neighboring convent bell was ringing and sunset flooded the world. Youth talked as youth will of its ambitions, dreams, ideals. The sun still sets on the waters that surround Kamennoi Island, but the guests have gone. In the music of Rubinstein is the picture of a magic hour, and, perhaps, the face of a woman as noble by nature as she was by birth.

"Kamennoi Ostrow" ("Kamennoi Island")
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5665

With the aid and patronage of the Grand Duchess, Rubinstein opened a great conservatory in Petrograd in 1862. He loved Russia, though she treated him none too well. Crossing the frontier in the days of his youth, with his trunk full of musical manuscripts, he was eyed suspiciously by the chief of police.

"You say you are the musician Rubinstein. I don't believe it! But go to my clerk, Chesnokoff. He will examine you and find out if you are a musician. But be careful! He understands music."

RUBINSTEIN, 1830–1894

Rubinstein had actually to sit down before a decrepit piano, which, to the alarm of the clerk, he proceeded to pound out of commission. The clerk returned solemnly to his superior.

"Yes, your Highness, this man Rubinstein does play!"

"This man Rubinstein" was the same man who, returning years later to his native land, stood on the frontier, bowed low, removed his hat, and with an expression of ineffable adoration on his face said one word —"Russia!"

Rubinstein occupied a peculiar position in Russian music. In Europe he was hailed as a great Russian, and Russian characteristics of his art were pointed out. Russians, on the other hand, claimed that Rubinstein's experience of German music had done altogether too much to weaken the national element in his compositions. Rubinstein put it wittily in his memorable dictum:

"The Jews call me a Christian. The Christians call me a Jew. The Wagnerians call me a classicist and the classicists call me a Wagnerian. The Germans call me a Russian and the Russians call me a German. What am I?"

Rubinstein toured America for the first time in 1872 with the violinist Wieniawski, and his success was indescribable. His leonine power, his prophetic fire, his evocation of moods of the most poetic beauty, have been often enough described. There is a profile of Rubinstein, leaning forward over the keyboard, wilted collar, drops of sweat falling through the air, and face illumined by the vision of the Lord. He often played with a careless disregard of detail. No one cared. He might miss a thousand notes; the spirit of the man would have struck fire from his hearers if he had been playing a bass drum. One of the concert pieces with

which Rubinstein aroused frenzies of enthusiasm is the "Valse Caprice," a piano composition in the good old style, full of excitement and melody. Josef Hofmann, himself a great pupil of Rubinstein, acquired at first hand the conception of the master.

"Valse Caprice"
Played by Josef Hofmann
Columbia Record A 5419

Dance rhythms are especially strong in Rubinstein's music, as may be observed by this waltz and by an excerpt from his "Bal Costumé." "Toreador and Andalusian" is supposed to be the dance of an Andalusian girl and her gallant bull-fighter. The click of castanets, the bold, challenging gestures of the man, the coquettish movements of the woman, the eyes that flash behind the fan, the applause of the watching throng — these are the inspiration of Rubinstein's music.

"Toreador and Andalusian"
Played by Prince's Band
Columbia Record A 5433

Had Rubinstein saved what he earned he would have been a millionaire, but his charity, his good deeds, were endless. He was very sensitive to feminine charm and chivalrous toward women, and the amounts which he donated in the form of marriage dowries to penniless maidens became a standing joke with his friends. He was impatient of ceremony and fuss in the routine affairs of life. When he needed a new suit he sent for a tailor and handed him an old garment, telling him to make another precisely similar. He had a laughable habit of fixing dates for changes of clothing. The 1st of May was the day for putting on his summer coat, whether it was shining or snowing. Likewise he wore his Russian furs up to a certain time in the spring. The violets

might bloom and the birds might sing, but the furs were retained.

He did not like doctors. In the second week of November, 1894, he complained of pains in the arms and chest. When a physician called on the 19th, and asked if he might examine the heart, Rubinstein hesitated, and when the moment came moved only the left flap of his coat, saying:

"Very well; now listen."

"But I can't hear your heart through your shirt and vest," protested the physician.

Rubinstein hesitated a moment, and then said: "All right. We might as well play whist."

"What about your heart?" persisted the doctor.

"You may hear it some other time," Rubinstein replied. As was his custom, he took that evening a glass of wine before going to bed. At two o'clock of the following morning he was dead.

One reads of the enormous fertility of composers of previous periods, and marvels at what seem, by comparison, the small number of works produced by composers of to-day. Rubinstein composed eighteen operas and sacred dramas; six symphonies; three "character pieces" for orchestra—"Faust," "Ivan IV," "Don Quixote"; three overtures; more than one hundred songs; chamber music and smaller compositions without number for the piano and other solo instruments. These works were lauded to the skies in their day, and played everywhere, but it was not the symphonies—not even the grand "Ocean" symphony—nor the great "sacred dramas," nor the pretentious "character pieces" for orchestra that lived after him. It was the simple, heartfelt melodies that escaped him when he was perhaps least aware of the value of what he was writing which keep green his memory.

PETER ILJITCH TSCHAIKOWSKY

IN Russia it has been a custom to bomb those unhappy potentates whom the people do not love. Peter Iljitch Tschaikowsky employed subtler methods. He concealed his ammunition in his music.

Like a bombshell, indeed, was the explosion of this music, thrown over the fence from the land of the Czar into the concert-halls and opera-houses of Europe and America. Its melancholy beauty, its gorgeous colors, its volcanic passion, shocked the conservative and fascinated the public. No need to explain this music. Useless to condemn it. It was too human, too original, too utterly sincere for that. It winged its way from heart to heart.

Tschaikowsky's was a temperament essentially typical of his country and his times. The unrest, the fatalism, the vague aspirations toward a brighter and freer day, which possessed Russia, were echoed in his art. He was born on the 7th of May, 1840. One day, when he was having a geography lesson with his brothers and sisters, he shocked his governess by kissing the map of Russia and spitting on the rest of the world. Only one other country was excepted, a country always dear to Tschaikowsky's heart. When reproved for his action he answered: "But didn't you see? All the time I kept my hand over France."

Tschaikowsky's first musical impulse was given him when his father brought home from Petrograd a mechanical player, an orchestrion which played airs by Mozart and by Italian composers—Bellini, Donizetti, and Ros-

sini—whom Peter thus came to know and love. The music of these men profoundly influenced his own style as a composer in later days.

Peter loved his mother with passionate intensity, and when she died of cholera in 1854 retired into himself, morose, cynical, and somewhat self-centered. It was some time before he recovered. He followed the example of other men of his own rank in life by fitting himself for an official sinecure in Petrograd, where the pay was good and the service light. By day he was a rather absent-minded and unsatisfactory official, and by night the darling of Petrograd drawing-rooms, for he was a good-looking young man who had a charming talent for the improvisation of waltzes at the piano. This was Tschaikowsky in his twentieth year.

There came a change. Disgust with his idle life grew on the future composer. He decided that his only talent was for music; that, therefore, it was his duty to develop it at whatever cost, if his life were to mean anything and he escape the fate of the fop and the idler. "Do not imagine that I dream of being a great artist," he wrote his father; "I only feel I must do the work for which I have a vocation, whether I become a celebrated composer or only a struggling teacher—'tis all the same. In any case, my conscience will be clear and I shall no longer have the right to grumble at my lot."

Gone was the dandy of former days. Gone also was the comfortable salary which had been his. Tschaikowsky became a pupil of Nicholas Rubinstein at the Conservatory. Rubinstein, as kind-hearted as he was irascible, not only took a deep interest in the young man's talent, but helped him through those poverty-stricken days by securing him pupils, giving him shelter, and even clothes on occasion. Tschaikowsky writes home to his father that he is working hard and is happy in his art—only it is a little uncomfortable in the

evenings, since the scratching of his pen disturbs Rubinstein when he tries to sleep!

Through Rubinstein's interest Tschaikowsky became professor of harmony at the newly opened Moscow Conservatory, and soon commenced to produce significant music. One of the best-known pieces of these early days is the "Chant sans Paroles" ("Song without Words"), from the collection entitled "Souvenirs [Memories] de Hapsal." This piece commemorates one of the happiest experiences of Tschaikowsky's youthful years. After a hard winter's labor at the Conservatory he found himself in possession of the—to him—unparalleled sum of one hundred rubles, or about fifty dollars. He must have thought he had Fortunatus' purse at his disposal, for he immediately embarked with his brother Modest on a holiday trip to Finland. Arrived in that country, the two idled about at Viborg and admired the Imatra Falls until they suddenly found that there was barely car fare enough to get home, and nothing to live on when they arrived. So they begged sanctuary of Tschaikowsky's stepmother, who lived in the charming district of Hapsal. Through the long summer days the brothers wandered about the forest and watched the glowing sunsets, communing happily with each other and with nature. All too quickly the summer was gone, but Tschaikowsky preserved the memory of those charmed hours in the following melody.

"Chant sans Paroles"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1037

Tschaikowsky's fame commenced to spread, but his pocket-book was still very thin. In order to replenish it he decided to give a concert. For this occasion he composed a new work, in which the whole world recognized the heart-beat of Russia. One day while Tschai-

TSCHAIKOWSKY, 1840–1893

kowsky was composing, he heard a plasterer singing beneath the window a sad and beautiful song which the musician could not dismiss from his thoughts. This song, mournful and tender, an old song loved by the Russian peasants, became the substance of the slow movement, or "Andante Cantabile," of his quartet.

Andante from String Quartet

Played by Prince's Orchestra	Columbia Record A 1930
Played by Boston String Quartet	Columbia Record A 2517

As usual, the composer, a painfully shy and sensitive man, passed his hour of torment before the performance of this work took place, wondering whether he had created a work of art or made a plain fool of himself. His doubts were relieved in a manner that he never forgot. Count Leo Tolstoi, the author of *Anna Karénina*, *The Resurrection*, and other famous works, paid him a visit and sat by him while his quartet was being played. Listening to the slow movement, Tolstoi was so profoundly moved that he wept. "I have heard," he said, "the soul of my patient and suffering people."

And now love, which either builds or destroys, came into Tschaikowsky's life. He had just completed an overture called "Destiny" when an Italian opera company visited Moscow. In that company the leading artist was Desirée Artot, "a woman of thirty, not good-looking, but with a passionate and expressive face." Tschaikowsky met her at a supper one evening after the opera. She asked him to call. He avoided her. The company departed from Moscow, but returned there the next fall. Artot asked him why she had not seen him and later the well-meaning Nicholas Rubinstein insisted that Tschaikowsky attend a party at her home. The two became engaged. But Tschaikowsky was far from happy. He loved Desirée with all his heart, but she would not leave the stage, and he had no appetite

for becoming the husband and cloak-carrier of a popular prima donna. The days dragged on, till the Gordian knot was suddenly clipped by Miss Desirée herself, who, without a word of explanation, married a barytone of the Warsaw Opera. Tschaikowsky was prostrated by the blow. Worse still, the company revisited Moscow. The unfortunate composer sat in the auditorium, his opera-glasses glued to his eyes, but seeing nothing because of the tears that streamed down his face.

Just after this bitter experience, and while he was still so much under the spell of the woman that he could not hear her name without emotion, Tschaikowsky was asked to write an overture to Shakespeare's great love drama, "Romeo and Juliet." Could he have found the inspiration for this music had it not been for his own tragedy? The overture opens with a choral motive —the thought of Friar Laurence—and harmonies as beautiful as they are laden with the fateful atmosphere of the drama. Music of strife depicts the brawls of the Montagues and Capulets. Then rises from the depths of the orchestra that melody—one of the greatest Tschaikowsky ever penned—which chants the love of the immortal pair. It was to this same melody that the composer, intending in later years to complete an opera on the subject, set the words of Juliet: "Oh tarry, night of ecstasy; Oh night of love, stretch thy dark veil over us!" In the overture it is heard again and again, passing from instrument to instrument, and sung with all the splendor and power of the orchestra. At the last it is echoed tragically by different instruments, as chords of the most poignant tenderness and beauty bring the overture to an end.

Overture: "Romeo and Juliet"
Played by Columbia Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record
210

With the "Romeo and Juliet" overture Tschaikowsky sprang at a bound into prominence, not only in Russia but in Europe. His circumstances began to mend, and in return for what she had snatched away Fate sent him one of the most beautiful friendships in the history of art. This was his singular relationship with Nadeshda von Meck, to whom he never spoke in his life, although they corresponded almost daily, and he confided to her as to a companion soul.

Madame von Meck, the widow of a rich engineer, loved music, and had been profoundly affected by the compositions of Tschaikowsky. She asked Tschaikowsky to allow her to pension him for the remainder of his days, saying that it would make her infinitely happy to know him secure and able to compose as his inspiration directed. After some hesitation he accepted this offer. It was Madame von Meck who stipulated, with the rarest tact and generosity, that they should never meet. They never did meet, save once, by accident, when the composer encountered her in the woods. This happened one day near Madame von Meck's estate at Brailov. Tschaikowsky, not knowing of her proximity, suddenly found himself before her. They gazed at each other for a moment without a word. Then Tschaikowsky, with a frightened exclamation, raised his hat and fled through the trees. They continued to correspond until —bitterest of all the composer's trials—there arose between them a misunderstanding which remained unexplained to the day of his death. Surely, beside the eternities of true friendship, the accidents of this life weigh small! Surely, on the other side of the grave, the needful word was spoken!

Madame von Meck was even the confidante of the beginning and end of perhaps the most fantastic and unfortunate experience of marriage a composer ever underwent. It was only an episode, over almost before it

began, but it nearly cost the musician his life, to say nothing of his reason.

A woman whom Tschaikowsky hardly knew wrote him a letter telling him that she loved him. Her expressions were so sincere and so touching that the composer answered the letter. Still more foolishly, he consented to visit her. She so aroused his sympathy and his chivalry that at last, though he did not love her, he asked her to be his wife. With an impulse so childlike that it makes one smile, and so tragic in its revelation of helplessness and despair that it makes one weep, he seized letter-paper and confided the whole thing to Madame von Meck! She, sensible woman, neither criticized nor condemned. The marriage, of course, was an utter failure. Tschaikowsky was as one distracted. Later he told a friend, Kashkin, that one night he stood up to his armpits in a near-by river, hoping he would catch a death-chill. The marriage had to be dissolved. Tschaikowsky was a broken man. But he never blamed his wife for the catastrophe, and always spoke of her as a noble woman.

In 1887 Russia was at war. Tschaikowsky, responsive to the temper of the times, composed the barbaric "Marche Slave." The march opens with the angry pounding of a drum—a call, a menace, a summons to battle. Then, over this single note, is heard the wailing minor chant of a primitive people. "Ancestral voices prophesying war." This is a Serbian folk-tune selected by Tschaikowsky for his purpose.

A new and defiant song is heard, accompanied by commotion of the wind instruments. After stormy preparation the chant is again intoned with all possible orchestral sonority. Gradually, as though vanishing in the distance, this dies away, and low, growling chords bring the first part of the record to a close. The second half of the march (on the reverse side of the record)

opens with a joyous dance motive—music of exultation, of anticipated triumph. For a stirring climax the composer gives us two new strains in combination, the first a joyous dance rhythm, through which is heard sounding the Russian national anthem.

"Marche Slave," Parts I and II
Played by Columbia Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5933

The old Russian anthem served Tschaikowsky well. Another great composition inspired by national feeling is the Overture 1812. This was written for the consecration of the Cathedral of Christ in Moscow, built to commemorate the burning of that city in the year 1812. The overture was to be performed in the great square before the church by an enormous orchestra. At the climax church bells were to ring, and the place of the big drums was to be taken by cannon. How successfully Tschaikowsky imagined this scene—the assembled multitude in many-colored costumes, the peasants and the nobles, the priests with their icons, the soldiers, the guards of the Czar, and the towering temple of worship for a background—and with what technical mastery he filled the great spaces of his canvas is shown by the music.

Overture: "The Year 1812," Parts I and II
Played by the Regimental Band of H. M. Grenadier Guards
Columbia Record A 5874

The overture opens with the Russian hymn, "God preserve Thy people," sounded with antiphonal majesty by the brass instruments. This gives way to music of agitation and suspense, while the oboe plays a mournful melody over an awakening orchestra. Gradually a tempest of tone is let loose. The drums roll. A challenging fanfare is sounded by the cornets. When this

is repeated it is heard in combination with a new and singing theme. This makes the first half of the record. The second half, on the reverse side, begins with music woven of the French "Marseillaise" and a Cossack folk-tune. Fragments of the "Marseillaise" are lost in whirling masses of tone. The Russian airs and the "Marseillaise" alternate. As bells ring from church towers the French anthem is flung out by the brass. The orchestra prepares for some great event, some mighty rejoicing. Again is heard the hymn of the opening, "God preserve Thy people," again the brilliant fanfare of the cornets, and finally, with rolling of drums and joyful reverberation of cathedral bells, the national anthem.

Tschaikowsky composed operas, symphonies, and suites in rapid succession. Among these were the operas "Eugen Onegin," "Pique Dame," "Joan of Arc"; the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies; three string quartets and other pieces of chamber music; many extremely beautiful songs and a ballet, "The Sleeping Beauty."

He waited years before giving the world one of his gayest and most delightful compositions, the "Casse-Noisette" ("Nut-cracker") Suite. The music was to accompany a fairy ballet. In the first scene happy children are gathered about a Christmas tree. Candles are lighted, and every one receives presents. To little Marie is given a common nut-cracker, but she likes this best of all. The boys snatch it from her, and it is broken. Marie bursts into tears, talks to it, caresses it, and before going to bed herself rocks it to sleep under the Christmas tree. . . . It is midnight. Marie awakes, remembers her broken nut-cracker and steals down to the darkened room. Strange sight! Swarms of mice are coming in from all sides. Then a wonderful thing happens. The Christmas cakes, the toys, and, best of all, her beloved nut-cracker, come to life. There is

great commotion; war is declared between the mice and the toys. The nut-cracker takes command and fights with the mouse king. When the nut-cracker is almost vanquished Marie bravely throws her shoe at the mouse king. He dies and the mice are defeated. The nut-cracker changes to a handsome prince, thanks Marie, and takes her with him to his magic kingdom.

The second scene of the ballet shows the jam mountain in the fairy-land of sweets and toys. Here the sugar-plum fairy is queen. She and her retinue joyfully welcome Marie and the nut-cracker. For the entertainment of the guests of the real world is held the dance of the sweets and the toys. The "Danse Chinoise" ("Chinese Dance") is the dance of the tea—one of the gayest and most popular of these little pieces. The "Danse des Mirlitons" is the droll dance of little red musical toys, which when played sound like that friend of our childhood, the piece of paper and the comb. Belonging to the same suite is the charming "Valse des Fleurs" ("Waltz of the Flowers").

"Casse-Noisette" ("Nut-cracker" Suite):
"Danse Chinoise"—"Danse des Mirlitons"
and "Valse des Fleurs"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5749

This composition belongs to the period in which Tschaikowsky visited America and conducted performances of his compositions during April and May, 1891.

At the last of his life Tschaikowsky completed his most eloquent and tragic composition, the "Symphonie Pathétique" ("Pathetic Symphony"). What were the circumstances which inspired this work? And had the composer a premonition of his approaching end? Certainly its composition was attended by sorrowful events.

Tschaikowsky's health was poor; he was melancholy and despondent. It seemed to him that his friends were dropping away. Anton Rubinstein had passed in the street without speaking to him. Worst of all, the hardest trial of his life to bear, Madame von Meck had abruptly stopped corresponding with him. We now know that her mind had been affected and that this had changed her relations with every one, but to Tschaikowsky the estrangement was a crushing blow to the fairest ideal of his life. Many believed, in view of his conduct at this time, that he contemplated suicide. He proceeded to put his affairs in order, gave the finishing touches to a number of scores which had not yet been published, and worked with feverish energy on the last symphony. He admitted that this work had a program, a story, but what it was he would never tell. Had he not burned his diary we might know, but now the secret is sealed forever. The tragedy of that music, said one writer, "stained the white radiance of eternity." The "Symphonie Pathétique" stands to-day the monument of Tschaikowsky's art, the epitome of his career.

The following record is of the sad and beautiful theme of the first movement, a theme which might easily be a remembrance of the composer's happy childhood, and of the mother whom he loved so well, whose death embittered the life of her son. In the symphony this music is preceded by a fragment from the Russian requiem.

"Symphonie Pathetique"
(From the first movement)
Played by Columbia Symphony Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5594

Constantine von Sternberg, a personal friend of Tschaikowsky, told the writer this story of his end: Tschaikowsky, at a banquet, insisted, despite the warn-

ing of his friends, on drinking from a pitcher of unboiled water. Cholera was rife in Petrograd. Soon after he was seized with pain. A doctor was summoned, every restorative applied, and it seemed that the composer was recovering. He was put to bed, after which the doctor recommended the usual treatment—a hot bath. Singularly enough, Tschaikowsky had had all his life a superstition that he would die in his bath, and was very averse to following the physician's advice. He was, nevertheless, immersed, and all promised well when, on the morning of October 25, 1893, the doctor turned from a consultation with his assistant, and found that life was gone.

This was the end of a noble and unfortunate man, the composer who had done more than any other to make Russia known musically to the outside world. Latin, Slav, Anglo-Saxon—all have been stirred by his voice, by the human documents which he wrote with his heart's blood in little black characters on music paper.

MODERN RUSSIAN COMPOSERS

RUBINSTEIN and Tschaikowsky were the pioneers of one of the most remarkable developments of modern art—the music of the young Russian school. This music astonished the world by its dazzling color, its barbaric extravagance, its gorgeous pictures of the East.

To understand how such an art came into existence it is necessary to go back for a moment to its origins. The true music of Russia came primarily from the people. Illiterate, oppressed, they suffered endlessly, without help, without complaint, other than the songs which rose to God. For centuries their simple and wonderful melodies were ignored, as they themselves were ignored, by the aristocrats and by professional musicians imported from Europe. Finally, however, in the same epoch which was ushered in by the freeing of the serfs, there came to Russian musicians a realization of all that the folklore of their own country might mean to the development of a representative national art.

The first great Russian composer to feel the beauty of the peasant songs and respond to their influence in his music was Michael Ivanovich Glinka, born on the 1st of June, 1804, whose opera, "A Life for the Czar" (Petrograd, 1836), created a new precedent in Russian music and expressed in a thrilling manner the spirit of the Russian people.

Among Glinka's finest compositions is his setting of one of the best-beloved melodies of the Russian people, "The Kamarinskaja," an air danced and sung at peasant

GLINKA, 1804–1857

weddings, and popular throughout Russia. The freshness and beauty of the melody, as in the case of many folk-songs, seem strangely mated to a text which is amusing and often coarse. Inelegant, this text has the vigor and humor of the common people, the savor of the soil. Such is the origin of the dance which Glinka has glorified by his genius.

"Kamarinskaja"

Balalaika Solo	Columbia Record E 867
By Military Band	Columbia Record E 2129

Glinka was followed by Dargomizsky, author of an opera, "The Stone Guest" (Petrograd, 1872), and other compositions of a highly original and realistic character. After him, contemporaneously with Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky, came those young men, fanatically conscious of the genius of their nation and determined to express it in music, who called themselves, in gay defiance of conservative opposition, "The Invincible Band." What wonders they wrought! With what ardor did they labor in a day when hope was awaking in the Russian heart, when the people had not as yet been misled by false prophets!

The "Invincibles," or "The Cabinet"—they were known and made fun of by several names—were five in number, and all young men of the upper classes of society. The leader was Mili Balakireff (1836–1910). He was the only one who had at the beginning any serious and extensive knowledge of his art. It devolved on him to counsel and inspire the others.

Alexander Borodine (1834–87), a natural son of a Prince of Imeretia, was a chemist by profession, and a composer in the intervals of a laborious and fruitful career. For his opera, "Prince Igor," founded on the Russian epic of that name, which dealt with heroic exploits of the twelfth century in Russia, Borodine delved

deep in Asiatic lore, both musical and legendary. One of the results of this study was the "Polovtsian Dances," supposed to be danced by a primitive people before Prince Igor, who is taken captive by his enemies. These dances are of elemental power and emotional appeal. It was well said of Borodine that he had in his veins the blood of the East and the West, that his art blended the refinement and finish of European culture with the savagery and extravagance of the Eastern barbarian.

Dance from "Prince Igor"
Played by Beecham's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5808

One thinks of Borodine, as his biographers tell of him, going from lecture-room to lecture-room at the Petrograd Medical Institute, shouting in the corridors the strange melodies and intervals which thronged in his head, and one marvels the more at his accomplishment. Between recitations, in odd hours of day and night, he composed. At home he had little solitude or opportunity for concentration, for his hospitality was that of the true Russian, and his house the resort of any and all the friends and relatives who cared to descend on the good-natured man. Guests, and cats! These animals, of which the Borodines were inordinately fond, were not only underfoot continually, but even sat at the table at mealtime!

The career of Modest Moussorgsky (1839–81), whose genius was so audacious and original that of all "The Five" he was the longest in being recognized at his true value, was that of an uncompromising idealist. Moussorgsky embodied the social and intellectual movement then sweeping through Russia, of which the refrain was "Back to the People." This was his creed. These people Moussorgsky loved and understood—all of them,

good and bad, wise and foolish—and he put them just as they were into his music. The stuttering of the village fool whom he beheld one day making incoherent love to the village belle was to this composer more significant than any classic sonata or symphony, and he made a queer, pathetic song out of it. He celebrated in music of singular weirdness and pathos the fate of the drunken peasant, discouraged by poverty and hardship, who, staggering home, sinks to his last sleep in the whirling snows. An example of the distinctive character of Moussorgsky's music is his "Song of the Flea." This is the song which Mephistopheles sings to astonished village folk in the market-place. Disguised as a fine gentleman, the fiend offers to entertain the crowd with a song. Ostensibly an amusing ditty, his song is in reality a scornful, contemptuous parody on the weakness and vanity of men. The king at court, goes the verse, came to think most highly of the wit and talent of a certain pretentious flea. This flea worked himself so thoroughly into the good graces of the monarch that the royal tailor was ordered to make it breeches. All the court bowed down to its superb highness, and even when the courtiers had secretly to scratch—cowards and sycophants that they were—they, nevertheless, cursing under their breath, paid homage to the flea. Into the music Moussorgsky has put the impudence and sarcasm with which Mephistopheles, his tongue in his cheek, bawls out his couplets to the bewildered townsfolk. Satanic laughter is heard after each verse.

"Song of the Flea"
Sung by Oscar Seagle
Columbia Record A 5734

Another Columbia record of Moussorgsky's music is that of the polonaise from his opera, "Boris Godounow," first produced in its entirety at Petrograd, Jan-

uary 24, 1874. The text of this opera is in part taken from Pushkin's poem of the same name, and is in part the work of Moussorgsky. Boirs, acting regent during the childhood of the young Dmitri, grandson of Ivan the Terrible, murders the boy and usurps the throne. Some years later the monk Gregory, who is about the same age as the murdered heir would have been if he had lived, escapes from his cell, claims that he is Dmitri, and leads a revolt against Boris. The revolt gains headway. Boris dies, tortured by remorse, in terror of Dmitri's spirit, which haunts him. An idiot, unconsciously prophetic, weeps for the future of Russia. The polonaise is taken from the first scene of the third act, a scene in which the false Dmitri, who loves Marina, visits a Polish castle where the plotting is going forward. The guests come from the castle in the moonlight and dance the polonaise.

Polonaise from "Boris Godounow"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5781

In opera, in a series of songs which are a veritable *comédie humaine* of music, Moussorgsky wrought an artistic revolution. Modern composers bow the knee to his supreme originality of ideas and technic. Moussorgsky paid heavily for his achievement. Borodine in his letters contrasts the change in the dashing young officer, who joined "The Invincibles" in 1857 when he was eighteen years old, and the man whom Borodine met again, after a lapse of years, when Moussorgsky had given up his position in the army and sacrificed everything for his art. Lines of care and ill health had shown themselves. The figure was no longer trim and erect as of yore. The man had known sorrow and thought. There was in the face the loftiness of purpose which sustained Moussorgsky to the end.

MOUSSORGSKY, 1839–1881

Alone of all Russians this composer approaches in his music the depth, the power, the subtlety which characterize the writings of the greatest of Russian authors, Feodor Dostoievsky.

Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff (1844–1907) commenced life as a naval officer. In that capacity he is believed to have touched the shores of the United States in 1862. As we shall find, his acquaintance with the deep meant much to him as a composer. He loved nature and the Russian legends that nature inspired. He was continually telling fairy-tales in his music. Thus his art was in most respects the precise opposite of that of Moussorgsky. Moussorgsky faced the realities of life, its tumult of purposes and desires, its noble dreams, its petty absurdities. All these things, which he contemplated with a passionate and unflinching gaze, went on his canvas. Rimsky-Korsakoff preferred the realm of the legendary and the poetic. He is the best known of "The Five" to the outside world. No one of the Russian composers was such a master in handling the orchestra. Tschaikowsky wrote of the gorgeous "Spanish Caprice" that it was the most brilliant feat of orchestration which had come to his attention. This "Caprice" is a fantasia on Spanish airs treated with exceptional spirit by the composer.

"Capriccio Espagnol"
Played by New York Philharmonic Orchestra
Under direction of Josef Stransky
Columbia Record A 6023

The "Spanish Caprice" preceded the wonders of that remarkable piece of music, "Scheherazade," inspired by the *Arabian Nights*, and called by the composer a "symphonic suite." This suite is in four movements. The imaginative and pictorial quality of Rimsky-Korsakoff's genius is fully exhibited in the

opening movement, inspired by the stories of Sindbad the sailor. It is a picture of the sea; of the vessel, with bellying sail, which mounts the billows; and the strange song of the wind in her rigging. This depiction of tossing waters is preceded by a curious passage for the trombones, as if a magician, weaving his spells, were calling to his aid the genii of Arabian legends. One also hears a solo violin—the voice of the wheedling Scheherazade assuring her lord that if he will allow her to live another night, she will tell a new tale more incomparably astounding than any he has yet heard. Thereafter is heard the music of the deep.

"Sindbad's Voyage"
Played by Russian Ballet Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5878

The sea of Rimsky-Korsakoff is that sea into which bored sultans throw their favorites when they have tired of them, in neat little bags, well sealed. It is the sea frequented by fantastical monsters, the sea in which, according to the caption over the last movement of the suite, the ship of Prince Ajib, hurtling against a statue of a bronze warrior, loses all its nails, which are magnetically extracted from its sides, and sinks in fragments to the bottom. A man of imagination, Rimsky-Korsakoff, in a note in his manuscript score, says that while he had certain tales in mind when he wrote the music inspired by a reading of the *Thousand and One Nights*, the hearer may substitute for himself any one of those immortal stories which the music suggests to him. That part of the last movement headed in the score, "Festival at Bagdad," is certainly Orientalism run riot—the beating of drums and calls of wind instruments, the dances that heat the blood, the intoxication of those who whirl to the maddening rhythms. At the end of this fantasy, condensed in the

recording, is heard quietly, as at the beginning, the violin motive of fair, fawning Scheherazade!

"Festival at Bagdad"
Played by Russian Ballet Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5878

Rimsky-Korsakoff, in addition to innumerable compositions for the voice and solo instruments, composed thirteen operas. And what were their subjects? He told of Sadko, the minstrel, who dared invade the realm of the sea king, and by the magic of his harp win a bride and escape from threatening monsters of the marine kingdom; of the Snow Maiden, who came down to earth that she might know mortal love, and melted in the arms of her lover at the kiss of the fiery sun. The music of his fantastical fairy-dramas was as much in the character of Russian folk-melody as the stories were typical of the imagination of the people.

The scene of the festival of the spring, in "Snegourotchka" ("The Snow Maiden," Petrograd, 1882), is one of the most beautiful in all opera. In the forest melting snow still lingers. Denizens of the woodland disport themselves fearlessly in the presence of young lovers. Rimsky-Korsakoff went to the country in May of 1882, and completed this work in six months' time. The sap of the spring was in his veins. The laughing music which accompanies the dances of the wood creatures is made of a dozen scraps of odd Russian folk-melody, one motive treading hot on the heels of the other, or several being combined by the composer. Straight from the lap of Russia comes this exulting music of the spring.

Ballet from "The Snow Maiden" ("Snegourotchka")
Played by Russian Ballet Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5931

A final example of Rimsky-Korsakoff's art is afforded by Mme. Barrientos's record of the song to the sun, sung by the queen in the most extravagant and delightful of operas, "The Golden Cockerel." This was the last opera that Rimsky-Korsakoff wrote. The libretto by B. Bielsky is based on Pushkin's poem of the same name. It was a source of irritation to the composer that the work could not be performed during his lifetime because of difficulty with the Russian censor. These difficulties came about because the libretto satirized the greed, caprice, and weaknesses of monarchs. The opera was revised and presented in a very original manner by Mr. Fokine and the Russian Ballet in Paris in 1909. In this production the acting was done by dancers skilled in pantomime, who did not sing. The solo singers, who did not act, were so costumed and grouped on the stage that they appeared as part of the scenic decorations. Thus was achieved a harmony of fine acting and beautiful singing calculated to spare the feelings of the man who hears a flood of melody pouring from the throat of a singer whose gait and figure make romance a delusion and a snare.

Dodon, a greedy and foolish old monarch, is troubled in the middle of his feasting by rumors of war. There steps forth an astrologer with a golden rooster on his arm, who informs the king that he may feast and sleep in peace, since, if there is any danger, this rooster will waken him with its crowing. In his dreams the king beholds a woman of sumptuous beauty, but is rudely awakened by the sudden crowing of the cock. Despatching his sons to protect the frontier, the monarch again seeks his pillow, and again beholds the fair woman of his dreams. Once more the cock crows. There is no help for it! Dodon himself must lead his army in war! In the second act the advancing army discovers the bodies of Dodon's sons and others slain in conflict.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF. 1844–1908

Suddenly a tent rises from the ground. Out of this tent steps the woman of Dodon's dreams. The old fellow is mad with delight as the queen approaches and sings her song to the morning, a song of bewildering and Oriental beauty. The curious vocal flourishes remind one of the wailing music of Eastern countries and complete the fantastical and unreal impression of the whole scene.

"Hymn to the Sun"
Sung by Maria Barrientos
Columbia Record

And what is the conclusion of this odd amour? The unknown fair, who calls herself the Queen of Shemakhan, is taken by the king to his city, to be his bride. The astrologer appears and asks as his reward for the golden cock—the queen. The king, in a rage at such presumption, kills the magician with a blow of his wand. At this the queen laughs cruelly, and the golden cockerel, swooping through the air, puts an end to the old dotard with a stroke of his beak. Cries of alarm are heard as darkness falls on the stage. But this is only for a moment. The lights are turned up; the astrologer is seen before the curtain, with the golden bird on his arm. He assures the audience that they need feel no alarm; that nothing they have seen is real, save, perhaps, himself and the queen!

Rimsky-Korsakoff, an honest, fearless, fiery-tempered man, an advocate, even at personal risk, of democracy, had a strong influence in social as well as artistic movements in Russia. He was not loved by the old government. He died in 1908.

We have said little of César Cui (1835–1918), the least important member of the glorious "Five." He was more conspicuous for literary propaganda in their behalf than for the support given them by his music. He was at his best in small pieces and in certain songs,

some of which had an agreeably Eastern flavor. His "Orientale" for violin and piano is a case in point. The muted violin propounds a monotonous Eastern rhythm. Over it the piano has a tinkling, odd-intervaled song which might accompany some mysterious ceremony.

" Orientale " (for violin)
Played by Eddy Brown
Columbia Record A 6012

One of Rimsky-Korsakoff's pupils is Ippolitoff-Ivanoff. He has lived much in Asiatic Russia, and has written a series of Caucasian sketches which have deservedly found favor because of their genuine Orientalism. One of these, "In the Village," represents the music of a semi-civilized Caucasian community—the solitary voice of a lamenting viola, followed by Asiatic dance music.

" In the Village "
From " Caucasian Sketches "
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 6034

There is a greater number of gifted composers in Russia to-day than ever before, but there is no strong musical movement in any one direction. The recent Alexander Scriabine (1872–1915) was an experimenter, a mystic, a lover of sensations, who had something genuine and important to say. In his symphonic poem, "Prometheus," he used a certain "mystic chord" (a derivative of the ninth chord that Grieg loved), and he associated lights and perfumes with musical sounds.

His contemporary, one of the most extraordinary talents of to-day, is Igor Strawinsky (1882—), composer of the music of "The Fire-Bird" ("Oiseau de Feu"), "Petrouchka," and other works which have been presented by the Russian Ballet.

A third figure is, in a measure, a balance-wheel to the extreme modernity of the two men just mentioned. He is Sergei Rachmaninoff (1873—), in his early years a pupil of Cui, who believes Tschaikowsky to be the greatest composer Russia ever produced, and that other Russians would do well to follow in his footsteps. Rachmaninoff first became famous in America through his Prelude in C sharp minor, a piece of Siberian gloom, but one which has gained great favor throughout the land. Some find in this music the despair of Russian convicts marching to their doom. Rachmaninoff leaves every listener to make up his own story, for he has affixed no title to the composition. Let it suffice that this music is the expression of one who broods and combats fate. The conclusion is somber and mystical.

Prelude in C Sharp Minor
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5781

More barbaric than the mood of the Prelude just mentioned is that of Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G minor, powerfully rhythmed, opening with a defiant motive which contrasts effectively with a song of melting Slavic beauty.

Prelude in G Minor
Played by Josef Hofmann
Columbia Record A 5755

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE, composer of "The Bohemian Girl," was an Irishman of a native intelligence and genius for melody quick to make their mark. The son of a dancing-master, Balfe had his first musical instruction from his father. He played the violin as a young boy for the dancing classes, but studied very little. A polacca which he wrote in his eighth year was so good that a friendly bandmaster, Meadows, could not persuade his men that young Balfe was author of the piece. When he was ten, Balfe composed the first of his ballads, "The Lover's Mistake," ballads which became so popular that they alone would have made him a name.

Several of these songs follow, so melodious, simple, and direct in their appeal that they speak for themselves. "Killarney" is one of the most famous of Balfe's compositions and is considered one of the most beautiful of Irish melodies. It was because of these ballads, in advance of the success of "The Bohemian Girl," that Balfe found a place in the hearts of all English-speaking peoples.

"The Arrow and the Song"
Sung by David Bispham
Columbia Record A 5437

"Come Into the Garden, Maud"
Sung by Reed Miller
Columbia Record A 98

"Killarney"

Sung by Andrea Sarto — Columbia Record A 1299
Sung by Alice Nielsen — Columbia Record A 5711

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE

Michael William Balfe, who was born May 15, 1808, went to London when his father died in 1823, apprenticed himself to an organist and music-teacher, Charles Edward Horne, and soon got a position as violinist in the orchestra of the Drury Lane Theater. One night, sitting in the gallery at the performance of a comedy, "Paul Pry," Balfe, to his astonishment, heard one of his own songs sung on the stage. When he recovered from his surprise and cried out that he was the composer of the air he was called a braggart and a liar, and told to sit still and let the performance go on. It was an episode which did a good deal to make Balfe understand his own powers and resolve to take advantage of them.

He found that he had a voice and thought he might make a success as an opera-singer. His début was a failure, but Count Mazzari became interested in Balfe and took him to Italy, where Balfe studied singing for two years, and in 1828 took the part of Figaro in a performance of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" at the Théâtre des Italiens at Paris. His estimate, however, of his own gifts as a singer was hardly realized.

"The Bohemian Girl," first performed at the Drury Lane Theater, London, November 27, 1843, may best be described as a ballad opera. The scenes are introduced to make occasion for the songs, rather than *vice versa*. There is much dialogue and some clowning. The story has but little relation to Bohemia. Arline, daughter of Count Arnheim, is about to be gored by a stag when she is saved by Thaddeus, a Polish exile. The count, unaware of Thaddeus' nationality, is grateful to him until the latter refuses with contempt to toast the Austrian Emperor, oppressor of his country. Thaddeus, in danger from the retainers of the count, flees from the spot with Devilshoof, leader of a gipsy band, who kidnaps Arline. Thaddeus and Arline are married, gipsy fashion, but the gipsy queen, who loves Thaddeus, con-

trives, when the tribe is in the vicinity of the count's castle, to implicate Arline in a theft. This is twelve years after the kidnapping. The count recognizes Arline by a scar. Thaddeus reveals his high descent. The father is reconciled to the union of the lovers. The gipsy queen orders one of her followers to shoot Thaddeus, but through his faulty aim receives the bullet herself.

This libretto, by Alfred Bunn, is full of infelicities and even faults of grammar. Why, then, it might be asked, the success of the opera? Simply this: Balfe had melody. He touched the heart. His workmanship was usually flimsy, but his song found its mark. Two chords are used to accompany sixteen measures of Arline's air in Act II, "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," yet the air lives, solely by the grace and felicity of the melodic line. Sung by a sentimental, silvery-voiced tenor, the song " Then You'll Remember Me " still haunts the ear, whether it is heard in an opera-house or as a cornet solo at the seashore. The accompaniments of the air for soprano and chorus, " Come with the Gipsy Bride," and that of " The Heart Bowed Down," are practically identical in character, though neither sentiments nor melodies bear the least resemblance. A plank and a tune sufficed the early Verdi to make an effect. Balfe was far from being a Verdi. Nevertheless he was a composer of great natural talent.

Of the many melodious airs from this opera the following may here be noted. "Come with the Gipsy Bride" is the song sung by Arline, when, after the gipsy wedding, she and her girl companions visit a fair in the neighborhood of their encampment. The character of gipsy music is felt here more strongly than in other pages of the opera.

" Come with the Gipsy Bride "
Sung by Grace Kerns
Columbia Record A 5410

BALFE, 1808–1870

Arline, waking from deep slumber in the tent of the gipsy queen, finds Thaddeus watching over her. In the appealing song, "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," she tells him of her childhood home which she has seen in her dream.

"I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls"
Sung by Grace Kerns
Columbia Record A 5410

"Then You'll Remember Me" is sung by Thaddeus in the castle of Count Arnheim when he believes his bride forever lost to him through her restoration to her father.

"Then You'll Remember Me"

Sung by Morgan Kingston	Columbia Record A 5604
Sung by Vernon Stiles	Columbia Record A 2435

ARTHUR SULLIVAN

THE best sign of the vitality and intelligence of a nation is its ability to laugh at itself. W. S. Gilbert, the librettist, and Arthur Seymour Sullivan, the composer, were solemnly knighted in England for the superb and imperishable nonsense of the "Savoy Operas." Nor does the value of their achievement stop with the amount of good accomplished in lightening the hearts of English-speaking peoples by satire of crusty conventions. They did more, probably, than any other two artists of the nineteenth century to restore to English music a native spirit and idiom which had been lacking for many years. For nearly two centuries England had forgotten to be herself in her tonal art. She had imported the formulas of outside nations. A majority of English composers had become either trivial or pedantic in their output. It was like a breath of fresh air when Arthur Sullivan, with his twin-soul librettist, appeared on the scene, composing music, as one might say, in good English words of few syllables, in which every hearer could find that which was genuine, entertaining, and beautiful.

Born in London, May 13, 1842, Sullivan soon gained reputation as a musician. The son of a bandmaster, he learned to play every wind instrument in the orchestra at the age of eight, and was sent, on scholarships, through the Royal Conservatory of Music and the Leipsic Conservatory. His overture to "The Tempest," written in Germany when he was eighteen, is still pleasant music to hear. Songs, overtures, and cantatas

took up his time until he tried his hand at operettas in "Cox and Box" and "Contrabandista."

His talented colleague, Gilbert, born on the 18th of November, 1836, knocked about for a few years, tried to secure a commission in the Crimean War, and afterward took to the law. As a barrister he earned nearly three hundred and seventy-five dollars in two years, and, not unnaturally, began to look with favor on a change in employment. Gradually but surely he drifted into writing for the stage, and from then on knew only success.

The collaboration of Gilbert and Sullivan began in 1875 with "Trial by Jury," and was followed by "The Sorcerer" in 1877. It was on the 10th of October, 1881, that Mr. D'Oyly Carte opened the Savoy Theater, the first building in London to be lighted entirely by electricity, with the production of "Patience; or, Bunthorne's Bride." In so doing he inaugurated a new period in the history of light opera.

"Patience" was a satire on the "esthetic" movement for pure beauty in English art, initiated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and carried on at that moment most blatantly by Wilde. Bunthorne, the esthetic poet and fraud, captures the hearts of all the English girls until his fake is exposed, when they cleave unto the English dragoons, symbol to all Englishmen of existing realities. Thus the common sense of the masses triumphs, as it does in all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

In 1878 came "H. M. S. Pinafore," with seven hundred consecutive performances in London, and an enormous prestige in the United States. When Sullivan toured the West with his company, he visited a mining-camp. The first question was—his weight. Rather astonished, Sullivan replied, "About one hundred and sixty-two pounds." "And do you mean to tell me," said a miner, "that you gave fits to John

S. Blackmore down in Kansas City?" "No," answered Sullivan, "I did not give him fits." "Ain't you John L. Sullivan, the slugger?" The difference between "John L." and "Arthur" was explained. The miner's face brightened. "Are you the guy, then, that put 'Pinafore' together? You are? . . . Come right in here and have a drink!"

"The Mikado," with the exception of "Pinafore," the most popular of all the Gilbert and Sullivan creations, was produced March 14, 1885. It is clearly a hit at bureaucrats. The devices of Ko-Ko for eluding detection and blame for his bungling administration of the office of the Lord High Executioner, the triumph of the love of Yum-Yum and Nanki Poo, are the material about which librettist and composer have woven their fascinating numbers. Very felicitous, as well as amusing, is the madrigal in the manner of a former day, sung by Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, Nanki Poo, and Pish Tush, on the eve of the anticipated wedding.

Madrigal from "The Mikado"
Sung by Macbeth, Keyes, Kingston, and Croxton
Columbia Record A 5861

The most important operettas produced by Gilbert and Sullivan, in addition to "Patience" and "The Mikado," were "Pirates of Penzance" (1880), "Iolanthe" (1882), "The Yeomen of the Guard" (1888), "The Gondoliers" (1889). These works are inimitable masterpieces of their kind. First of all, the text and the music are essentially racial. The humor is English humor, the music could only have been written by one of Sullivan's race and generation. Gilbert had an incomparable gift for satirizing, in the most amusing and distinctive manner, the weaknesses and conventionalities of those about him. He did this with such common sense, point, and humor that the man in the stalls

SULLIVAN, 1842–1909

found himself laughing heartily at the idiosyncrasies which he fully realized to be his own. The music of Sullivan, a born melodist, a master craftsman, had the same raciness, the same versatility of style, the same happy turn of phrase or cadence as the verses that he set. In an instant of melody he could summon any mood he chose. Furthermore, the Savoy operas were entirely free of the indecencies which characterized continental operetta. "We have tried," said Gilbert, addressing an American audience while on tour, "to be innocent without being imbecile." In homes and communities where the theater and all its works had previously been taboo, these delightful and melodious operettas were welcomed. Even when the authors were most trivial they were artists. Here is a quartet from "The Yeomen of the Guard."

Strange adventure, maiden wedded,
To a groom she'd never seen—
Groom about to be beheaded
In an hour on Tower Green.

Sung by Macbeth, Keyes, Kingston, and Croxton
Columbia Record A 5861

The singers comment on the situation with Gilbertian blandness, comically reflected in the charming music.

Sullivan's songs had in their time an enormous popularity. One, "The Lost Chord," is accounted the most popular single musical production emanating from England in the nineteenth century. Sullivan wrote the music while watching by the bedside of his sick brother.

"The Lost Chord"

Sung by Columbia Stellar Quartet	Columbia Record A 5744
Sung by Mildred Potter	Columbia Record A 5501
Played by Gatty Sellars, pipe organ	Columbia Record A 6004

Sullivan made an important contribution to the Anglican Hymnal by his songs and hymn-tunes. He sup-

plied the churches with a number of fine, singable melodies, such as "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which helped to transform the character of English hymns in the space of a single generation.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers"

Sung by Columbia Male Quartet	Columbia Record A 244
Sung by Columbia Stellar Quartet	Columbia Record A 2220

It was seldom, however, that Sullivan's genius functioned at its best unless it was stimulated by that of Gilbert, as in the composition of the "Savoy Operas." Unfortunately, soon after the composition of "The Gondoliers," this collaboration was interrupted by a disagreement fatal to the quality of the works which followed in later years. The intimate sympathy of collaboration had been hopelessly severed. Sullivan, who was knighted in 1883, died in 1900, leaving unfinished a "Te Deum" written in anticipation of the speedy and victorious close of the Boer War. Gilbert, who did not receive his royal honor until 1907, died in 1916.

MODERN ENGLISH COMPOSERS

SINCE the early days of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas a new and progressive spirit has made itself felt in English music. There is now a group of young men, among them William Wallace (1860—), Fritz Delius (1863—), Granville Bantock (1868—), Joseph Holbrooke (1878—), Cyril Scott (1879—), who are experimenting boldly in untried paths and greatly enriching contemporaneous musical literature. Belonging properly to an older generation is Sir Edward Elgar, who might appropriately be called the Composer Laureate of England. He was knighted in 1902, following the profound impression made by his choral work, "The Dream of Gerontius." Elgar has usually chosen English subjects for his symphonic and choral compositions. He is peculiarly English, also, in the form which he has made his own—that of the oratorio. His best music surpasses that of other Englishmen of his period in nobility and breadth of utterance, and has a quality which is unmistakably national.

Elgar was born at Broadheath, Worcester, England, June 2, 1857, the son of an organist. He is almost entirely self-educated, and a man of unswerving seriousness and ideality in his art. Lacking advantages which would have made his pathway easier, Elgar by dint of the hardest study made and won his way. He has composed in many forms. A composition which gained a quick popularity, and doubtless brought financial return when this was more needed

than now, was his melodious "Salut d'Amour" for violoncello.

"Salut d'Amour"
Played by Pablo Casals
Columbia Record A 5679

There is a story that Elgar, as a young boy entering school, was asked his name. "Edward Elgar." "Always say 'sir' when answering," said the master. The frightened child replied, "Sir Edward Elgar!"

The father of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the Afro-Englishman (1857–1912), was a native of Sierra Leone; the mother was English. The son, who showed his talent at an early age, was educated at the Royal Conservatory of Music, where he took scholarships and eventually became a teacher. In that institution much of the originality and exoticism which were eagerly expected of him because of his African descent was curbed. It has been questioned whether it will ever be possible for a white man to educate a negro to compose music truly expressive of the black race. The music of Coleridge-Taylor continually hints at something barbaric and splendid, which, if his training had been less of the conventional order, might have been more fully realized in his compositions. As it is, he has a style characterized by color and a pleasing richness of harmony which make his best works stand out among those of his country and period. His most famous composition is undoubtedly "Hiawatha's Wedding" for chorus, soloists, and orchestra. Hiawatha's love-song, "Onaway, Awake, Beloved," is a melody of warm and romantic beauty.

"Onaway, Awake, Beloved"
Sung by Morgan Kingston
Columbia Record A 5863

Francesco Paolo Tosti, one of the most successful song-writers of recent years, knew bitter adversity be-

fore he won his place in the world. He was born April 9, 1846, in Ortona, Abruzzi, Italy. He is mentioned in this chapter because of his position and popularity in England. He studied first the violin, then composition with Mercadante, who soon after appointed him as pupil teacher at a salary of sixty francs, or twelve dollars, a month! Tosti played in theater orchestras, and knew what it was to "prowl about the streets, living on mandarins and stale bread. Healthy?—yes, but very disagreeable." Sgambati, one of Italy's most serious musicians, became interested in Tosti and gave him help. Songs for which Ricordi now cheerfully pays immense yearly royalties were disposed of with difficulty for one hundred dollars each. Tosti had a beautiful voice. He became an accomplished singer, and was eventually appointed singing-teacher to the Italian Queen at Rome. He visited England in 1875, and settled there as a teacher, becoming instructor to the royal family in 1880, and professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music in 1894. In writing songs Tosti's knowledge of the voice serves him well. His gifts of melody, his facile technic, and his instinct for the surest manner in which to play on the heart-strings of the public place him far in the vanguard of successful composers. Some of Tosti's songs, more particularly those which have been inspired by English texts, show that the composer assimilated with exceptional facility the spirit and the manner of the English drawing-room ballad. He was one of the most gifted of modern composers in this style, and such songs as "Good-by" and "Beauty's Eyes" need no description of their familiar beauties. The song "Aprile" ("April") is "Tosti" in his more Italian manner.

"Parted"
Sung by Morgan Kingston
Columbia Record A 5624
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"Aprile"
Sung by Margarete Matzenauer
Columbia Record A 5698

"Beauty's Eyes"
Sung by Reed Miller
Columbia Record A 941

"Good-by"

Sung by Alice Nielsen	Columbia Record A 5401
Sung by Mrs. Stewart Holt	Columbia Record A 5264

Tosti was knighted by King Edward in 1909, and died in 1916.

HECTOR BERLIOZ

CERTAIN names shine out in an age, but they are seldom the names that were greeted most enthusiastically by contemporary judgment. The man who dares to think too far in advance of his period pays dearly for it, and comparatively seldom lives to reap his reward. This is a fitting place to consider the astonishing career of Hector Berlioz, one of the most original composers who ever lived, a revolutionist who represents a whole epoch, and more, in his art, and whose music grows greater with every year that passes. An understanding of the music of to-day is impossible without him. What do not the young Russians, many of the modern Frenchmen, indeed all great composers of to-day, owe to this great pioneer of modern music?

Berlioz was one of the most splendid and heroic figures of the romantic period following the Napoleonic wars in France, when Paris was a hotbed of genius, when many of the glorious artists of the day died young, burned out, as it were, by the intensity of their own flame. Tall, of a spare but powerful frame, red-haired, eagle-eyed, defiant of circumstances, contemptuous of the commonplace, he was born for conflict. Being as fearless in the expression of his opinions as he was individual in his ideas, he made enemies by the score and created a new epoch in French music.

Berlioz's father, a physician of Côte-Saint-André, a town that nestles in the hills a few miles outside of Paris, wished his son to study medicine also. Hector,

born December 11, 1803, grew up with little or no knowledge of musical composition, although he learned to sing anything at sight and to play the flageolet and guitar.

He wandered the hills of Côte-Saint-André, succeeded poorly in his routine studies, and devoured certain poems and books of travel which appealed to his adventurous spirit. His father complained that his son "knew every island in the South Sea, but could not tell how many departments there were in France." In place of lessons in harmony, Hector read Virgil, and burst into tears at the sublime pathos of a passage of the "Æneid." Instead of writing counterpoint he fell instantly and miserably in love, at the age of twelve years, with Estelle Fournier, an exquisitely beautiful girl of eighteen, whose eyes and pink slippers were ever in his dreams, and who, through all his tempestuous career, his mad love-affairs, his triumphs and disasters, remained the serene and glorious star of his soul. Even Beatrice was doubtless far more commonplace than Dante imagined her. Estelle, as she showed later, had less sensibility and quixotic great-heartedness than her adorer. But she ennobled him. Glorifying her, he glorified himself—and wrote great music. Singularly enough, it was Estelle who inspired the most beautiful melody in that astounding symphony, the "Symphonie Fantastique," which Berlioz wrote to gain the attention and the favor of another woman!

Berlioz, sincerely desirous of obeying his father's wishes, went to Paris in 1822, when he was eighteen years old, and undertook a medical course. After a certain experience in the dissecting-rooms, he jumped through the window and wrote his father that he intended to become a musician. He devoured the musical scores of the free library of the Conservatoire, contrived to get himself a harmony-teacher, and put some early and puerile compositions before the public. He

BERLIOZ, 1803–1869

had boundless energy and a will that was indomitable. He tried three times to gain the Prix de Rome. A fourth effort, "Sardanapale," composed while the guns of the July Revolution were reverberating through the streets of Paris, won him the coveted reward. Characteristically, he did not like Rome very much when he got there—at least, he did not like the rather academic atmosphere of the Institute. But who could resist Italy! Above all, how could so romantic and impressionable a youth as Berlioz withstand her charm?

Italy was the cause of one of the gayest and most brilliant of all orchestral overtures, the "Carnaval Romain" ("Roman Carnival"). This is a musical picture of Rome in carnival time. Only Berlioz could have written of this scene with such mad vigor, such electrical *esprit.* Like all other great composers, his contemporaries frequently accused him of having no melody. But listen to the song of the slow introduction, played by the English horn just after the first shout of joyous abandon with which the overture opens. Is not that dreamy song the very voice of the sunniest and most beautiful of all lands? After it has been sung, first by the English horn, and then by stringed instruments, the orchestra rushes into the Salterello, a mad dance. At the end, through the wild tumult of the orchestra, there sounds again the beautiful melody of the introduction. In this piece all is life and gaiety. A hundred strokes of genius have flashed by before the last chord sounds. Such was Berlioz, glorious artist, in his youth!

"Carnaval Romain" ("Roman Carnival")
Columbia Record

Berlioz saw Miss Smithson, an Irish actress, in Shakespearian drama. It was his first acquaintance with Shakespeare, whose fascination, combined with that of

Miss Smithson, was too much for him. After the most fantastic courtship, and following the performance of the "Symphonie Fantastique" in her honor (it was said that Berlioz sat in the orchestra playing the kettle-drums, and that every time he caught the eye of Miss Smithson he gave a furious roll on the instruments), Berlioz married the actress and they were thoroughly unhappy. Accusations, denials, reconciliations—at last the wife an invalid, and the poor composer forced to make money by any and all means to care for her. A son, Louis, born of this union, lived to be the affection and the despair of his father's old age. Occasionally a miracle occurred which kept the family from starving, as when the violinist Paganini, hearing Berlioz's "Childe Harold" symphony, appeared after the performance, dumb with a cold, making frantic signs of approval and the next day sent Berlioz a check for twenty thousand francs. The gift was not due to the generosity of Paganini, a notorious miser, but was from another man, who wished to remain unknown.

In 1845 the composer left his wife in tears and in bitterness to undertake an orchestral tour in Hungary which would give him funds to keep the invalid from privation. It was at this time, under the most distracting conditions, that he composed his "Faust," a dramatic cantata for chorus, orchestra, and solo voices. In trains, in steamboats, on the backs of bills in restaurants, in a shop lighted by a single candle, on a night in Budapest, in a hundred other like situations, he wrote this music.

At Budapest it was proposed that Berlioz write a march on a Hungarian tune. He chose one from an old album of national airs. He was apprehensive, and so were his friends, about the performance, because this was an air very dear to the Hungarians, and if the composer's treatment of it did not suit them the audience

would be quite capable of making trouble. The day of the performance came on and Berlioz had all he could do to conceal his nervousness as he ascended the conductor's stand. The march commenced with utter silence in the audience. The Hungarians were probably surprised, for their custom was to begin a march with a bang and a blare, whereas Berlioz's version commenced softly and gradually swelled to a cataclysm of fury. There was no sign of approval until that dramatic passage in which the orchestra, suddenly hushed, begins a long "crescendo," while under the tremolo of the violins the beating of the bass drums is heard, like the booming of distant cannon. The audience went mad. "A strange, restless movement was perceptible among them," says Berlioz in his memoirs, and when the orchestra let loose its fury "they could contain themselves no longer. Their overcharged souls burst with a tremendous explosion of feeling that raised my hair with terror." This is indeed one of the most stirring of marches, with its irresistible rhythms, its constantly accumulating excitement, its thrill and fury of battle.

"Rakoczy March"
Played by Prince's Band
Columbia Record A 1020

Berlioz did not originally think of this march as a part of "Faust." It was an independent effort, a piece inspired by an occasion. But he found the march so good that he transported his "Faust" to a plain in Hungary, in order that a Hungarian regiment be supposed to march by in the distance, playing the "Rakoczy March"! A German critic found fault with this high-handed proceeding, to which Berlioz replied that he would have transported "Faust" to any other part of the world if it would have given him the opportunity to introduce so good a march. So would we.

By the time "Faust" was completed Berlioz's fame had been well established. In addition to other methods of making a living, he had become a music critic and had contributed some of the most witty and penetrating musical criticisms ever written to the columns of the *Journal des Débats* and other papers. He flayed mercilessly the money-changers in the temple of art. He knew whereof he spoke, and his wit felled like a mace. Thus his remark at a concert, when he rose from his seat and, making a gesture as of one who bids at auction, cried, "Twenty francs, forty francs, one hundred francs, for an idea!"

Fascinating beyond description are his *feuilletons* and his "memoirs," now translated and published, with many of his letters, in Everyman's Library. But his most important literary creation, musically speaking, is the great *Treatise of Instrumentation*, which is not merely a treatise, but a poem about the orchestra, at once so imaginative, so prophetic, so scientific in its outlining of modern orchestral principles, that it remains to-day the backbone of orchestral theory.

Berlioz's first wife died in 1854. A second marriage, with a Mme. Marie Recio, with whom he was no happier, and who was far less worthy of him than Henriette, took place some months later. She lived but a short time. Berlioz was working at his last opera, "The Trojans." He was in ill health, a daily sufferer, and embittered by continual misfortune. Then he again met Estelle. Most pathetic of all the incidents of his late days, it often seems, was the letter he wrote her after their meeting. Never, O hero and madman, were you nobler, more credulous, more divinely a child, than in that letter, which might have been the impassioned avowal—indeed, it was the impassioned avowal—of the boy of twelve instead of the disillusioned man of sixty-one. Berlioz, alone, heart-hungry, implored Estelle to

let him visit her often and try to gain that love which was his first and his last passion. She sent him a kind and sensible reply, which must have wounded him more, in its relentless logic and lack of response, than sharp repulse. "The Trojans," produced in 1863, failed, and soon after came the news of the death of his son, Louis, a sea-captain, in a foreign port. Berlioz struggled on, the ghost of himself. But he laid about him lustily, as in the old days. He had a brave smile, if his heart was dead. Only occasionally did a cry of anguish escape him, as when he wrote a friend, "I am past hope, past visions, past high thoughts—I am alone; my scorn for the dishonesty and imbecility of men, my hatred of their insane malignity, are at their height; and every day I say unto death: 'When thou wilt! Why does he tarry?' "

A banquet was held at Grenoble, in 1869, at which Berlioz was the honored guest. Like a tall pine riven by the tempest, he came, erect, but shaking, into the hall. A terrific storm broke outside, the wind playing havoc with the window-curtains and the candles on the tables, many of which were extinguished. The thunder roared and the lightning flashed, as though Nature had determined to greet the old hero with her grandest music. It was the last that all save his most intimate friends were to see of Hector Berlioz. He died a few days later, on the 8th of March. On his coffin were flowers from a few who still loved him; some wreaths from Russia, where he was adored; from the townspeople at Grenoble; from the youths of Hungary, who had not forgotten the battle music of the "Rakoczy March."

"Life: War" is an inscription on an Egyptian tombstone. This inscription might well have served as the epitaph of Hector Berlioz.

AMERICAN COMPOSERS

IN this chapter only the most general mention can be made of the remarkable musical developments now going forward in America. We confine ourselves to main currents of our musical life, past and present, and particularly to men who have struck an individual and racial note in their compositions. The first of these appears to have been that brilliant and poetic personality, the pianist, Louis Moreau Gottschalk. He was born in New Orleans, May 8, 1829. He came, by way of several generations on his mother's side, from the minor French aristocracy. His father was English. Gottschalk was a child prodigy at three, and at twelve was sent to Paris to study the piano and composition at the Conservatoire. Zimmerman, head of the piano department, refused even to examine him, saying, "America is only a country of steam-engines." It is Gottschalk's lasting distinction that he was the first American to successfully challenge this fast-disappearing provincial European attitude. He studied with Stamaty, and two years later made a brilliant début at the Salle Pleyel. Chopin, who was present, said, "I predict that you will be the king of pianists."

Gottschalk, returning to this country from his early concert successes in Europe, composed his piano piece, "Bamboula," inspired by the barbaric dances of the negroes of New Orleans. The tune is a famous one, and has been used in orchestral compositions by Coleridge-Taylor, Henry F. Gilbert, and probably by others. The novelty of Gottschalk's compositions charmed Euro-

peans and Americans alike, and struck a new note in our musical art. At that time folk-melody—melody of the people, the folk—was seldom given the attention of educated musicians. Gottschalk, like Chopin who greatly influenced his piano style, had the originality and daring to incorporate such melody in his compositions, develop it, and thereby blaze a path which later American composers were to follow.

It is not easy in these days to appreciate the emotion which Gottschalk's music evoked in his hearers, especially when played by himself. There is in his most representative work a tenderness and languor, a sentimentality typical not only of his temperament, but of his period and community. Two of his compositions which held the public for generations are "The Dying Poet" and "The Last Hope," pieces of elegance, sadness, and melodic grace which exerted an irresistible appeal. The latter piece was sold to a publisher, Firth of New York, for thirty dollars, when the composer had not a cent in his pocket. It has made thousands for the firms which have published it in different forms. The original edition is to-day a valuable rarity.

"The Dying Poet"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5932

"The Last Hope"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 5881

Gottschalk dashed through life like the picturesque figure of his period that he was. Everywhere he was fêted and honored. There are extraordinary tales of his conquests in affairs of the heart. He toured much of Europe, the United States, the West Indies, and South America where he passed some years. By birth an aristocrat, he was equally at home whether partak-

ing of tortillas in the hut of a vaquero or chumming with the Emperor of Brazil. His memoirs of his travels may be read with enjoyment by those who are or are not musicians, because of the keen observation, the brilliant style, the narrative interest of a fascinating volume. The story of his death is as picturesque as was his career. According to this story, he rose from a sick-bed to play for an expectant audience, and was interpreting his own composition, "Morte" ("Death"), when he fell lifeless from the chair. This was in Rio de Janeiro, on the 18th of December, 1869.

A musician whose talent was less ornamental and far more profound in its beauty and meaning was Stephen Collins Foster, maker of songs that America will always hold dear. It is a tribute to the man's art that comparatively little is written of his life, while his songs are in every heart, on every tongue. These songs are so unconditionally accepted by the people that they may be justly called American folk-songs, and as such are discussed in another chapter. The same thing holds true of the inspired "Dixie" of Dan Emmett, a melody which could have come from no country but America, from no people but Americans.

The composers we have been discussing were men who created rather by force of inspiration and with a complete lack of self-consciousness than by extensive training or a broad knowledge of their art. It was not until after the Civil War that there appeared in America a number of young men determined to study seriously the technic of composition, and lay a solid foundation for future achievement.

The greatest of these, indeed the most individual and sensitive talent America has produced up to the present time, was Edward MacDowell, born in New York, on

STEPHEN FOSTER, 1826–1864

the 18th of December, 1861. He studied music in France and Germany. Debussy was his classmate at the Paris Conservatoire. That MacDowell's talent survived even the pedantry of German conservatories—we say this in no spirit of national partisanship—is the strongest proof of its innate and incorrigible originality. He was a poet, a nature-worshiper, a romanticist who dwelt in a realm of his own outside the confines of period or community. Celtic by descent, he had the mystical and impressionable quality of the race in his veins. A sylvan mood, a spirit of faery, as the Irish poets would say, pervaded his music. Or he thought of Arthurian legends, and composed heroic dream-pictures of things forgotten by the world of men. Returning to America in 1888, he soon fled from the din of cities and found refuge in his log cabin in the woods of Peterboro, New Hampshire. There, in communion with the forest that he loved, he composed much of his best music. He would not cut down a tree, for he was certain that the spirit which it harbored suffered from the ax. His nature expressed itself characteristically in short but exquisite melodies, of which the following is a famous example.

"To a Wild Rose"
Played by George Stehl, violinist, and Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1030

In 1896, as it now appears, unwisely, MacDowell accepted the chair of music at Columbia University. He was not the man for an academic life. His creative activities were necessarily circumscribed. These conditions and nervous strain hastened the composer's unhappy end. He died in 1908, and the loss to American music was greater than can easily be computed.

By the side of the romanticist Edward MacDowell must be placed the honored figure of Prof. John Knowles

Paine and the many whom he influenced either by his teaching or by his substantial compositions. Paine (1839–1906), after studying in Europe, became teacher of composition at Harvard University, and in 1876 occupied the chair of music (the first to be established in America) at that institution. One of his most noted pupils is Arthur Foote (1853—), an admirable musician who gained his musical education entirely in America. Certain of his songs, piano pieces, organ compositions, have gone far and wide.

The present dean of American composers is George W. Chadwick (1854—), who has done more than any other living American to give status and repute to native composers. He has been since 1897 head of the New England Conservatory of Music. Chadwick has been the most productive of American musicians, as he is one of the most fertile in melodic invention and technical device. Edgar Stillman Kelley (1857—) is one of the leading figures among the elder generation. His style is characterized both by solidity and by a certain native pungency of humor. He shows his knowledge of instrumentation and the quality of his imagination in his "Aladdin" suite for orchestra, after the tale of the *Arabian Nights*, and in many other important works proves his seriousness and his talent. Horatio Parker (1863—) was a pupil of Chadwick, later pursuing his studies overseas. He has been since 1894 head of the music department of Yale University, and is the composer of what remains to many the most beautiful choral work which has come from America—the "Hora Novissima," composed in 1893 and performed repeatedly with unconditional success by choral societies of England and America. Other compositions of varying importance have come from the pen of Professor Parker, including his two prize operas, "Mona," performed by the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1911, and "Fairy-

land," produced under the auspices of the National Federation of Women's Clubs in 1915.

Frederick S. Converse (1871—), a pupil of Paine among other teachers, is a composer of the highest ideals, substantial workmanship, and progressive tendencies. His "Mystic Trumpeter" is one of the finest of American tone-poems for orchestra. His opera, "The Pipe of Desire," was produced by the Metropolitan Opera and Boston Opera Companies in 1910. The latter organization produced Converse's second opera, "The Sacrifice," in 1911. Henry Hadley, born in 1871, quickly gained a wide reputation as composer and conductor. His long experience of the orchestra has served him well, since no other American musician of Hadley's generation has at once his grasp of his material and his instinct for immediate effect. John Alden Carpenter, born in Illinois in 1876, is a musical amateur of brilliant and substantial accomplishments, whose remarkable songs and orchestral compositions rank in finish and importance with those of noted professionals.

To the names of these men should be added that of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, one of the few women composers to have written with distinction in the larger forms, as, for example, her "Gaelic" symphony and various compositions of chamber music; Mrs. Beach's songs and piano pieces are widely popular.

Nothing is more encouraging as a sign of American musical development than the manner in which composers have multiplied and diversified their productions in late years. Throughout the country have risen men and women whose compositions, written for the greater part in modest forms, have had an enthusiastic reception by the public, and in sum and substance exerted a highly important influence in making the nation musical.

Dudley Buck, born at Hartford, Connecticut (1839–1909), was one of the earliest Americans to write music respected by musicians and at the same time appealing to the mass of the people. His music is of a generation past, but it will be long before it is willingly relinquished by organists, singers, music-lovers, to whom its religious sentiment and its smooth and melodious quality are appealing.

"Seventh Te Deum" (Dudley Buck)
Sung by Columbia Mixed Quartet
Columbia Record A 5538

A composer of similar melodic gift, though he specialized less in religious music than Buck, was Homer N. Bartlett (1845–1911). Thoug hhe composed very quickly and with much facility, and his music was immediately popular, he was not content with easy and superficial success. He developed continually as an artist to the day of his death. One of the most admired of his compositions is the song, "A Dream."

"A Dream" (Homer Bartlett)
Sung by Corinne Rider-Kelsey
Columbia Record A 5710

Frederick Field Bullard (1864–1904) was the author of one of the finest of American part songs, the "Stein Song," which, following the vogue attending its initial appearance, has gradually become a part of the musical literature of the American people, and will probably belong eventually to that class of compositions known as "composed" folk-songs. Bullard, talented and self-critical, did not overrate his ability. He studied seriously, but created sparingly, composing only when he had something to say. When that time came, however, he took care to say it well, as shown by the virile swing, the clean-cut phrases, the manly good-fellowship of his excellent song.

"Stein Song" (Bullard)
Sung by Graham Marr and Stellar Quartet
Columbia Record A 5879

A talent which endeared itself to the public by its lyric grace and beauty was that of Ethelbert Nevin (1862–1901). He came honestly by his gifts—not that his parents were musicians by birth or training, although his father composed the campaign song, "Our Nominee," which elected Polk President—and there was in the home the atmosphere of happiness and beauty likely to stimulate a sensitive nature to artistic production of some kind. Nevin originally intended to be a concert pianist, but he developed such marked ability in composition that he gave the greater part of his time to this pursuit. He had an inborn facility and an unfailing stock of melodic ideas of a very pleasing character. The piano piece, "Narcissus," which has traveled over the wide world, been played by street musicians of half a dozen different nationalities, and performed at the command of kings, was conceived and completed within a few hours on a day's ramble in the countryside in 1891. The idea came to Nevin so quickly and in such complete form that he sent the work to the publisher without taking the precaution to correct it at the piano.

"Narcissus" (Nevin)
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 912

Nevin's piano suite, "A Day in Venice," was composed in the city of that name. Its first movement, called "Gondoliers," is in the manner of a boat-song, with a rhythmical accompaniment suggestive of the sweep of oars and a melody recalling the songs heard on the lagoons. The "Venetian Love Song" is a warm, Italian-like melody, mounting to a fervent climax, over which

is written, in the score, the words, "Io t'amo" ("I love thee").

"Gondoliers"
Played by George Barrere, flutist, with instrumental accompaniment
Columbia Record A 1813

"Venetian Love Song"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1589

The famous "Rosary" was composed in 1897, when Nevin was in New York. One evening he opened a letter from an old friend inclosing Robert Cameron Rogers' poem. The first line had the words, "The hours I spent with thee, dear heart." These words aroused the imagination of the composer; the melodic thought came to him. The next day he handed the manuscript, with a note, to his wife. The note read: "Just a little souvenir to let you know how I thank '*le bon Dieu*' for giving me you. The entire love and devotion of Ethelbert Nevin." The emotional fervor of this song, the rich, modern quality of the harmonies that support the voice, and the dramatic manner in which the text is set, have won it a lasting place in the repertory and in the affections of the public.

"The Rosary"

Sung by Morgan Kingston	Columbia Record A 5527
Sung by Merle Tillotson	Columbia Record A 793
Sung by Charles Harrison	Columbia Record A 2212
Sung by Columbia Male Quintet	Columbia Record A 1265
Played by Vincent C. Buono, cornet	Columbia Record A 2256

In a cottage across the fields from the house of his childhood, called "Queen Anne's Lodge," Nevin wrote one of his simplest and most engaging songs, "Mighty Lak' a Rose." In it are the humor and tenderness of the old colored mammy who rocked him as a child.

ETHELBERT NEVIN, 1862–1901

"Mighty Lak' a Rose"

Sung by Columbia Ladies' Quartet	Columbia Record A 1753
Played by Prince's Orchestra	Columbia Record A 5671

Nevin's songs were records of his own emotions and experiences, and it was instinctive with him to translate them into melody. Doubtless a mood of melancholy inspired his setting of the poignant lines, "Oh, That We Two Were Maying."

"Oh, That We Two Were Maying"
Vocal duet by Grace Kerns and Mildred Potter
Columbia Record A 5657

"Ethelbert Nevin," it was said, "wrote like a man who had a chrysanthemum in his buttonhole and the fear of God in his heart."

The career of Carrie Jacobs Bond is that of a woman of uncommon gifts and breadth of experience. She was born at Janesville, Wisconsin, August 11, 1862. She was educated in the public schools of that city. She is now president of the publishing firm of C. J. Bond & Sons, of Chicago. She has been active as an authoress as well as a composer, and her activities as a business woman do not seem to have lessened her creative faculty or robbed her of the inborn ability to find the melody which will move the great mass of the people. "Just Awearyin' for You," "His Lullaby," and "A Perfect Day" say the things the people want to hear, in a way that brings comfort and solace to thousands.

"Just Awearyin' for You"

Sung by Columbia Stellar Quartet	Columbia Record A 1958
Sung by Grace Kerns	Columbia Record A 1275
Sung by Ida Gardner	Columbia Record A 2213

"His Lullaby"
Sung by Mary O'Rourke
Columbia Record A 1896

"A Perfect Day" (also "Do You Remember")

Sung by Oscar Seagle	Columbia Record A 5839
Sung by Columbia Mixed Quartet	Columbia Record A 1622
Played by the Taylor Trio	Columbia Record A 1809
Sung by Charles Harrison	Columbia Record A 2212

No stronger contrast could be imagined than that existing between these melodies and the melodramatic setting by Walter Damrosch (1862—) of Kipling's grim poem, "Danny Deever." Mr. Damrosch wisely refrained from trying to write music to these lines. He has simply provided a background, consisting mainly of rhythm rather than harmony, an accompaniment which gathers momentum and strength as the poem nears its end. In the hands of a singer with dramatic feeling this song is very effective.

"Danny Deever"
Sung by David Bispham
Columbia Record A 5778

Another American setting of Kipling is Oley Speaks' music for the swinging lines, "On the Road to Mandalay," a song the pulse and rhythm of which have made it many friends:

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay;
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
from Rangoon to Mandalay?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

"On the Road to Mandalay"
Sung by Frank Croxton
Columbia Record A 5441

A melodist of pronounced talent and charm is Charles Wakefield Cadman (1881—). Having lived much of his life in the West, and having come closely into contact with Indian lore, he based a number of songs of deserved popularity on Indian motives. That he has softened the barbaric quality of these motives, and decorated them with sweet and un-Indian harmonies, is evident, but his mood is romantic and he writes admirably for the voice. The lyrical grace of "The Land of the Sky-blue Water" is characteristic of Cadman's talent, and one of many attractive songs which have become features of American concert programs.

"The Land of the Sky-blue Water"
Sung by Alice Nielsen
Columbia Record A 1732

"At Dawning"
Sung by Vernon Stiles
Columbia Record A 2150

Cadman's Indian opera," Shanewis," was produced with marked success at the Metropolitan Opera House, March 23, 1918. He is a composer who constantly grows in his mastery of his medium.

There must be added to songs such as these another class of music which is gradually gaining recognition as an important factor in our musical growth—the music of the streets, the theaters, the bands, the dance-halls. It goes without saying that much of this music disappears and is forgotten six months from the time it attracts a day's notice, but this is by no means always

the case, and there are compositions by so-called "popular" composers meaning more to-day than symphonies and overtures which might have been expected to outlive them. It may be said here that there is but one test of good music. It is not the dignity or lack of dignity which attends a performance, nor the style of the composition, nor the reputation of its author. It is time.

A good way to defeat the progress of time is to write naturally. Composers of popular music are often natural, sincere, and alive to the musical consciousness of the people, while many a learned colleague remains out of touch with the life about him, producing music which has little but formality and tradition to commend it. The marches of John Philip Sousa (born Washington, D. C., 1856—) have energetic rhythms and buoyant vitality, felt to-day as when these marches were first heard. Mention need only be made of several of the most representative of his works to remind the reader of what they contain.

"The Stars and Stripes Forever"
Played by Prince's Band
Columbia Record A 5848

"The Washington Post"
Played by Prince's Band
Columbia Record A 5535

"The Thunderer"
"El Capitan"
Played by Prince's Band
Columbia Record A 2176

The names of composers of light opera are legion. Their gems are scattered through many scores, and a volume prepared by long and discriminating study would have to be written to do justice to their successes and

failures. Two names are pre-eminently associated with this medium—those of Victor Herbert (1859—) and Reginald de Koven (1859—). The "Brown October Ale," from the earliest and the finest of his operettas, "Robin Hood," and "Oh, Promise Me," from the same work, represent De Koven at his best.

"Brown October Ale"
Sung by Graham Marr, barytone, and the Stellar Quartet
Columbia Record A 5879

"Oh, Promise Me"
Sung by Mildred Potter
Columbia Record A 1409

One of Victor Herbert's earlier works for small orchestra—and he is past-master of the orchestra, large or small—is his Intermezzo, "Whispering Willows." From Herbert's grand opera, "Natoma," based on the romance of an Indian girl, comes the "Spring Song."

"Whispering Willows"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1887

"Spring Song" (Herbert)
Sung by Carolina White
Columbia Record A 1432

The most important and distinctive element in our popular music is unquestionably "rag-time." This idiom has come to us from the negro, though it is probable that its origins are Spanish rather than African, and that it presents another example of the wonderful way in which the negro transforms the music of races other than his own. "Rag-time" has not only proved an overwhelming influence on our composers of "popular" music; it has also affected importantly the works of certain composers of more serious aims in this country

and even in Europe. It is now a vital and characteristic element of our current musical literature, and, in all probability, one of great value to native composers of the future. Most of the "rag-time" successes of the day are ephemeral, but some bid fair to keep their musical interest for a longer time. In making a selection one is confronted with an over-richness of material, and with the fact that many new compositions of this type follow one another faster than pen can tell. Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Rag-time Band" will long outlast its day. "The Memphis Blues" and "All Bound 'Round with the Mason-Dixon Line" are representative examples, and good ones, of present popular compositions of this kind.

"Alexander's Rag-time Band"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1126

"Memphis Blues"

Played by Prince's Orchestra	Columbia Record A 5591
Sung by Collins and Harlan	Columbia Record A 1721

"I'm All Bound 'Round With the Mason-Dixon Line"
Sung by Al Jolson
Columbia Record A 2478

What has the negro done in music since the days of his emancipation from slavery? While wholly untrained in the art, he was the creator of the inspired "spirituals," several of which are quoted in the following chapter, and of dance music of primitive fascination and appeal. Later he attended conservatories in America and Europe. Being very assimilative, he quickly learned to imitate the music of the whites—a result of comparatively little benefit to his original genius. Still more recently the reflective composers of the colored race have come to realize that they can scarcely expect to produce

significant art unless they seek inspiration in incidents or impressions which form part of their lives and compose in a way not the white man's, but their own. A strikingly successful application of this doctrine may be found in the song, "Exhortation," of Will Marion Cook, who, born January 27, 1869, studied music in Germany, later returning to this country, where he is accomplishing much toward the expression of the true spirit of his people. The following episode, told Mr. Cook by a friend and eye-witness, was the inspiration of his song.

Some twenty years ago a small troop of negro singers and players, performing in a Southern town, discovered they had been cheated by a dishonest manager. The members of the troupe met in the back parlor of a saloon, where were cards, "crap" games, and much strong liquor. There was excited talk of finding and killing the manager, when he suddenly entered the room. The instinct of the negro told him at a glance that he was in mortal danger. Instantly he sank upon his knees—"Bredren, let us pray!" The first word that came to his lips was a long, quavering "Amen," and he prayed as he had never prayed before. His life was in the balance, and he knew it. The men before him shifted uneasily, but as the exhortation grew wilder and the suppliant forgot his own peril in the ecstasy of his mood, their faces relaxed and hate went out of their eyes. A petty thief, but a moment before an object of murderous rage, now swayed a desperate gathering by the fervor of his prayer.

Hearing this story, Mr. Cook, on the moment, wrote the measures of the opening "Amen," and was singularly fortunate in catching the inflections of that wild invocation. Next day, when the verses were supplied him, he completed the song, which, in its mixture of unconscious humor and fanatical exaltation, its vocal

and emotional zigzagging, is a unique human document. On the reverse side of the record is Mr. Cook's "Rain Song," also racial in color and mood.

"Exhortation" (A Negro Sermon)

Sung by the Right Quintet	Columbia Record A 1987
Sung by Reed Miller	Columbia Record A 1558

We have intentionally omitted mentioning until the end of this chapter the music of a composer who appears to sum up in an individual and significant manner a number of the principal elements of the music heard in America to-day. This is Henry Franklin Gilbert, born in Somerville, Massachusetts, in 1860. He was the first American pupil of Edward MacDowell when that composer returned to America after his European studies in 1888. With MacDowell, Gilbert studied composition and orchestration for several years, then, driven by circumstances, wandered over the country making a living at a dozen different trades, consorting with the people, and listening to their music. One of Gilbert's early compositions, quick to make its way, was his "Pirate Song," after the verses of which Stevenson made such effective use in *Treasure Island*. The song is rakish, devil-may-care—the picture of a drunken old tar reeling up the street, singing his ungodly song of treasure, death, and rum.

"Pirate Song" (Gilbert)
Sung by David Bispham
Columbia Record A 5778

Gilbert waited many years for recognition of his talent by the influential musical public. Meanwhile he worked with unfaltering faith and zeal to perfect a musical style which should not be of European traditions and formulæ, but a manner of musical speech in which the American people could hear an echo, at least, from

their own land. His ideals were memorably vindicated when his "Comedy Overture on Negro Themes" was performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Max Fiedler, conductor, April 13, 1911, and recognized by influential critics as the work of a new man, with something of first importance to say. Gilbert's pantomime ballet, the "Dance on Place Congo," was produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company, March 23, 1918, at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. By turns brutal, tender, and nobly tragic, the music ranks as one of the most important and individual of his achievements.

A chapter on American music is necessarily a chapter which records a hundred different tendencies and efforts in various directions, efforts of uneven value, but all attesting, in sum, to the present rapid artistic growth of the nation, and the mingling and understanding of one another by the multitude of races which make the warp and woof of our national life. There are those who see in this amalgamation of peoples and spiritual forces the promise of a musical achievement of broad and exceptional significance to the future of the art.

FOLK-SONGS

ALL the great composers have gained inspiration from the music of their people, their "folk," whence this music derives its name; from melodies created by musicians, most of them anonymous, whose names do not figure impressively in histories and dictionaries, but whose simple and beautiful songs have outlived the passing of generations, brought comfort, healed sorrow, and made for better understanding and brotherhood among men.

The oldest folk-melodies are of unknown authorship. They were extemporized from a full heart, passed from mouth to mouth, and so came down through the generations. We accept these melodies in the spirit in which they were given, as we accept the air, the sunshine, the good earth beneath us. Though we may not realize how great and beautiful they are, they become part of our lives and thoughts.

It can be seen, by considering the history of a folk-song, how inevitably it became an expression of a people rather than of an individual. The true folk-song, passing from father to son, travels far before it takes final shape. It may disappear, and crop out unaccountably in some far-distant locality. Owing to the fact that it is not printed, to faulty memorizing, to varying vocal ability of the performers, it is subject to many alterations and to the formative influence of many minds. What is most beautiful and durable in the song, however, remains, while notes not essential to the meaning and beauty of the melody disappear. At last the song

emerges from the crucible of time, a wonderful symbol of the spirit of the people rather than of the individual who gave it birth.

Folk-songs reflect the environment as well as the heredity of various peoples. The songs of the north are more rugged and heroic than those of the south. The songs of southern climes have a grace and languor not associated with the north. If one were able to ascertain accurately the time and place of the appearance of a given number of folk-songs he would have testimony, invaluable to the historian, of the wanderings and evolutions of the races that make mankind.

Folk-songs may be divided roughly into two classes: the true folk-song, which is of unknown authorship, and songs of identified composers, so simple and true that the people have adopted them as their own.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Folk-songs which are wholly and inseparably a product of the life of the American nation are the supremely beautiful and pathetic melodies originated by the African slaves. These have been happily entitled by H. E. Krehbiel "Afro-American Folk-Songs." They were born of the sorrows and dreams of the black man, whose susceptible and emotional nature, coupled with the influence of the art of the whites, gave rise to a music of unique and incomparable appeal. No white American, save possibly Stephen Foster in his best songs, has equaled the profound feeling and the mystical inspiration of these outpourings of the soul of a race.

It was not until after the Civil War that these songs were given the attention they deserved. A small company of exceptionally gifted negro musicians was then formed, which, under the name of the "Jubilee Singers,"

toured America and also Europe, introducing their folk-songs with sensational success wherever they appeared. J. Miller McKim, in a talk given in 1862, told of asking a negro where his brethren got their songs.

"'Dey make 'em, sah.'

"'How do they make them?'

"After a pause, evidently casting about for an explanation, he said: 'I'll tell you. It's dis way. My mass'r call me up and order me a short peck of corn and a hunerd lash. My friends see it and is sorry for me. When dey come to de praise-meetin' dat night dey sing about it. Some's very good singers and know how; and dey work it in—work it in, you know, till dey get it right; and dat's de way.'"

It was instinctive for the uneducated negro to express feeling in a way that would reach all hearts, while nevertheless avoiding the commonplace with a distinction and originality meriting the admiration of the most cultured musician. "Deep River" is one of the best known of the negro spirituals, as it is one of the most touching. Coleridge-Taylor, the English negro composer, has harmonized it. The arrangement used by Mr. Seagle is that of Henry T. Burleigh, also colored, born in Erie, Pennsylvania, who shows fine musicianship and taste in these harmonizations.

"Deep River"
Sung by Oscar Seagle
Columbia Record A 2165

For most of his spirituals the negro resorted to religious texts, perfectly or imperfectly remembered, and altered in accordance with his needs and temperament. By this means he expressed in a manner crude and elementary, yet with an eloquence that carries conviction, his feelings and his dreams. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" is the spiritual from which the Bohemian,

Dvorák, shaped a phrase for his "New World" Symphony. The simple harmonies, the ecstatic mood of the song, are known to all. "Shout All Over God's Heaven" is the primitive expression of exaltation and the joy that knows no bounds in the realization of the great day to come. A fact almost as striking as the quality of the music he created is the negro's ability for ensemble performance. Though instructed to sing the hymns in full harmony, his instinct is for much greater individuality of each of the vocal parts. A solo voice leads. The other voices may respond in the orthodox manner, or the different singers will strike in apparently at random and improvise, with the utmost confidence and facility, parts of their own.

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Shout All Over God's Heaven"
Sung by Fisk University Quartet
Columbia Record A 1883

One is again indebted to Mr. Burleigh for his arrangements of two of the finest of all spirituals, "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" and "Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen." The songs have an indescribable pathos. If America had produced no other music she would have made a significant contribution to the art of the world.

"Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray"
Sung by Fisk University Quartet
Columbia Record A 1932

"Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen"
Sung by Oscar Seagle
Columbia Record A 2469

The songs, however, which most nearly fulfil the mission of folk-music in America, being loved and treasured throughout the land, are those of Stephen Collins Foster. Foster, of Southern descent, expressed in a deeply mov-

ing and poetic manner certain phases of American life which have gone, never to return. His art, simple and true, was the reflex of his emotions and impressions of the world about him. He was never a learned composer, though he became a proficient pianist, and in very early years taught himself to play the flute and flageolet. He was great because of his inborn genius for melody, his sensitive perceptions, his innate tenderness and nobility of character. Foster's environment was unusually inspiring to song. He was born at Lawrenceville, in the Alleghany hills, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1826. The tension of modern conditions had not as yet affected his community. There was time to dream as well as to do. In early days Foster listened much to the singing of the negroes, which strongly influenced his own music in later years. He was well educated, well informed on many topics, at ease and on equal terms with men of genius in other fields than his own. His life was a bitter romance. An unhappy marriage and other misfortunes drove him to dissipation, and after the death of his mother, whom he loved with all the intensity of his nature, he became more and more the victim of drink. Many of his songs, composed in the morning, were sold in the evening for an hour's forgetfulness. His death was the result of an accident in a New York hotel, when he rose from his bed, weak with fever, and gashed his face and neck on a piece of broken glass. He died January 13, 1864. If he had erred, as Mr. Louis Elson has admirably remarked, "'The light that led astray was light from heaven.'"

Foster composed his first song, "Open Thy Lattice, Love," when he was sixteen. "Uncle Ned," composed for a club of young men who were in the custom of meeting at Foster's house to sing together, is said to be one of the first songs which showed sympathy and understanding of the lot of the black man. Its sale in

later years netted a publisher, who understood its value better than Foster, ten thousand dollars, and this sum was one of the initial profits of a great music-publishing business. When Foster composed "Open Thy Lattice, Love" he wrote only the music. For "Uncle Ned," and over one hundred and fifty other songs, he wrote text as well as melody, since, in his own words, he found that "the difficulty of harmonizing sounds with words" made this necessary. His text was not always the most distinctive in point of style, but, as in the case of "Uncle Ned," it was direct, idiomatic, and genuine in its feeling.

"Uncle Ned"
Sung by Graham Marr and Columbia Stellar Quartet
Columbia Record A 5855

In a similar vein, and in words and music which brought home the scenes he described, were the songs, "Old Black Joe" and "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground."

"Old Black Joe"

Sung by Columbia Stellar Quartet	Columbia Record A 2051
Played by the Taylor Trio	Columbia Record A 1809
Sung by Louis Graveure	Columbia Record A 5959

"Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground"

Sung by Carroll Clark	Columbia Record A 852
Played by the Taylor Trio	Columbia Record A 1934

These songs had and have their place in the life of the American people, but the two songs in which Foster is greatest are undoubtedly "My Old Kentucky Home," said to have been inspired by a visit to the estate of an uncle in Kentucky, and "Old Folks at Home"—songs in which Foster touches a note so deep and so true that they would be welcomed and understood almost anywhere in the world, whatever the locality, whatever the tongue of the people. It has been re-

marked by authorities on the subject that no country has produced "composed folk-songs" which surpass in simple eloquence and beauty those of Foster.

"My Old Kentucky Home"

Sung by Columbia Male Quartet	Columbia Record 812
Played by the Taylor Trio	Columbia Record A 1915
Played by Louise and Ferera, guitar duet	Columbia Record A 1814

Stephen Foster's brother, Morrison, in his *Biography, Songs and Musical Compositions of Stephen C. Foster*, tells of the composition of "Old Folks at Home": "One day in 1851, Stephen came into my office, on the bank of the Monongahela, Pittsburg, and said to me, 'What is a good name of two syllables for a Southern River? I want to use it in this new song of "Old Folks at Home."' I asked him how Yazoo would do. 'Oh,' said he, 'that has been used before.' I then suggested Pedee. 'Oh, pshaw!' he replied, 'I won't have that.' I then took down an atlas from the top of my desk and opened the map of the United States. We both looked over it and my finger stopped at the 'Swanee,' a little river in Florida emptying into the Gulf of Mexico. 'That's it, that's it exactly,' exclaimed he, delighted, as he wrote the name down; and the song was finished, commencing, ''Way down upon de Swanee Ribber.' He left the office, as was his custom, abruptly . . . and I resumed my work. Just at that time he received a letter from E. P. Christy [a noted "negro minstrel" of the day —Ed.], of New York, . . . asking him if he would write a song for Christy, which the latter might sing before it was published. Stephen showed me the letter and asked what he should do. I said to him, 'Don't let him do it unless he pays you.' At his request I drew up a form of agreement for Christy to sign, stipulating to pay Stephen five hundred dollars for the privilege he asked. This was forwarded to Christy, and return mail brought

it back duly signed by the latter. The song happened to be 'Old Folks at Home.'" Such was the history of what is probably Foster's greatest song.

"Old Folks at Home" ("Swanee Ribber")

Sung by Alice Nielsen	Columbia Record A 5299
Sung by Henry Burr	Columbia Record A 335
Sung by Mrs. A. Stewart Holt	Columbia Record A 5079
Played by the Taylor Trio	Columbia Record A 1915

The one other composer who has given America a melody to be ranked in nation-wide acceptance and popularity with those of Foster is Daniel Decatur Emmett (1815–1904), the famous negro minstrel and creator of "Dixie."

Emmett's father was a blacksmith who had fought in the War of 1812. Young Dan assisted in his early years in the smithy, and was Jack of all trades in the neighborhood. He attended school for a little while, played the fiddle indifferently well, and in his thirteenth year became a typesetter for a newspaper. He wrote the tune "Old Dan Tucker" when he was in his sixteenth year. Its freshness and humor are still felt and enjoyed.

"Old Dan Tucker"
Sung by Harry C. Browne
Columbia Record A 1999

Emmett enlisted as drummer and fifer in the United States army in his seventeenth year. After serving his time he traveled with circus bands, and in 1842 or 1843 organized a string quartet, which, armed with a violin, tambourine, banjo, and "bones," in costumes consisting of a striped calico shirt, and blue calico coat with immense swallow tails, gave performances in New York and other cities of the United States. Emmett joined Bryant's Minstrels in 1857.

"Dixie" was composed as a "walk-around" for a performance which took place at 472 Broadway, New York, on Monday evening, September 19, 1859. Charley White, a member of this troupe, tells in his memoirs of the composition of the song. "One Saturday night in 1859, when Dan Emmett was a member of Bryant's Minstrels at Mechanic's Hall, New York, Dan [Bryant] said to Emmett: 'Can't you get us up a walk-around dance? I want something new and lively for next Monday night!'. . . Emmett, of course, went to work, and, as he had done so much in that line of composition, he was not long in finding something suitable. At last he hit upon the first two bars, and any composer can tell you how good a start that is in the manufacture of a melody. The next day, Sunday, he had the words commencing 'I wish I was in Dixie.' This colloquial expression is not, as most people suppose, a Southern phrase, but first appeared among the circus men in the North. In early fall, when nipping frost would overtake the tented wanderers, the boys would think of the genial warmth of the section they were heading for and the common expression would be, 'Well, I wish I was in Dixie.' This gave the title or catch-line; the rest of the song was original. On Monday morning the song was rehearsed and highly recommended, and at night, as usual, the house was crowded and many of the auditors went home singing 'Dixie.'" Thus arose a song which expresses in a manner truly racy and vigorous the nervousness, humor, and optimism which are accounted characteristics of the American people.

"Dixie"

Sung by Edgar Stoddard and Broadway Quartet	Columbia Record A 2277
Played by Columbia Band	Columbia Record A 75

Emmett received five hundred dollars for the copyright of "Dixie." His receipts from all his other songs

amounted to only one hundred dollars. He followed the stage until he was too old to perform and changes of fashion had made his entertainment out of date. In his eightieth year Emmett was persuaded to tour with the minstrel show of Al Fields. When the orchestra struck up "Dixie" at the first performance "he rose and, with old-time gestures and in a voice tremulous with age, sang the song." He was warmly welcomed in the South, but one such trip was enough for him. He retired to his shanty at Mount Vernon, Ohio, where he worked in his garden, chopped wood, raised chickens, and thanked God for his humble but not unhappy lot. Before his death he made the request that he be buried in the dress suit he had worn on tour with Al Fields's minstrels, and the band played "Dixie" as his body was lowered into the grave.

A song of quite another type is "The Arkansaw Traveler." This tune and the tale which accompanies it are true bits of American folklore. The tune began to be very popular among fiddlers about 1850. According to the story, a happy-go-lucky, improvident Arkansaw farmer sits in front of his cabin playing the first strain of the air. Up rides a stranger in search of a night's lodging, who endeavors to engage him in conversation, saying, "Why don't you put a roof on your house?" The squatter, who keeps on fiddling, answers, "When it's dry I don't want a roof; when it's wet I can't," and so on—much more of the same sort. The stranger finally asks the fiddler why he doesn't play the second half of the tune. The squatter replies, "I've knowed that tune ten years and it 'ain't got no second part." "Give me the fiddle," says the stranger, who, after fiddling through the familiar first strain of the tune, turns off into the second part with the heel-tingling skill of the true jig-player. Instantly the whole scene changes. The farmer jumps to his feet, swinging his

arms and dancing, the children tumble about, and the delighted host sings out: "Walk in, stranger. Tie up your horse side of ol' Bill. Give him ten ears of corn. Pull out the demijohn and drink it all," with many other expressions of homely and enthusiastic welcome.

"The Arkansaw Traveler"

Played by Don Richardson, violinist — Columbia Record A 2140

Talking (with music) by Collins and Harlan — Columbia Record A 406

The origin of both melody and words of "Yankee Doodle," a humorous and patriotic song, is unknown. It has been said that the words were the production of a Doctor Shuckburgh, who wrote the verses in 1755, when he was in the army of either General Abercrombie or General Amherst. But this has not been proved. Nor has it been proved, as many have claimed, that it is a song of derision, invented by an Englishman at the time of the Revolutionary War, as a satire on the American soldiers. The tune, according to Oscar G. Sonneck, a most authoritative musical historian, was known in America "at least a decade" before the Revolution. The air has never been traced. Its character supports the presumption that it comes from England or Ireland. The soldiers of the American colonies were called Yankees as early as 1758 or 1759. What we know is that the tune is lively and funny, and that the American people have treasured it for one hundred and fifty years.

"Yankee Doodle"

Sung by Charles Harrison and the Broadway Quartet

Columbia Record A 2277

The authorship of the melody of "Home, Sweet Home," a song which Americans have taken to their hearts, has never been satisfactorily proved. The

words are by John Howard Paine, who, born in New York in 1792, lived some years in England, wandered over the face of the earth, and died in Tunis in 1852 while serving there as United States Consul. The music is of European origin. "Clari, the Maid of Milan," a play with verses by Paine, and music partly composed, partly arranged by Henry R. Bishop, was performed in London, May 8, 1823. The climax of the drama hinged on the return of the heroine, forsaken and betrayed, to her homestead, and it was this situation which introduced the famous song. In early editions of the score this song is plainly marked "Sicilian air." Though it went far and wide, and was soon on everybody's lips, Bishop, who lived for thirty-three years after its first performance, never claimed its authorship, which he would certainly have been likely to do in the case of a melody which became far more famous than anything else he wrote. It is difficult, on the other hand, in view of the decidedly English character of the melody, to believe that its origin had anything in particular to do with Sicily. "Home, Sweet Home" was first sung in America by Mrs. Holman, when "Clari, the Maid of Milan" was performed, on the 12th of November, 1823, in New York.

"Home, Sweet Home"

Sung by Columbia Mixed Quartet	Columbia Record A 387
Sung by Alice Nielsen	Columbia Record A 5283
Sung by Maggie Teyte	Columbia Record A 5834
Played by the Taylor Trio	Columbia Record A 1866

ENGLAND

The songs of the British Isles are considerably diversified, owing to the mingling of various races, and differences of physical geography. The songs of England, on the whole, are less wild and introspective than those of Ireland or Scotland. They breathe the sweetness of

the countryside, the freshness of the morning, the gaiety of the peasant folk. They have a healthy jollity and sturdiness bespeaking the vigor and sanity of the English people. "Down Among the Dead Men" is an old English drinking-song of which the composer is unknown. It was printed early in the eighteenth century and was probably introduced in one of the ballad-operas popular about 1728. The air is believed to be over two hundred years old, and is an excellent specimen of the straightforward, "square-toed" quality of much English folk-music.

"Down Among the Dead Men"
Sung by Miles Bracewell
Columbia Record A 5603

An example of the gentler type of English song, distinguished by tender sentiment and an exquisite refinement of melody, is afforded by the beautiful air to which Ben Jonson set the words, "Drink to me only with thine eyes." Seldom has a folk-air been more happily mated to a poetic text. The melody appears to be at least as old as that of "Down Among the Dead Men," and its authorship, also, is unknown.

"Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes"

Sung by Walter Wheatley	Columbia Record A 1718
Sung by David Bispham	Columbia Record A 5132
Played by W. H. Squire, 'cellist, and Hamilton Harty, pianist	Columbia Record A 5832
Played by Taylor Trio	Columbia Record A 2142

The simple, naïve harmony, the apple-cheeked gaiety of English folk-dances are admirably illustrated by the melodies which have been collected and harmonized, with sensitive feeling and musicianship, by Cecil J. Sharpe. The country dance, in days gone by, was the social recreation of the peasantry over the whole countryside. Thanks largely to the efforts of Mr. Sharpe, it is

being revived in England, and practised as a means of healthful recreation in the United States.

"Sellenger's Round" is a melody of great antiquity. It was arranged for Queen Elizabeth by her music-teacher, Doctor Byrd. Its original name appears to have been "Saint Leger's Round" or "The beginning of the world." It was very popular in England during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and its beauty and vigor are felt when it is played to-day.

"Sellenger's Round," "Rufty-Tufty," "Sweet Kate"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 3065

"Three Meet or The Pleasure of the Town," and "Row Well, Ye Mariners"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 3064

IRELAND

Ireland has produced some of the most beautiful, varied, and imaginative folk-music in the world. The best Irish melodies may be described as nobly pathetic; strong in human appeal; or filled with a heroic quality which cannot die. But they never lose their sweetness, while in their lighter moods they have an irresistible appeal. Many of the Irish folk-songs are very old, having harmonies and cadences not used to-day.

The song "Robin Adair" was long believed to be of Scottish origin, but later researches indicate that it came from Ireland. According to tradition it was composed by the Irish harper, Carrol O'Daly, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, and was inspired by a romantic incident of his own life. O'Daly loved Ellen O'Cavanagh of the county of Connacht. Her family, however, looked unfavorably on his suit. When O'Daly returned from an enforced absence he found that Ellen had been

prevailed on by her relatives to promise her hand to another. Filled with despair he sought a solitary spot and from a full heart composed the song "Eileen Aroon" —the melody of "Robin Adair." Next day, disguised as a harper, O'Daly appeared at the wedding festivities, and at the request of the bride herself played his newly composed air. Needless to say, the song had the desired effect. Recognizing, under the disguise of a traveling musician, the identity of the harper, Eileen, with a swift return of affection for her former lover, eloped with him that night.

Although this melody was printed as an Irish air, at least as early as 1729, it subsequently appeared in several eighteenth-century collections of Scotch melodies. It was the custom in olden time for Irish harpers and wandering minstrels to make trips through Scotland, with very much the same purposes which animate the artist who tours a foreign country to-day. Now Dennis O'Hempsey (or Hempsen), a celebrated Irish harper, born in 1695, made a tour of Scotland in his youth, and played as one of his most popular airs the melody of "Eileen Aroon." This was caught up and widely circulated by the native Highland minstrels and was published and printed as a Scotch air, to which were eventually fitted the words of "Robin Adair."

"Robin Adair"

Played by Jean Schwiller, 'cellist	Columbia Record A 1350
Sung by Columbia Stellar Quartet	Columbia Record A 1958
Sung by Mrs. A. Stewart Holt	Columbia Record A 5219

"My Love's an Arbutus," one of the loveliest of folk-songs, was noted down by the musical antiquary, George Petrie, from the singing of an old gentleman who had learned it in his childhood. The original words began, "I rise ev'ry morning with a heart full of woe." The author of the present words is Alfred Percival Graves,

and the musical harmonization is that of Charles Villiers Stanford.

"My Love's an Arbutus"
Sung by Oscar Seagle
Columbia Record A 5916

"Garryowen" is an Irish jig in six-eight time. These six-eight jigs are often used as marching tunes and are great favorites with the fife-and-drum corps. "Garryowen" is one of those melodies so full of life and rhythm that one must either march or dance. Moore tried to set verses to it, but with less success than usually attended his efforts. Theodore Roosevelt declares this tune to be "the finest marching tune in the world."

"Garryowen"
(Also "The Campbells Are Coming")
Played by the Fife and Drum Corps
Columbia Record A 1654

One of the most popular dance tunes of Ireland is known as "Miss McLeod's Reel." It is a folk-melody of great antiquity. Béranger, a French traveler through Ireland in the eighteenth century, says that it was one of the favorite tunes which the Galway pipers played to him in 1779. At the Munster festival of 1906 it was the only reel played for the prize competition in Irish dancing. It is an excellent example of Irish dance music, and well reflects the lighter yet poetic spirit of the people.

"Miss McLeod's Reel"
Played by Prince's Orchestra
Columbia Record A 1474

Both words and music of "The Low-Backed Car" are the creation of Samuel Lover (1797–1868), first a miniature portrait painter and etcher, then a novelist,

poet and song composer. He was the grandfather of Victor Herbert. Lover was an enthusiastic student of the folk-music of his country and often sang this song as a feature of his "Irish evening," an entertainment of songs, stories, recitations. Though this is a composed air, it is very much in the folk spirit, and has become so popular that it is included in most collections of Irish songs.

"The Low-Backed Car"
Sung by Andrea Sarto
Columbia Record A 328

The words of "Father O'Flynn," by Alfred Percival Graves, draw a humorous word picture of a well-fed, unctuous, witty, and withal well-beloved Irish priest, a man of "larnin' and logic," but, best of all, of broad and sympathetic humanity. The melody, originally called "Top o' the Cork Road," was first printed, as was the case with many Irish airs, in an English collection. Its Irish origin, however, is indicated not only by the character of the tune, but its designation as "The Irish Lilt."

"Father O'Flynn"
Sung by Frank Croxton
Columbia Record A 5441

The original text of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," which dates from before 1700, began "My lodging is on the cold, cold ground," and there are districts in which the song is still sung to these words. Some authorities claim that the song is English, while about an equal number assert that it is of Irish origin. The tender and beautiful melody is of a type which tends to support the latter assumption, though it was first printed as part of the music of an English ballad-opera in 1737, and is not to be found in any collection of Irish music before 1787.

"Believe Me if All those Endearing Young Charms"

Sung by Alice Nielsen	Columbia Record A 5678
Sung by David Bispham	Columbia Record A 5095

"The Minstrel Boy," a heroic and sturdy air, is one of the finest of Irish melodies. It caused Tom Moore to compose for it the poem to which it has ever been sung. The air, formerly called "The Moreen," was printed by Bunting in a noted collection of Irish airs in 1809.

"The Minstrel Boy"
Sung by Reed Miller
Columbia Record A 1144

"The Last Rose of Summer" gains its title from the verses Tom Moore set to a melody, the original name of which was "The Groves of Blarney." The beauty of this melody attracted the notice of Beethoven, who set it as a song for voice with piano accompaniment. Flotow introduced it in its entirety as one of the numbers in his opera, "Martha." This caused Hector Berlioz, who evidently did not think highly of Flotow's work, to remark that the beautiful folk-song "disinfected" the entire opera.

"Last Rose of Summer"

Sung by Grace Kerns	Columbia Record A 1265
Sung by Maria Barrientos, in Italian	Columbia Record 49113
Sung by Alice Nielsen	Columbia Record A 5283
Played by Kathleen Parlow, violinist	Columbia Record A 2121
Sung by Carolina White	Columbia Record A 5488

The scenery is most romantic where the waters of the Avon and the Avoca meet. This inspired the words of the song which Moore wrote to the traditional Irish air, "The Old Head of Dennis." The air is composed in a scale of but six tones, the seventh, or leading tone, of our prevailing major and minor scales being

absent. It was taken down from the singing of an old peasant woman of Sligo by George Petrie.

"The Meeting of the Waters"
Sung by Oscar Seagle
Columbia Record A 5916

On the hill of Tara, in the county of Meath, was situated the castle of the ancient Irish kings. The original name of the following noble air was "Gramachree" ("Love of My Heart"). Though first printed in Scotland in 1746, there is no doubt as to its Irish origin. Edward Bunting noted it down from the playing of Fanning, the Mayo harper, in 1792. The poem is by Moore.

"The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls"
Sung by Charles Harrison
Columbia Record A 1230

SCOTLAND

What Thomas Moore did for Irish folk-music Robert Burns had done for Scotch folk-music some time previously. He wrote truly poetical verses of a folklike character for many of the traditional Scottish airs. With both poets this was a labor of love, a task which engaged their deepest feelings; and in the case of Burns, as well as that of Moore, it is by the first lines of their poems that many of the traditional Scotch and Irish airs are now known. Here the similarity ceases, however, for while Burns frequently took the old words and the idea they contained, recasting both in a truly poetic and much more beautiful form, Moore usually wrote an entirely original poem in what he conceived to be the spirit of the melody which he had in mind.

The text of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" is by Burns. The song was presented as a gift to Mrs. Stewart of

Afton Lodge, on the banks of Afton River. Burns set the text to a melody of unknown origin. J. E. Spilman detached Burns' words from the old air, and composed a melody for them so good that the first tune has been entirely supplanted by the second.

"Flow Gently, Sweet Afton"
Sung by Corinne Rider-Kelsey
Columbia Record A 5720

"Loch Lomond" is one of the most noble and beautiful of Scotch airs. According to Lady Jane Scott, both air and words are traditional and were taken down by her from a street singer in Edinburgh. According to other authorities, it is a modern composed Scotch air. If so, the composer has achieved a height of eloquence and simplicity seldom equaled by other composers who tried to emulate "the folk."

"Loch Lomond"

Sung by Columbia Stellar Quartet	Columbia Record A 5896
Sung by David Bispham	Columbia Record A 5420

G. Farquhar Graham says that "Comin' Through the Rye" is "probably a dance-tune of the early times of the eighteenth century." It is a fine example of folk-song evolution, since there are several old Scotch airs of which it may easily be a development. The words are by Robert Burns. The melody offers an excellent illustration of "the Scotch snap," as seen, for example, in the rhythmical arrangement of the two syllables of "bod-y" and "com-in'," etc.

"Comin' Through the Rye"
Sung by Mary Garden
Columbia Record A 1190

The touching melody of "John Anderson," long preserved by oral tradition, was at length written down in

the year 1578 in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, which is still preserved. John Anderson was a real personage, and, according to tradition, the town piper of Kelso and a good deal of a joker. The old verses about him are all of a humorous character. But Burns in composing his verses for this melody has idealized and poetized the traditional character of John Anderson, and in so doing has produced a poem which is beautifully fitted to the simple and dignified character of the old melody.

"John Anderson, My Jo"
Sung by Mary Garden
Columbia Record A 1190

The melody of "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" is said to have been partly "faked" on the black keys of the piano by a Mr. James Miller, an Edinburgh author who was greatly desirous of composing a Scotch tune. His beginning was completed by Stephen Clark, arranger of music for "Johnson's Museum." Curiously enough, the tune appears to have been based, consciously or unconsciously, on an old English air, "Lost Is My Quiet Forever." The words are by Burns.

"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon"

Sung by Henry Burr	Columbia Record A 1799
Sung by Corinne Rider-Kelsey	Columbia Record A 5733

The song, "Annie Laurie," was composed by Lady John Scott. The original words were written by a Mr. Douglas of Fingland to Annie, a daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwelton, Carcal, 1685. "It is painful to record that, notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife. She married a Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch." The original words have been a trifle modernized, but only slightly, the first verse being unchanged.

"Annie Laurie"

Sung by Hulda Laschanska	Columbia Record 49338
Sung by Columbia Stellar Quartet	Columbia Record A 1491
Sung by Alice Nielsen	Columbia Record A 5245
Sung by Olive Fremstad	Columbia Record A 5273
Sung by David Bispham	Columbia Record A 5437
Sung by Lillian Nordica	Columbia Record 30653

The full name of the following song is "The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee." It should not be confounded with a much older Scotch folk-song called "Bonnie Dundee." The words are Sir Walter Scott's. They were not written for this tune, neither was the music composed to these words.

About fifty years ago this song, which used to be called "The Band at a Distance," and was much played on the piano by young ladies, was heard by a celebrated Scotch contralto singer, who forthwith adapted Sir Walter Scott's poem to it; a remarkably successful piece of adaptation which has remained ever since. The air is believed to be of Scottish origin.

"Bonnie Dundee"
Sung by Albert Wiederhold
Columbia Record A 1876

In 1788 Robert Burns wrote to a friend: "Is not the phrase 'Auld Lang Syne' exceedingly expressive? There are an old song and tune which have often thrilled my soul. You know I am an enthusiast in old Scotch songs." It is true that in one variant or another this song has been one of the common possessions of the Scottish people for centuries. The first transcription of it is to be found in a still existent manuscript of the year 1568. Several Scotch poets have from time to time tried their hand at embodying this touching sentiment in a true folk-lyric. It remained for the genius of Robert Burns to perfectly accomplish this, and his pro-

duction is perhaps one of the best-known poems of the English-speaking world. The melody to which it is at present sung is that of the old song, "I Fee'd a Lass at Martinmas." The older melody of "Auld Lang Syne" being characterized by Burns himself as mediocre, it was rejected in favor of the present musical setting. Its subsequent success amply justified the change.

"Auld Lang Syne"
Sung by Columbia Mixed Chorus
Columbia Record A 1238

WALES

The folk-music of Wales probably contains musical fragments of greater antiquity than are to be found elsewhere in the British Isles, for "Wild Wales," as one of the ancient bards calls it, was the last stronghold of the original inhabitants of Britain. A small but very mountainous country, its folk-music is of an equally wild character with that of the Irish, but on the whole more rugged and sturdy. It does not have the element of humor, as has that of the Irish, but is of a serious and frequently even of a martial character. Many of the Welsh folk-songs are vocal marches of a stirring quality which were evidently used as battle-songs in days gone by. That the Welsh are not entirely given to the expression of rugged and heroic emotions in their music is evidenced by such a tender and poetic song as "All Through the Night." This is a fine traditional Welsh melody of great age: simple, dignified, and expressive. It is the most popular Welsh air in England. Mrs. Opie wrote a poem for it, beginning, "Here beneath a willow weepeth poor Mary Ann."

"All Through the Night"

Sung by Columbia Stellar Male Quartet	Columbia Record A 1718
Sung by Lucy Gates	Columbia Record A 5866
Sung by David Bispham	Columbia Record A 5320

The melody of "The Ash Grove" is very old and characteristic. There is an Irish song, "Kitty of Coleraine," and there are several English songs from which this melody was formerly supposed to be derived. The opposite, however, is more likely to be the case. A good translation of the old Welsh words has been made by John Oxenford.

" The Ash Grove "
Sung by Oscar Seagle
Columbia Record A 5955

FRANCE

French folk-songs differ strongly in character, according to the district from which they come. The oldest and the quaintest folk-songs are those which owe their origin to the liturgical music of the Catholic Church. Traces of this church music are even to be found in popular dance-tunes. "The March of the Three Kings," which the composer Bizet used so effectively in the prelude to Daudet's "L'Arlésienne," is a very old Noël, in the form of a sturdy march—one of the strongest, most vigorous and original of all French folk-tunes. It opens the orchestral prelude to Bizet's "L'Arlésienne," and is described (Columbia Record A 5559) in the earlier chapter on Bizet and his compositions. There is another class of folk-songs of a later period which are, perhaps, more characteristic of the French people of to-day. These songs are characterized by exquisite poetry and naïveté. An example of a song of this type is "Gai-lon-la, la gai le Rosier." Noticeable is the *esprit* of this delicious song, as well as the definite, precise, clean-cut form of the melody.

" Gai-lon-la, la gai le Rosier " (" Roses are gay ")
Sung by J. Saucier
Columbia Record E 2364

SPAIN

Few countries have a more picturesque past and a more fascinating and individual type of folk-music than Spain. Almost all this music is in dance rhythms of African or Asiatic origin. The predominant influence is that of the Moors, who, invading the country in the eighth century, remained there for many years, and superimposed their Eastern culture and feeling on all Spanish art. In due course of time Spain drove out the Moors, and rose to her full height as one of the greatest and richest of European powers, but her progress in music was not equivalent to her achievements in many other fields. Her cultured composers imitated the formulas of other nations. It was left to the people, as has so often been the case in the course of the artistic evolutions of different countries, to preserve the native musical spirit, the native musical tongue. As yet the course of years has not greatly altered this condition. Though a very talented and promising school of young Spanish composers has appeared, full of nationalistic spirit and ideals, they have not as yet approached, in their output, the substance and individuality of the music of the gipsy and the muleteer, the factory, and the inn high up on the mountains. One thing which has doubtless contributed much to the strong and unmistakable individuality of Spanish music is the geography of the country and the poverty of the people. Much of Spain is mountainous and wild, and still inaccessible to the conveniences of the modern age. Peasants, poverty-stricken, do not travel far, or come into contact with influences liable to make them forget their traditions. Folk-songs of unmeasured antiquity still flourish, particularly in the north. In these songs the rhapsodic, florid manner of Asiatic melody is particularly evident.

Here is a very old song from the province of Asturias,

accompanied only by the Spanish gaitos, a shrill-voiced species of oboe. Note the extravagant, Oriental flourishes of the solo instrument, which precede the song, after which the voice and the instrument have a singular duet, the gaitos sometimes holding a single tone for many measures while the singer intones the strange chant. At other times it discourses with the soloist in passages of extraordinary flexibility and bravura. Remember that the curious sounding solo of the tenor is not a number designed for a trained operatic star, but for any peasant of Asturias, who must, however, sing the most elaborate vocal ornament with a swiftness, ease, and surety that many a "star" might envy. The intervals of this song are also notable. Sometimes the singer is naturally and deliberately "off pitch," according to our prevalent musical scale, standardized for nearly three centuries in Europe. The voice at times glides through "quarter-tones," or intervals smaller than those we officially recognize. The song, wild, unconventional, unmelodious in the accepted sense of the word, is in the manner of a soliloquy, and seems born of lonely and mountainous solitudes.

"Song of Asturias" ("Praviana")
Sung by Antonio del Pozo (a)Mochuelo
Columbia Record C 2044

On the other side of the above record is a song similar in character to the one just mentioned, partly spoken and partly sung, to the accompaniment of a guitar; a spirited number, which comes to an end with shouts of "Olé! olé!"

An air of melodic beauty and warm emotional appeal is the caressing love-song, "Meus Amores" ("My Beloved"), of the province of Galicia. The sweet, sustained melody, the occasional vocal flourish, the constant return, at the end of nearly every phrase, to the

same cadence, make a song that is characteristic and popular in Spain to-day.

"My Beloved" ("Meus Amores")
Sung by Jose Mardones
Columbia Record S 15

A composed folk-song sung everywhere in Spain, which displays the gayer side of the Spanish character, is J. Valverde's "Pinks." It is almost a "patter song," so rapid and joyous is the pace, and the text is of a humorous and gallant character. The persistent and rapid musical figure of the accompaniment is a feature of many Spanish songs.

"Pinks" ("Clavelitos")
Sung by Andrea de Segurola
Columbia Record S 16

F. M. Alvarez's "Song of the Prisoner" is a passionate and tragic outpouring. "I killed her, and now am about to die," is the substance of the text. "But if I were to live again, and she tortured me so, I would bury my knife in her heart." The tale is told, not only with musical but intensely dramatic feeling, the song ending in a cry of despair.

"Song of the Prisoner" ("El canto del Presidario")
Sung by Ramon Blanchart
Columbia Record S 5

Sebastian Yradier, a Spanish composer who died in Vittoria in 1865, was the means of bringing to the knowledge of the world two of the most remarkable folk-songs. One is the Habanera from Bizet's "Carmen." The other is "La Paloma." The story of the melody from "Carmen" has been told in the chapter devoted to that composer and his works. The origin of "La

Paloma," the more original of the two airs, is in dispute, some claiming that Yradier composed the tune, others—and their conclusions are the more generally supported—claiming that the song originated from popular sources. However this may be, "La Paloma" is in itself an incomparable air, truly characteristic of the music of southern Spain, not only as regards the tropical grace and tenderness of its melody, but also because of its remarkable combination of rhythms. In the bass is felt the swaying of the Habanera—the dance so named because it was supposed to have come from Havana—while the melody it accompanies has a rhythmical freedom, irregularity, and caprice seldom encountered in the music of countries other than Spain and certain parts of the Orient. The original words of the song are rather coarse and naïve, but the melody is one the world will not willingly let die. The Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, informed that he was to die, made the request that this song, which he loved, should be played in his last hour.

"La Paloma" ("The Dove")

Sung by Florencio Constantino (in Spanish)	Columbia Record A 5111
Played by Prince's Orchestra	Columbia Record A 1677
Played by Guitar and Ukelele Trio	Columbia Record A 2405

An example of the manner in which young Spanish composers of to-day are realizing the value of their own folk-music, and writing frequently and characteristically in this style, is afforded by the graceful and sensuous Spanish dance of Enrique Granados, the unfortunate composer who, after coming to America to superintend the production of his opera, "Goyescas," at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1916, lost his life when the *Sussex* was sunk by a German submarine. Granados had done much as a composer of modern and nationalistic tendencies. He was at his best in small forms. In

this "Spanish Dance" he has been content to produce with simplicity and eloquence a characteristic Spanish melody, for which the intimate voice of the 'cello is an ideal medium.

"Spanish Dance" (Granados)
Played by Pablo Casals
Columbia Record A 5847

Other Spanish folk-songs, having characteristics in common with those we have described, and typical of the musical genius of the land, are the following, selected from the folk-melodies of various districts:

"Folk-songs of Andalusia and of Aragon"
Sung by Mochuelo
Columbia Record C 2085

"Folk-songs of Santander"
Sung by Ramon Garcia
Columbia Record C 2165

"Folk-songs of Andalusia and the Canary Islands"
Sung by A. Martinez (Saleriot)
Columbia Record C 3036

"Folk-songs of Asturias"
Sung by Ramon Garcia
Columbia Record C 2168

ITALY

This is the land which inspired Mignon's song, the land of sunshine, beauty, and noble art tradition. Its folk-songs reflect and express this graceful and beauty-loving spirit, and are characterized by a most seductive charm. Many of the flowing curves of Italian melody seem almost plastic, like the tender and noble lines of the antique statues. Italian folk-songs are filled with a care-free spirit, and are a perfect expression of the

sensuous joy of living. It is not easy to divide Italian song into different types and classes, for the reason that Italians all love music, and make it their own, whether it is a street song or an aria from a grand opera.

The Neapolitan song, "Santa Lucia," was sung in the streets of Naples as early as 1853. It is a folk-song of the composed variety, and is one of the most popular folk-melodies. The composer is T. Cottrau. The song is a great favorite with the Naples fishermen.

"Santa Lucia"

Sung by Reed Miller (in English)	Columbia Record A 1340
Sung by Columbia Stellar Quartet	Columbia Record A 2465

A song of a similar type, which is the incarnation of joyous spirits and musical grace, is the Neapolitan song of Di Capua, "O sole mio" ("O sun I love").

"O sole mio"

Sung by Oscar Seagle (in English)	Columbia Record A 5676
Sung by Lina Cavalieri (Neapolitan dialect)	Columbia Record A 1434

Another Italian song, so widely popular that, although composed by a well-known musician in recent years, it is to all intents and purposes a folk-song, is Denza's "Funiculi, Funicula." This song was composed in 1880 and took the prize offered each year by the Italian government for the best song of a popular type.

"Funiculi, Funicula"
Sung by Charles Harrison and Columbia Stellar Quartet
Columbia Record A 1851

RUSSIA

The songs of Russia are of infinite variety and meaning. The Slav is one of the most musical of all peoples. It is not easy to classify in a few words the many varie-

ties of Russian songs. The country is so wide, so much of it is untraveled by modern commerce, the influences due to migration and natural geography which affect Russian music are so various, that one is confronted with a world of folk-music in this land alone. Many of the oldest melodies have the impress of the music of the Greek Church. A majority are melancholy in character, but very beautiful and poignant, and in the eastern part of the country strongly affected by Oriental influences; others are distinguished by a mad gaiety. The Russian has his labor songs, his prison songs, his songs of marriage, of death, of superstition and play. When a Russian workman was told by a traveler that there were in his country no labor songs, the peasant, astonished, queried, "But how can you work if you don't sing?"

One of the most remarkable of all Russian songs is the song of the bargemen of the Volga, "Ej Uchnem." These words are roughly equivalent to the "Yo! Heave ho!" of the English sailor. Here, however, the resemblance ceases, for the Russian song has a dark and fateful character totally at variance with the English hauling chanteys. In its rhythm is the powerful recurrent pull on the ropes and the resignation of those who know long years of suffering and toil.

"Pull, Brothers, Pull" ("Ej Uchnem")
Sung by Janpolski
Columbia Record E 863

A melody in the folk style, by Alex. Titoff, is "The Scarlet Sarafan." The sarafan is a scarf-like garment worn by the peasant women. The following is a free translation of the words:

"Dearest mother, why art thou toiling at yonder sarafan?
Rest thee from the weary task that hath nor use nor plan."

"Little one, I'll tell thee: O come and sit by me.
Time will steal the roses that childhood gives to thee.
Tho' like happy birds thy thoughts with songs o'erflow,
And thy days be flowers, dear, 'twill not e'er be so.
Comes the day when gladness like the dawn mist flies,
And beneath the frost of sadness childhood's beauty dies.
I, like thee, have sung in May, and dreamed my dreams of gold.
Dearest, now the gold is gray and I am dumb and old,
Yet for love of joys I knew when first my youth began,
And for mem'ry's sake, I weave my scarlet sarafan."

"The Scarlet Sarafan" ("Krasny Sarafan")
Sung by B. Olshansky
Columbia Record E 3158

'Down by Mother Volga" is one of the most widely known of Russian folk-songs. The melody is noble and the song one of considerable dignity. It is an apostrophe to Mother Volga, the great river of Russia. The melody has been used by Tschaikowsky as thematic material in his Second Symphony.

"Wniz po Matuszkie" ("Down by Mother Volga")
Sung by Quartet
Columbia Record E 1410

BOHEMIA

Of all the Slavic countries Bohemia has the most cheerful and light-hearted folk-songs. Many of them have a very graceful character, as for example the first of the two songs hereafter quoted; others a dancelike quality expressive of pure animal spirits and gay, healthy feeling. The polka, a dance which has become very popular throughout Europe and America, originated in Bohemia, and many of her popular songs have its rhythmic characteristics.

The song which follows is spirited and very piquant

in its rhythm, a rhythm of which Dvorák has made striking use in his First Slavonic Dance.

"Maiden's Confession" ("Sla Panenka k zpovidani")
Sung by Erma Zarska
Columbia Record E 2814

"Louceni, Louceni" is a song expressive of the more serious side of the Bohemian nature. The traditional melody is very beautiful and expressive. It is a song of parting—particularly the parting of lovers—"but," says the man, "when I see the sadness of Nature in her darker moods (rains and storms) it harmonizes with my own mood, and I am somewhat consoled."

"Fare Thee Well" ("Louceni, Louceni")
Sung by Erma Zarska
Columbia Record E 2814

POLAND

As the Poles are Slav, Polish folk-music is to a certain extent imbued with the melancholy native to the Slavic nature. But as they were formerly a proud and free people, their folk-music reflects a more heroic and determined character than that of Great Russia. The stately polonaise, which was the ceremonious court dance of ancient Poland, and the charming mazurka, the dance of the people, are part of the legacy of the Polish people to the musical world. Both have been idealized by one of the world's greatest composers—the Pole, Chopin. The rhythm of the mazurka—a sprightly three-four measure—is to be found in some of their present-day popular songs. The melancholy strain in Polish folk-music is of a poetic rather than a tragic character, and their gay songs are far more cheerful and sprightly than any of the corresponding songs in Russia.

FOLK-SONGS

"Farewell" ("Pozegnanie")
Sung by Julia Bielinska
Columbia Record E 3248

Dance Song: "Rachu, rachu, ciachu"
Sung by T. Wronski
Columbia Record E 2869

"On the Water" ("Na wodzie")
Duet by M. Zazulak and K. Kankowska
Columbia Record E 3477

"Matthew stopped" ("Macku stoj")
Sung by Quartet
Columbia Record E 2541

These are all good examples of Polish folk-songs. The first song is in the mazurka rhythm peculiar to Poland and to no other country. Numbers two and three are in two-four time and are of an energetic rhythm. Number four reflects the melancholy, the sadly gay feeling native to the Slavic temperament.

SCANDINAVIA

The outstanding characteristic of Scandinavian songs is an elemental strength, a native ruggedness. A song expressive of sadness is characterized not so much by the human emotion of sorrow as by that mystical and awesome feeling which comes from being much alone with wild nature. The love-songs and songs of homeland are filled with such a poignantly sweet yearning that one is reminded of the flowers in the upland Norwegian meadows, which bloom with an almost unnatural brilliancy during the brief summer. These melodies are, for the most part, angular rather than graceful, and their appeal is one of wintry sweetness.

ICELAND

The Icelandic folk-song here quoted was taken down from the singing of an Icelander (probably of Rejkiavik) in the year 1843. It is a narrative song in the manner of a saga, or wonder-tale. Olafur rode far into the mountains. Out of a cave where they dwelt came four elf-maidens, the last of whom bade him welcome, saying:

"Come you in and live with us."

Olafur answered, "Not will I with fairies live; rather will I believe in God."

The elf-maiden then said, "Even though you live with elves you can fully believe in God."

But as Olafur still demurred, she ran into their cave and, seizing a sharp sword, threatened him, saying, "You shall not leave us without first giving me a kiss," evidently thinking in this way to gain an evil power over him. Here ends the tale, leaving one in an unsatisfied state of mind, to be sure, but filled with the uncanny feeling of fairy romance.

(" Olaf and the Elf-Maiden ") (" Olafur og Alfamaer ")
Sung by Einan Hjaltested
Columbia Record E 3730

SWEDEN

The Nacks are water-sprites supposed by some to be enchanted human beings. The Nack dwells in lakes and rivers, and plays on a harp or a viol while anxiously waiting for redemption and deliverance. According to tradition, the following melody was composed by a young peasant who learned it from a Nack. It is a dance song, the melody being of folk origin, and a favorite in the province of Delacaria. The words are by A. A. Afzelius (1785–1871).

"The Nack's Dance" ("Nackens Polska")
Sung by Jean Theslof
Columbia Record E 2784

The following is one of the most beautiful and beloved of Swedish songs. It is supposed to be sung by a lad who is a native of Vermeland, a province of Sweden, and describes with pride and love the beauties of his land. Only a maiden of Vermeland will he marry. The melody is of unknown authorship. The words are by A. Fryxell (1795–1881).

"Ah Vermeland, thou lovely" ("Ach, Vermeland, du skona")
Sung by Mme. Staberg Hall
Columbia Record A 1388

The words and music of "Peter Swineherd" are traditional. A prince disguised as a swineherd sits singing to himself in the forest, and expressing to himself his lovelorn condition. A snake near by overhears him and promises him he shall not clasp a maiden for many a year. This evidently puts him on his mettle, and he makes his way to the king's palace, removes his old clothes, discloses his identity, and presses his suit with the princess.

"Peter Swineherd" ("Per Svinaherde")
Sung by Joel Mossberg
Columbia Record E 3007

The author of the words of "Fresh Spring Breezes" is Julia Nyberg (1785–1854). The words are a greeting to spring, telling of gently playing breezes, rushing streams, hunting-horns, water-sprites, the singing of the nightingale, and thoughts of love. The melody is traditional and a fine example of the wintry sweetness of Scandinavian folk-music.

"Fresh Spring Breezes" ("Varvindar friska, deka och kviska")
Sung by Hugo Hulten
Columbia Record E 1763

The melody of "Thou Ancient, Thou Free, Thou Rocky-high North" is of the folk. The words are by R. Dybeck (1811–77). Though of Swedish origin, this song is quite generally sung throughout Scandinavia. It is a homeland song expressive of the great love of the Scandinavian for his country—its mountains, its meadows, its forests, and its heroic traditions.

"Thou Ancient, Thou Free" (Du Gamla, du Fria)
Sung by Joel Mossberg
Columbia Record E 2931

DENMARK

The first of the following Danish songs is a fatherland song dear to the hearts of all Danes composed by Henrik Rung. The second is a true folk-song.

"In Denmark I Am Born" ("I Danmark er jeg fodt")
Sung by E. Palmetto
Columbia Record E 2632
"Danish Folk-danse" ("Dansk Folkvisa")
Mme. Staberg Hall
Columbia Record E 2300

NORWAY

"The mountain pastures of Norway are known by the name of saeters. To the saeters the cattle of the lower lands are transported for the whole time during which they are available. Wherefore a colony of attendants on the cattle is formed from the farms in the valley; and these attendants transport themselves to the saeters for the whole summer" (C. F. KEARY). The words of

"Down the Valley" describe the glad homecoming of the farm people after a summer of exile. The melody (a true folk-song) is a charming expression of the cheerful and light-hearted feelings of such an occasion.

" Down the Valley Goes the Herd " (" Os har gjort kaa gjerast skulde ")
Sung by Carsten Woll
Columbia Record E 3046

The following song, in a humorous vein, is popular with Norwegian peasants, and reflects the characteristic and childlike gaiety of these simple people.

I

Paul let his chickens run out on the hillside,
They o'er the hill went tripping along.
Paul understood by the way they were acting
Reynard was out with his red tail so long.
Cluck, cluck, cluck the chickens were sighing,
Paul was making wry faces and crying,
"Now I'm afraid to go home to mama."

II

Paul then did go farther up on the hillside.
There saw he Reynard on a hen lie and gnaw.
Paul a big stone did pick up with his hand, and
Fiercely did throw it at Reynard's old jaw.
Reynard ran, and his tail he kept shaking,
Reynard ran, and his tail he kept shaking,
"Now I'm afraid to go home to mama."

III

"Had I now jaws, and had I now claws, and
If I but knew where old Reynard lay,
How I would bite him and how I would scratch him!
I off his body the hide soon would flay.
Shame on all the red-haired foxes!
Shame on all the red-haired foxes!
Oh, how I wish they were dead and in boxes!
Then I'd not fear to go home to mama."

IV

"She cannot lay an egg, nor can she cackle;
She cannot walk a step, nor can she creep.
I must go down to the mill for some barley,
And then of meal I will bring back a heap;
Pshaw!" said Paul. "What is there to fear, boys?
Pshaw!" said Paul. "What is there to fear, boys?
Courage and tongue did so oftentimes clear, boys,
I'm not afraid to go home to mama."

V

Paul took the corn to the mill and he ground it,
So that it echoed both far and wide;
Dust and the chaff were flying around him,
There stood the meal in a bag by his side.
Paul now roared and laughed like the dickens,
Paul now roared and laughed like the dickens.
"Now I am paid for my eggs and my chickens,
Now I can safely go home to mama."

"Paul on the Hillside" ("Paal paa Haugen")
Sung by Carsten Woll
Columbia Record E 2540

KEY

áh	as	in	far.....(fahr)
a	"	"	at.....(at)
ah	"	"	" at end of syllables and words
ai	"	"	air, the ai occurring before r (fair)
ay	"	"	fade.....(fayd)
e	"	"	met.....(met)
eh	"	"	" at end of syllables and words
ee	"	"	meet.....(meet)
eu	"	"	hurt.....(heurt)
euh	"	"	" at end of syllables and words
i	"	"	pin.....(pin)
o	"	"	not.....(not)
oh	"	"	note.....(noht)
oo	"	"	move.....(moov)
u	"	"	hut.....(hut)
uh	"	"	" at end of syllables and words
u̇	"	"	put.....(put)

ü No English equivalent. Try to pronounce (ee) with lips in position for whistling. Result resembles French u.

NASAL VOWELS

Nasal vowels (indicated in the succeeding table by a dot or accent over the letter), most frequently encountered in the French language, have no precise English equivalents. They occur when a vowel is followed by an N or M (on, om). A good idea of their nasal twang may be gained by closing the nostrils with the fingers while sounding the vowels listed below. In these combinations the N sound, which gives the vowel its nasal quality, *loses separate pronunciation.* The final letter of the French word "mon," for example, is not pronounced, though it is felt in the nasal quality of the o. A common error is to sound this final consonant as if the word were spelled monn or mong. After the nasal o, when the word is correctly pronounced, the lips remain open, this

open sound being nearest represented by the letter H. Hence the present system of indicating nasal vowels: mon = (mȯhn).

						French
ȯhn	written	on, om.....	o	as in	wrong	bon = (bȯhn)
áhn	"	an, am, en, em.	a	" "	father	temps = (táhn)
ȧhn	"	in, ain, ein....	a	" "	rank	fin = (fȧhn)
ůhn	"	un, um.....	u	" "	rung	parfum = (parfůhn)

CONSONANTS

gh	as in	girl.....	gheu(r)l
gn	" "	pinion.....	(pign-yuhn)
zh	" "	pleasure.....	(plezh-uhr)
kh	" "	Scotch loch.....	(lokh)

Other consonants and consonantal combinations as in English.

TITLES OF BALLETS, DRAMAS, OPERAS, STRING QUARTETS, SUITES, SYMPHONIES, AND OTHER MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS

A

Aïda
(ah-ee-dah)
Arles, Woman of
(ahrl)
Arlésienne, L'
(lahr-lay-zee-en)
Aureliano in Palmira
(ah-oo-ray-lee-ah-noh een pahl-mee-rah)

B

Bacio, Il
(eel bah-tshoh)
Bal Costumé
(bal kos-tü-may)
Ballo in Maschera
(bahl-loh een mahs-kay-rah)
Bamboula
(bam-boo-lah)
Barbiere di Siviglia, Il
(eel bahr-bee-eh-ray dee see-vee-lyah)
Béatitudes, Les
(bay-ah-tee-tüd, lay)
Belle Hélène, La
(bel ay-len, lah)
Boccanegra, Simon
(bok-kah-nay-grah, see-mon)
Bohème, La
(bo-em, lah)
Brabançonne, La
(brah-báhn-son, lah)

C

Caïd, Le
(kah-eed, leu)
Carmen
(kar-men)
Carnaval des Animaux
(kar-na-val dayz ah-nee-mo)
Casse-Noisette Suite
(kahs-nwah-zet sweet)
Cavalleria Rusticana
(kah-vahl-lay-ree-ah roos-tee-kah-nah)
Childe Harold
(tsaeeld har-euhld)
Clovis et Clothilde
(klo-vees ay klo-teeld)
Contes d'Hoffmann
(kòhnt dof-mahn)
Coq d'Or
(kok-dor)

D

Djamileh
(dzha-mee-lay)
Don Carlos
(don kahr-los)
Don Pasquale
(don pahs-kwah-lay)
Don Quixote
(don kee-ho-tay)

E

Elisabetta, regina d'Inghilterra
(ay-lee-zah-bet-tah, ray-jee-nah deen-gheel-ter-rah)
Elisir di Amore, L'
(l'el-ee-seer dah-mo-ray)
Enfant Prodigue, L'
(l'áhn-fáhn pro-deeg)
Erinnyes, Les
(air-reen, lays)

Ernani
(air-nah-nee)
Eugen Onegin
(oy-ghayn oh-nay-ghin)

F

Faust
(fahoost)
Favorita, La
(fah-vo-ree-tah, la)
Femme du Tabarin, La
(fam dü tab-bar-råhn, la)
Filtro, Il
(feel-tro, eel)
Forza del Destino
(for-tza del des-tee-no)
Frühling, Der
(frü-ling, dayr)

G

Gallia
(gal-leea)
Gerontius
(jay-ron-tee-oos)
Ghiselle
(ghee-sel)
Gioconda, La
(joh-kohn-dah, lah)
Goyescas
(go-yes-kahs)
Grânde Tante, La
(grahnd tahnt)
Guillaume Tell
(gee-yohm tel)

H

Hernani
(air-nan-nee)
Hérodiade
(ay-ro-dyad)
Hora Novissima
(hoh-rah no-vees-see-mah)
Huguenots, Les
(üg-no, lays)

I

Iolanthe
(ee-yo-lan-ty)
Ismène
(ees-men)

J

Jeunesse d'Hercule, La
(zhe-unes dair-kül, la)
Jocelyn
(zhos-låhn)
Jolie Fille de Perth, La
(zho-lee fee deu pairt, la)
Jongleur de Notre Dame, Le
(zhôhn-gleur deu notr dam, leu)
Jota Aragonesa
(ho-tah ah-rah-go-nay-sah)

K

Kyrie Eleison
(kü-ree el-lay-son)

L

Lakmé
(lahk-may)
Letzter Frühling
(letzter früh-ling)
Libera me
(lee-bay-rah may)
Lombardi, I
(lom-bahr-dee, ee)
Lucia di Lammermoor
(loo-cheeah dee lahm-mair-moor)
Lucrezia Borgia
(loo-kray-tzeeah, bor-jah)
Lucrezia Floriani
(los-kray-tzah flo-ree-ah-nee)
Luisa Miller
(looee-sah meel-lair)

M

Manon
(man-nôhn)
Manon Lescaut
(man-nôhn les-koh)
Mariage de Loti, Le
(mar-ree-azh deu lo-tee, leu)
Marseillaise
(mar-seh-yehz)
Médecin Malgré Lui, Le
(mayd-sâhn mal-gray lüee, leuh)
Medici, I
(may-dee-chi, ee)
Mefistofele
(may-fees-to-fay-lay)

Mignon
(mee-gnôhn)
Mireille
(mee-reh-yee)
Misérables, Les
(mee-zay-rabl, lay)
Mors et Vita
(mors et vee-tah)

N

Naila, die Quellen Fee
(nahee-lah, dee kvel-len fay)
Natoma
(nah-toh-mah)
Navarraise, La
(nav-var-raiz, lah)
Noël
(no-el)
Norma
(nor-mah)
Nuit à Lisbonne
(nüeet tal lees-bon)

O

Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio
(o-bair-to, kon-tay dee san bonee-fah-tsho)
Oiseau de Feu
(wa-zo deuh feu)
Orestia
(o-res-tee-ah)
Orphée aux Enfers
(or-fay ohz áhn-fair)
Otello
(o-tel-lo)

P

Pagliacci
(pahgl-yaht-tshi)
Pêcheurs des Perles, Les
(peh-sheur day pairl, lay)
Peer Gynt
(peer gint)
Pelléas et Mélisande
(pel-lay-ahs ay may-lee-záhnd)
Petite Suite
(peuh-teet sweet)
Petrouchka
(pay-trootsh-ka)
Phaëton
(fah-ay-tohn)
Pique Dame
(peek dam)
Pirata, Il
(pee-rah-tah, eel)
Portrait de Manon, Le
(por-treh deuh mah-nohn, leuh)
Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune
(pray-lüd ah lap-pray mee-dee deúhn fohn)
Prince Igor
(ee-gor)
Promessi Sposi, I
(promes-see spo-zee, ee)
Prometheus
(pro-mee-thyoos)
Puritani, I
(poo-ree-tah-nee, ee)

R

Reine de Saba
(rehn deuh sah-bah)
Requiem
(rey-kwiem)
Rêve Angélique
(raiv áhn-zhay-leek)
Rhapsodie d'Auvergne
(rap-so-dee do-vairgn)
Rigoletto
(ree-go-let-to)
Roi Malgré Lui, Le
(rwa mal-gray lüee, leuh)
Roi s'amuse, Le
(rwa sam-müz, leuh)
Rondo Perpetuo
(rohn-doh pair-pet-oo-o)
Rouët d'Omphale, Le
(rweh dom-fal, leuh)

S

Samson et Délilah
(sáhn-sôhn ay day-lee-lah)
Sardanapale
(sar-dah-nah-pal)
Scènes Pittoresques
(sen peet-to-resk)
Scheherazade
(skay-ayr-ah-tzah-day)
Semiramide
(say-mee-rah-mee-day)
Shanewis
(shah-noo-is)

Snegourotchka
(shnay-goo-rotch-kah)
Solveg's Song
(sol-vayghs)
Sonnambula, La
(son-nahn-boo-lah, lah)
Source, La
(soors, lah)
Souvenirs de Hapsal
(soo-veuh-neer deuh hap-sal)
Stabat Mater
(stah-bat mah-tayr)
Suite Algérienne
(sweet al-zhay-ree-en)
Symphonie Fantastique
(sáhn-fo-nee fáhn-tay-tik)
Symphonie Pathétique
(sáhn-fo-nee pah-tay-teek)

T

Tancredi
(tahn-kray-dee)
Te Deum
(tay day-oom)
Thaïs
(tah-ees)
Tosca, La
(tos-kah, lah)
Traviata, La
(trah-vee-ah-tah, lah)
Trovatore, Il
(tro-vah-to-ray, eel)
Vie de Bohème, La
(vee deuh bo-em, lah)

W

Werther
(vair-tair)

Z

Zoraïde di Granata
(tzo-rahee-day dee grah-nah-tah)

MUSICAL AND FOREIGN TERMS

A

Abbé
(ab-bay)
Adagietto
(ah-dah-jet-toh)
Andante
(ahn-dahn-tay)
Andante Cantabile
(ahn-dahn-tay kahn-tah-bee-lay)
Anno Domini
(ahn-no do-mee-nee)
Apropos
(ah-pro-po)
Aria
(ah-reeah)

B

Bacchanale
(bahk-kah-nahl)
Ballet
(bal-leh)
Bambino
(bahm-bee-noh)
Banderilleros
(bahn-day-reegl-yay-ros)
Barcarolle
(bahr-kah-rol)
Berceuse
(bair-seuz)
Bizarre
(bee-zar)
Boulevardiers
(bool-var-dyay)
Bravura
(brah-voo-rah)
Buffo
(boof-foh)

C

Cadenza
(kah-dents-sah)
Café
(kah-fay)
Calèche
(kah-lehsh)
Campanella
(kahn-pah-nel-lah)
Cantabile
(kahn-tah-bee-lay)
Cantata
(kahn-tah-tah)
Cantor
(kahn-tohr)
Capellmeister
(ka-pel-maee-tehr)
Capriccio
(kah-preets-shoh)
Cavatina
(kah-vah-tee-nah)
Chorus mysticus
(ko-rüs mees-tee-küs)
Chulos
(tshoo-los)
Coloratura
(koh-loh-rah-too-rah)
Comédie humaine
(ko-may-dee ü-men)
Concerto
(kohn-tser-toh)
Contrabandista
(kon-trah-bahn-dees-tah)
Cortège
(kor-tehzh)
Cuadrilla
(kwah-dreegl-yah)
Czardas
(tshahr-dahs)

D

Début
(day-bü)
Dies iræ
(dee-es ee-rahee)
Distrait
(dees-treh)

E

Ensemble
(áhn-sáhmbl)
Entrée
(áhn-tray)
Esprit
(es-pree)
Étude
(ay-tüd)

F

Fanfare
(fáhn-fahr)
Fantasia
(fahn-tah-zeeah)
Farandole
(fah-ran-dol)
Fête
(feht)
Feuilletons
(feuh-yee-tòhn)
Fiancée
(fee-áhn-say)
Finale
(fee-nah-lay)
Fugue
(fyug)

G

Gaitos
(gahee-tos)
Grand Prix de Rome
(gráhn pree deuh rom)

H

Habañera
(ah-bah-nay-rah)
Homard
(om-mar)
Humoreske
(hu-mo-resk)

I

Incognito
(een-ko-gnee-toh)
Intermezzo
(een-tayr-medz-zoh)
Io t'amo
(eeoh tah-moh)

J

Jettatore
(jayt-tah-toh-ray)
Jota
(hoh-tah)

L

Largo
(lahr-goh)
Le bon Dieu
(leuh bohn dyeuh)
Libretti
(lee-brayt-tee)
Libretto
(lee-brayt-toh)
Loge
(lohzh)
Lorgnette
(lor-gnet)

M

Madrigal
(mad-ree-gal)
Maestro
(mah-es-troh)
Minuet
(mee-nüeh)

N

Naïve
(nah-eev)
Naïveté
(nah-eev-tay)
Nocturne
(nok-türn)
Note sensible
(not sáhn-seebl)

O

Obligato
(ohb-lee-gah-toh)
Olé
(oh-lay)
Opéra comique
(op-pay-rah kom-meek)
Oratorio
(oh-rah-to-reeoh)
Orientale
(o-ree-åhn-tal)

P

Peste! mon garçon!
(pest! mòhn gar-sòhn)
Piquant
(pee-káhn)
Pizzicato
(peetz-see-kah-toh)
Polacca
(poh-lahk-kah)
Polonaise
(pol-o-nehz)
Præludium
(praee-loo-deeoom)

Prélude
(pray-lüd)
Première
(preum-yair)
Prestige
(pres-teezh)
Prix de Rome
(pree deuh rom)

R

Recitative
(reh-sit-euh-tiv)
Renaissance
(reuh-nehs-sáhns)
Ridi, Pagliacci
(ree-dee, pahgl-yah-tshee)
Rôle
(rohl)
Romanza
(roh-mahn-tha) or (roh-mahn-za)
Rondo
(rohn-doh)

S

Sæters
(say-teuhrs)
Saga
(sah-gah)
Salterello
(sal-tay-rel-loh)
Sans-culottes
(sáhn-kü-lot)
Sarafan
(sah-rah-fahn)
Scenario
(shay-nah-reeoh)
Scherzi
(skayr-tsee)
Scherzo
(skayr-tsoh)
Siciliana
(see-tsheel-ee-ah-nah)
Signor
(see-gnohr)
Solfège
(sol-fehzh)
Sonata
(soh-nah-tah)
Sono un poeta
(so-no oon po-ay-tah)
Suite
(sweet)

T

Tarantelle
(tah-ran-tel)
Toreros
(to-ray-ros)
Tortillas
(tor-teel-yahs)
Tour de force
(toor deuh fors)
Troches
(trohks)

V

Valse
(vals)
Vaquero
(vah-kay-ro)
Vice versa
(vee-tshay-vair-sah)
Virtuoso
(veer-too-oh-soh)
Viva Vittorio Emmanuele Re d'Italia
(vee-vah veet-to-reeoh em-mah-noo-eh-lay, ray deetah-leeah)

PROPER AND GEOGRAPHICAL NAMES

A

Abimelech
(ah-bee-may-lek)
Abruzzi
(ah-broots-see)
Académie
(ah-kah-day-mee)
Adalgisa
(ah-dahl-jee-zah)
Adam, Adolph
(ah-dáhm ah-dolf)
Adina
(ah-dee-nah)
Adoniram
(ad-don-nee-ráhm)
Æneid
(ee-nee-id)
Ætna
(et-neuh)
Afzelius
(ahf-zay-leeoos)
Aïda
(ah-ee-dah)
Ajib
(ah-jeeb)
Aladdin
(euh-lad-din)
Alboni
(al-boh-nee)
Alessándrovitch
(al-les-san-dro-vitsh)
Alfio
(ahl-fee-oh)
Alfredo
(ahl-fray-doh)
Alfven, Hugo
(ahlf-ven)
Algiers
(al-jeerz)
Aliaferia
(ah-leeah-fay-reeah)
Almaviva
(ahl-mah-vee-vah)
Alsace-Lorraine
(al-zas-lor-ren)
Alvarez
(ahl-vah-reth)
Alvaro
(ahl-vah-ro)
Alvise
(ahl-vee-zay)
Amelia
(ah-may-leeah)
Amiens
(ah-meeáhn)
Amina
(ah-mee-nah)
Aminta
(ah-meen-tah)
Amneris
(ahm-nay-rees)
Amonosro
(ah-mo-nos-ro)
Anacreon
(euh-nak-ri-euhn)
Anacreontic
(euh-nak-ri-on-tik)
Andalusia
(an-deuh-loo-zheuh)
Andalusian
(an-deuh-loo-zheuhn)
Angelo
(ahn-jel-loh)
Angeloni
(ahn-jay-loh-nee)
Angelotti
(ahn-jay-lot-tee)
Anitra
(ah-nee-trah)
Anna Karénina
(ahn-nah kah-ray-nee-nah)
Antonia
(ahn-to-neeah)
Aphrodite
(ah-fro-deet)
Arabi Pasha
(ah-rah-bee pah-sheuh)
Aragon
(ar-euh-gon)
Ariège
(ah-ree-ehzh)
Armanini
(ahr-mah-nee-nee)
Arnheim, (Count)
(ahrn-haeem)

Arsaces
(ahr-zas)
Artôt, Désirée
(ar-toh, day-zee-ray)
Ascanio
(ahs-kah-neeo)
Åse
(óh-seuh)
Asturias
(as-too-reeahs)
Athanael
(ah-tah-nah-el)
Auber
(oh-bair)
Aulin, Tor
(oo-lin, tor)
Auvergne
(oh-vairgn)
Avoca
(a-vo-ka)
Avon
(ay-veuhn) or (av-euhn)
Azucena
(ah-zoo-tshay-nah)

B

Bach, J. S.
(bahkh)
Baculard-Darnaud
(bah-kü-lar-dar-no)
Badini
(bah-dee-nee)
Bagasset
(bah-gas-set)
Baklanoff, George
(bah-klah-nof)
Balakireff, Mili
(bah-lah-kee-ref, mee-lee)
Balalaika
(bah-lah-lace-kah)
Baldassare, L.
(bahl-dahssah-ray)
Balfe
(balf)
Balthazar
(bal-ta-zar)
Balzac
(bal-zak)
Barbaroux
(bar-bah-roo)
Barbaja
(bahr-bah-eeah)
Barbier, Jules
(bar-bee-yeh, zhül)
Barezzi
(bah-retz-zee)
Barnaba
(bahr-nah-bah)
Barrère, George
(bar-rair, zhorzh)
Barrientos, Maria
(bahr-ree-en-tos, mah-reeah)
Bartolo
(bahr-toh-loh)
Basilio, Don
(bah-zee-leeoh)
Basily
(bah-zee-lee)
Bayreuth
(bahee-roit)
Beaumarchais
(boh-mar-sheh)
Beethoven
(bay-to-vehn)
Belcore
(bel-ko-ray)
Belgiocoso, Prince
(bel-joh-ko-soh)
Bellini, Vincenzo
(bel-lee-nee, veen-tshen-tso)
Bendinelli
(bayn-dee-nel-lee)
Beppe
(bep-pay)
Béranger
(bay-ráhn-zhay)
Bergamo
(bair-gah-moh)
Bergen
(bair-ghen)
Berlioz, Hector
(bair-leeoz)
Bernhardt, Sarah
(bairn-har, sah-rah)
Bettoni
(bayt-to-nee)
Bielinska, Julia
(bee-lin-skah)
Bielsky
(bee-elss-ky)
Bizet, Alexandre César Léopold
(bee-zay, ah-leks-ähndr say-zar lay-o-pol)
Bizet, Georges
(bee-zay, zhorzh)

Blanchart, Ramon
(blåhn-shar, ra-mòn)
Blau, Edward
(blaoo, ayd-ward)
Boieldieu
(bwa-el-djeu)
Boito, Arrigo
(boee-toh, ahr-ree-goh)
Bologna
(boh-logn-yah)
Bonci, Alessandro
(bon-tshee, ah-les-sahn-dro)
Boniface
(bo-nee-fas)
Boninsegna, Celestina
(bo-neen-saygn-ah, tshel-lays-tee-nah)
Borello, Camille
(boh-rel-loh, kah-meel-lay)
Borge Cavale
(bor-jay kah-vah-lay)
Borgia, Cæsar
(bor-jah, tsee-zahr)
Boris Godounow
(boh-rees go-doo-now)
Borodin, Alexander
(boh-roh-din, al-eks-ahn-deuhr)
Bouffes Parisiennes
(boof pah-ree-zee-en)
Boulevard Malesherbes
(bool-var mal-zairb)
Bourbon
(boor-bòn)
Brahma
(brah-mah)
Brailov
(brah-ilov)
Brambilla, Signora
(brahm-beel-lah see-gnoh-rah)
Briseïs
(bree-say-ees)
Brocken
(brok-ken)
Bronskaja, Eugénie
(brons-kaheeah, eu-zhay-nee)
Bruneau, Alfred
(brü-noh)
Budapest
(boo-dah-pest)
Bull, Ole
(bull, olay)
Bülow, von
(bü-lo, von)
Busseto
(boos-say-toh)

C

Café Momus
(kah-fay mo-müs)
Calabria
(kah-lah-bree-ah)
Calchas
(kal-kahs)
Callirrhoë
(kal-leer-roh-ay)
Cammerano
(kahm-may-rah-noh)
Campanari, Giuseppe
(kahm-pah-nah-ree joo-sep-pay)
Canio
(kah-nee-oh)
Capoul, Victor
(ka-pool)
Capulets
(kap-pew-lets)
Carcal
(kar-kal)
Carlos, Don
(kahr-los)
Carmen
(kar-men)
Carmon
(kar-mòn)
Carré, Michel
(kar-ray, mee-shel)
Carte, D'Oyly
(kahr-tay, doheelee)
Cartica, Carlo
(kahr-tee-kah, kahr-loh)
Carvalho
(kahr-vah-loh)
Casals, Pablo
(kah-sahls, pah-blo)
Castellor
(kahs-tel-lor)
Catania
(kah-tah-nee-ah)
Cattorini
(kaht-toh-ree-nee)
Cavaletti, Stefano
(kah-vah-lay-tee, stay-fah-noh)
Cavalieri, Lina
(kah-vah-lee-ay-ree, lee-nah)
Cavaradossi
(kah-vah-rah-dos-see)

Cavour
(kah-vo-oor)
Caucasian
(kaw-kay-shun)
Ceylonese
(sil-o-neez)
Chabrier, Emmanuel
(shah-bree-ay, em-man-nü-el)
Chaminade, Cécile
(shah-mee-nad, say-seel)
Champs-Elysées
(sháhnz-el-lee-zay)
Charpentier, Gustave
(shar-páhn-teeay, güs-tav)
Cherubini
(kay-roo-bee-nee)
Chesnokoff
(tshes-no-koff)
Chevalier
(sheuh-val-yay)
Chopin, Frédéric François
(sho-páhn, fray-day-reék fráhn-swah)
Christiania
(kris-ti-ah-nieuh)
Cieca, La
(tshay-kah, lah)
Cilla
(tsheel-lah)
Cio-Cio-San
(tsho-tsho-sahn)
Circassian
(seur-kas-shun)
Cluney
(klü-nee)
Colbran
(kol-bráhn)
Coleraine
(kohl-rayn)
Colline
(kol-leen)
Cologne
(ko-logn)
Columbine
(kol-uhm-baeen)
Commune
(kom-mün)
Como (Lake)
(ko-mo)
Conservatoire
(köhn-sair-va-twar)
Constantino, Florencio
(kon-stahn-tee-noh, flo-ren-tsho)
Copenhagen
(ko-pen-hah-ghen)
Coppelia
(kop-pel-eeah)
Coppelius
(ko-pel-eeuhs)
Cormon
(kor-móhn)
Corneille
(kor-nayee)
Costanzi
(kos-tahn-tzee)
Côte-Saint-André
(koht-sáhnt-áhn-dray)
Cottino
(koht-tee-noh)
Cottrau
(kot-troh)
Cours de la Reine
(koor deu lah ren)
Craigdarroch
(krayg-dar-rokh)
Cremona
(kray-moh-nah)
Crespel
(kres-pel)
Crimean
(kry-mieun)
Crobyle
(kro-beel)
Cui, César
(kooee, say-zahr)
Czech
(tshek)
Czerny
(tshayr-nee)

D

Dagon
(dag-góhn)
D'Agoult, Countess of
(dah-goo)
Damrosch, Walter
(dam-rosh)
Dante
(dan-tay)
Dapertutto
(dah-payr-toot-toh)
Dargomizsky
(dahr-goh-miz-sky)
Daudet
(doh-deh)
De Bretigny
(deu breu-teegn-ee)

Debussy, Claude Achille
(deubüs-see, klohd a-sheel)
De Calatrava, Marquis
(deu kal-lat-trav-va, mar-kee)
Dechez, Louis
(deuh-shay, lwee)
De Comminges, Le Comte
(deu kom-mâhnzh, leu kôhnt)
Delacaria
(day-lah-kah-reeah)
Delacroix
(deu-lak-krwa)
De Larderel, Florestan
(deu lar-drel, flo-res-tahn)
De Leuven
(deu leu-ven)
Delibes, Léo
(deu-leeb, lay-o)
Delilah
(deu-lee-lah)
De Lisle, Leconte
(deu leel, leuhkôhnt)
De l'Isle, Rouget
(deuh leel, roo-zheh)
Delius, Fritz
(day-liyuhs, fritz)
Del Pozo (a) Mochuelo Antonio
(dayl potho, motsh-oo-ay-lo ahn-to-neeo)
Delsarte
(del-sart)
De Musset
(deu müs-say)
De Nerval, Gérard
(deu nair-val, zhay-rar)
De Nivelle, Jean
(deu nee-vel, zhâhn)
D'Ennery
(den-ree)
Denza
(den-tsah)
De Régnier, Henri
(deuh ray-gnay, âhn-ree)
De Rezké, Edward
(deu resh-kay, ed-war)
Desdemona
(des-deu-mo-nah)
De Segurola, Andrea
(day say-goo-roh-lah, ahn-dray-ah)
Des Grieux
(day greeyeu)
De Silva, Don Gomez
(deu seel-vah, don go-meth)
Destinn, Emmy
(des-teen em-mee)
Di Capua
(dee kah-poo-ah)
Didon
(de-dôhn)
Dieuze
(dyeuz)
Di Luna, Count
(dee loo-nah)
Di Luna, Garcia
(dee loo-nah, gahr-theeah)
Dmitri
(dmee-tree)
Dodon
(doh-dohn)
Donizetti, Gaetano
(don-nee-tzet-tee, gah-ay-tah-no)
Dostoievsky, Feodor
(dos-toy-evs-ky fay-o-dor)
Drammen
(drahm-men)
Dufranne, Hector
(dü-fran)
Dulcamara
(dül-kah-mah-rah)
Du Locle, Camille
(dü lokl, kam-mee)
Dumas, Alexandre
(du-mah, al-lek-sâhndr)
Duprez
(dü-pray)
Dvorâk, Antonin
(dvor-zhahk, ahn-to-neen)

E

Eboli, Princess
(eb-bo-lee)
Ellsner
(els-nayr)
Elvino
(el-vee-no)
Elvira
(el-vee-rah)
Enzo
(en-tzo)
Ernani
(air-nah-nee)
Ernesto
(air-nes-to)
Eros
(er-ros)

Escamillo
(es-kah-meel-yo)
Esclarmonde
(es-klar-mòhnd)
Esus
(ay-sŭs)

F

Falstaff
(fal-staf)
Farnese Palace
(fahr-nay-zay)
Fauré, Gabriel
(foh-ray, gab-ree-el)
Faust
(fahoost)
Fenice
(fay-nee-tshay)
Fernand
(fair-náhn)
Ferrari-Fontana, Edoardo
(fair-rah-ree-fon-tah-nah, ed-dwar-do)
Fiedler, Max
(fee-dlehr, maks)
Figaro
(fee-gar-ro)
Filina
(fee-lee-nah)
Flavio
(flah-veeo)
Fokine
(fo-keen)
Formici, Carlo
(for-mee-tshee, kahr-lo)
Fortunatus
(for-too-nah-toos)
Fournier, Estelle
(foor-nyay, es-tel)
France, Anatole
(fráhns an-na-tol)
Franck, César
(fráhn, say-zar)
Frascani
(frahs-kah-nee)
Frasquita
(frahs-kee-tah)
Frederi
(fred-day-ree)
Fremstad, Olive
(frem-stad, ol-leev)
Friedheim, Arthur
(freed-haheem)
Fryxell
(friks-el)
Fumaroli, Maddalena
(foo-mah-ro-lee, mahd-dah-lay-nah)

G

Gabetti
(gah-bayt-tee)
Gaelic
(gay-lik)
Gallet, Louis
(gal-lay, looee)
Galli-Marié
(gal-lee-mar-ree-ay)
Garcia, Ramón
(gahr-theeah rah-mòn)
Garibaldi
(gah-ree-bahl-dee)
Gauthier, Eva
(go-tyeeay, ay-vah)
Gautier, Marguerite
(go-tyeeay, mar-gheu-reet)
Gautier, Théophile
(go-tyeeay, tay-o-feel)
Gáza
(gah-zah)
Gennaro
(jen-nah-ro)
Georges
(zhorzh)
Géronte
(zhay-ròhnt)
Gerville-Reache, Jeanne
(zhair-veel-ray-ash, zhan)
Gessler
(ges-layr)
Giacosa
(jah-ko-sah)
Gilda
(jeel-dah)
Gille, Philippe
(zheel, fee-leep)
Girondins
(zhee-ròhn-dáhn)
Giulietta
(joo-lyet-tah)
Glinka, Michail Ivanovich
(glin-kah, mi-kael ee-vah-noh-vitsh)
Godard, Benjamin
(go-dar, báhn-zha-máhn)
Godowsky, Leopold
(goh-doff-skee, lay-oh-pohld)

Goethe
(geu-tay)
Goncourt
(gòhn-koor)
Gordian
(gor-diuhn)
Gorrio, Tobia
(gor-reeo, to-beeah)
Gottschalk, Louis Moreau
(got-shalk, lwi mo-ro)
Goudinet
(goo-dee-nay)
Gounod, Charles François
(goo-no, sharl fràhn-swa)
Gramachree
(gram-ak-ree)
Granados, Enrique
(grah-nah-dos, en-ree-kay)
Graveure, Louis
(grav-veur, looee)
Greigh
(greg)
Grieg, Edvard
(greeg, ed-vahrd)
Grisi
(gree-zee)
Guiraud, Ernst
(ghee-ro, airnst)
Gustavus
(güs-tah-vüs)
Gwendoline
(gwen-do-leen)

H

Halévy, Geneviève
(al-lay-vee, zhen-vyayv)
Halévy, Ludovic
(al-lay-vee, lü-do-veek)
Halvorsen, Johan
(hahl-vor-sen, yo-hahn)
Hapsal
(hap-sal)
Harlequin
(hah-li-kwin)
Havre
(ahvr)
Heine, Heinrich
(hahinay, hahin-rikh)
Herodias
(ay-ro-dyahs)
Herold
(hay-rol)
Hiawatha
(hai-euh-wo-theuh)
Hiller
(hil-layr)
Hjaltested, Einan
(jahl-teh-sted, aee-nan)
Hoffman
(hof-man)
Hofmann, Josef
(hof-man, yo-sef)
Hornacuelos
(hor-nah-küay-los)

I

Ibsen, Henrik
(ib-sen, hen-rik)
Illica, Luigi
(eel-lee-kah, lwee-jee)
Imatra
(ee-mah-trah)
Imeretia
(ee-may-ray-tiah)
Ippolitoff-Ivonoff
(ip-pol-i-tof-i-vah-nof)
Ismailia
(ees-mahil-eeah)
Ivan
(ee-vahn)
Izett
(ee-zet)
Izetti
(ee-set-tee)

J

Jacobsen, Sascha
(yah-kob-sen, sahs-kah)
Janpolski
(yahn-pol-sky)
Jarnefelt, Armas
(yahr-nay-felt, ahr-mahs)
Jean
(zháhn)
Jean de Nivelle
(zháhn deu nee-vel)
Jenneval
(zhen-val)
Jephtha
(zhef-tah)
José
(ho-say)

Journal des Débats
(zhoor-nal day day-bah)
Julien
(zhü-leeähn)

K

Kankowska
(kahn-kow-sha)
Karol, Prince
(kar-rol)
Kashkin
(kash-kin)
Kassaya
(kas-sah-ya)
Khédive
(kay-deev)
Kittay, Tovio
(kee-tay, to-vyo)
Kleinzach
(klaheen-zahkh)
Klopstock
(klop-stok)
Kongsberg
(kongs-bairg)
Krehbiel
(kray-beel)
Kreidler
(kraheed-lehr)
Kreisler
(krahees-layr)

L

Lablache
(lab-blash)
Lakmé
(lak-may)
Lamartine
(lam-mar-teen)
Laschanska, Hulda
(lahsh-ahnskah, hool-dah)
Lavigna
(lah-veegn-ah)
Lazaro, Hipolito
(lah-tha-ro, ee-pol-ee-to)
Leila
(layee-lah)
Leipsic
(laeep-seek)
Lena, Morris
(lay-nah, mor-rees)
Leoncavallo, Bey
(layon-kah-vahl-lo bay)
Leoncavallo, Ruggiero
(layon-kah-vahl-lo, ru-jay-ro)
Leonora
(lay-o-no-rah)
Lescaut
(les-ko)
Lesueur
(leu-sü-eur)
Leuven
(leu-ven)
Liége
(lyayzh)
Lie, Jonas
(lee, yo-nahs)
Lille
(leel)
Lindorf
(lin-dorf)
Lindoro
(leen-do-ro)
Lipkowska
(leep-kows-kah)
Liszt, Franz
(list frantz)
Loch Lomond
(lokh loh-mond)
Lola
(lo-lah)
Lopez-Nunes
(lo-peth-noo-nes)
Lothario
(lo-tah-reeo)
Loti, Pierre
(lo-tee, pyair)
Lucca
(look-kah)
Lucerne, Lake
(lü-sairn)
Lucia
(loo-cheeah)
Lulli
(lool-lee)

M

Maddalena
(mahd-dah-lay-nah)
Madeleine
(mad-len)
Maeterlinck, Maurice
(met-air-lank, mo-rees)
Majorca
(mah-yor-kah)
Manon
(man-nóhn)

Manrico of Urgel
(mahn-ree-ko euv oor-jel)
Mantua, Duke of
(mahn-tooah)
Manzoni, Alessandro
(mahn-zo-nee, ah-les-sahn-dro)
Marcel
(mar-sel)
Mardones, José
(mahr-do-nes, ho-say)
Margherita, Queen
(mahr-gay-ree-tah)
Mariani
(mah-ree-ah-nee)
Mariette Bey
(mah-ree-et-ay bay)
Marina
(mah-ree-nah)
Mario
(mah-reeo)
Martinez
(mahr-tee-neth)
Martinmas
(mah [r]-tin-mas)
Mascagni, Pietro
(mahs-kahgn-ee, pee-e-tro)
Massenet, Jules Frédéric
(mas-neh, zhül fray-day-reek)
Mattei, Padre
(maht-tay-ee, pah-dray)
Matzenauer, Margarete
(mah-tzen-ow-ehr mahr-gah-ray-teh)
Mayer, Simon
(mah-yair, see-mon)
Mazzari, Count
(mahts-sah-ree)
Mazzucato, Alberto
(mahtz-zoo-kah-to, ahl-bair-to)
Meath
(meeth)
Mecca
(mek-kah)
Meck, Nadeshda von
(mek, na-desh-dah fon)
Media
(may-dee-ah)
Mefistofele
(may-fees-to-fay-lay)
Méhul
(may-ül)
Meilhac
(may-lak)
Mendelssohn
(men-dels-sohn)
Mendès, Catulle
(máhn-dehs, kat-tül)
Mephisto
(may-fees-to)
Mercadante
(mair-kah-dahn-tay)
Mercedes
(mair-thay-des)
Mérimée, Prosper
(may-ree-may, pros-pair)
Merrilies, Meg
(mair-ri-less, meg)
Méry
(may-ree)
Metz
(metz)
Meyerbeer
(may-yair-bair)
Micaela
(mee-kah-ay-lah)
Mignon
(mee-gnóhn)
Mincio
(meen-cho)
Minkous
(min-koos)
Mimi
(mee-mee)
Miracle, Doctor
(mee-rahkl)
Mirate
(mee-rah-tay)
Missions des Étrangers
(mees-syóhn days ay-tráhn-zhay)
Mistral, Frédéric
(mees-tral, fray-day-reek)
Miura, Tamaki
(myoo-rah tah-mah-kee)
Mochuelo
(motsh-oo-ay-lo)
Modest
(mod-dest)
Moldavia
(mol-dah-veeah)
Monongahela
(meu-nong-eu-hee-leu)
Montagues
(mon-teh-gyooz)
Monte Carlo
(mon-tay kahr-lo)
Monte di Pietà
(mon-tay dee pee-ay-tah)

Monteaux
(mòhn-to)
Monterone
(mon-tay-ro-nay)
Montmartre
(mòhn-martr)
Moulmein
(mool-maeen)
Moussorgsky, Modest
(moos-sorg-sky, mod-dest)
Mozart
(mot-sart)
Mürger, Henri
(mür-zhay, áhn-ree)
Musette
(mü-zet)
Myrtale
(meer-tal)

N

Nadir
(nad-deer)
Nagasaki
(nag-gas-sah-kee)
Nanki Poo
(nahn-kee poo)
Nedda
(ned-dah)
Nemorino
(nay-mo-ree-no)
Néva
(nav-vah)
Nicias
(nee-see-ahs)
Nicklausse
(nik-lows)
Nielsen
(neel-son)
Nietzsche
(neet-sheh)
Nilakantha
(nee-lah-kahn-tah)
Nordraak
(nor-drahk)
Norina
(no-ree-nah)
Norma
(nor-mah)
Novello
(no-vel-lo)

O

Odéon, Théâtre
(o-day-òhn tay-ahtr)
Offenbach, Jacques
(of-fen-bahkh, zhahk)
Oise
(wahz)
Olitska
(o-leets-kah)
Olivieri, Allesio
(o-lee-vyeh-ree, ahl-lay-seeoh)
Olshansky
(ol-shahn-sky)
Olympia
(o-limp-i-euh)
Onaway
(on-euh-way)
Ophelia
(oh-fee-li-euh)
Opie
(oo-pi)
Oppezzo
(op-paytz-so)
Orpheus
(or-fyoos)
Orsini
(or-see-nee)
Ortona
(ohr-toh-nah)

P

Paganelli
(pag-gah-nel-lee)
Paganini
(pah-gah-nee-nee)
Paisiello
(pahee-see-ello)
Palestrina
(pah-les-tree-nah)
Palmetto
(pahl-met-toh)
Pamiers
(pam-myay)
Pan Antonin
(pahn ahn-to-neen)
Paphnuce
(pahf-nüs)
Pasquale, Don
(pahs-kwah-lay)
Passy
(pas-see)
Pasta, La
(pahs-tah, lah)
Pastia, Lillas
(pahs-teeah, leel-lahs)
Patti
(paht-tee)

Penzance
(pen-zans)
Pepoli, Count
(pay-po-lee)
Père Lachaise
(pair lah-shaiz)
Perrin
(pair-ráhn)
Pesaro
(pay-zah-ro)
Petrie, George
(pee-try)
Petrograd
(pay-troh-grad)
Petrofsky
(pay-trov-sky)
Phanuel
(fah-nü-el)
Phtha
(thah)
Piave
(pih-ah-vay)
Pierné, Gabriel
(pih-air-nay ga-brih-el)
Pinsuti
(peen-soo-tee)
Plotinus
(plo-tee-nooꞩ)
Pogany, Willy
(pog-ahny, veely)
Pollione
(pol-leeo-nay)
Polovtsian
(pol-ov-tsee-an)
Polverosi, Manfredi
(pol-vay-rosee, mahn-fray-dee)
Polynesia
(pol-i-nee-zia)
Ponchielli, Amilcare
(pon-kee-el-lee, ah-meel-kah-ray)
Pougin
(poo-zhan)
Prague
(prahg)
Prévost, Abbé
(pray-vo, ab-bay)
Prinetti
(pree-net-tee)
Promethean
(pro-mee-thi-eun)
Provençal
(pro-váhn-sal)
Provence
(pro-váhns)
Puccini, Giacomo
(poot-tshee-nee, jah-ko-mo)
Punchinello
(poon-tshee-nel-lo)
Pushkin
(push-kin)

R

Rachmaninoff, Sergei
(rahk-mahn-i-nof, sair-gay-iy)
Radames
(rah-dah-mes)
Raiding
(rahee-ding)
Ramphis
(rahm-fees)
Reber, Henri
(ray-bair, áhn-ree)
Recio, Marie
(ray-thio, ma-ree)
Renato
(ray-nah-to)
Renaud, Mother
(reuh-no)
Rennes
(ren)
Riccardo
(reek-kahr-do)
Ricordi
(ree-kor-dee)
Ricordi, Tito
(ree-kor-dee, tee-to)
Rigoletto
(ree-go-let-to)
Rimsky-Korsakoff, Nicholas
(rim-ski-kor-sah-kof, nik-o-lahs)
Rivas, Duke of
(ree-vahs)
Rizza, Della
(reetz-za, dayl-lah)
Rode
(rohd)
Roderigo
(ro-day-ree-go)
Rodolfo
(ro-dol-fo)
Rodolphe
(ro-dolf)
Romani
(ro-mah-nee)
Roncole, Le
(rohn-kol, leuh)
Rosina
(ro-zee-nah)

Rossetti, Dante Gabriel
(ros-set-tee, dahn-tay gah-bree-ayl)
Rossini, Gioachino Antonio
(ros-see-nee joah-kee-no ahn-to-neeo)
Rothier, Léon
(ro-teeyay, lay-ôhn)
Royer
(rwa-yay)
Rubini
(roo-bee-nee)
Rubinstein, Anton
(roo-bin-staeen, ahn-ton)
Rubinstein, Nicholas
(roo-bin-staeen, nee-ko-lahs)
Rue de la Paix
(rü deuh lap paih)
Rue de Rivoli
(rü deuh ree-vo-lee)
Ruiz
(rooeeth)
Rung, Henrik
(ruhnk, hen-rik)

S

Sadko
(sahd-ko)
Saint Étienne
(sáhnt ayt-teeyen)
Saint-Germain
(sáhn-shair-mahn)
Saint Germain-du-Val
(sáhn zhair-máhn-dü-val)
Saint-Saëns, Camille
(sáhns-sôhns, kam-meeyeh)
Saint Sulpice
(sáhn sül-pees)
Sainte Clotilde
(sáhnt klo-teeld)
Salle Pleyel
(sal pleh-yel)
Salome
(sah-lo-may)
San Carlo
(sahn kahr-lo)
San Mosè
(sahn mo-zeh)
Sant' Agata
(sahnt ah-gah-tah)
Santander
(sahn-tahn-dayr)
Sant' Andrea del Valle
(sahnt ahn-dray-ah dayl vahl-lay)
Santuzza
(sahn-tootz-sah)
Sapho
(saf-fo)
Sardou
(sar-doo)
Sarto
(sahr-to)
Sarto, Andrea
(sahr-toh, ahn-dray-ah)
Saucier
(soh-syay)
Sayn-Wittgenstein, Princess of
(saeen-vit-ghen-staeen)
Scala, La
(skah-lah, lah)
Scarpia, Baron
(skahr-peeah)
Scharwenka, Xaver
(shar-ven-kah, kza-yair)
Schaunard
(sho-nar)
Schiller
(shil-lehr)
Schlemil
(shlay-mil)
Schuré, Édmond
(shü-ray, ayd-mohn)
Schwiller, Jean
(shveel-lehr)
Schwob, Marcel
(shvob, mar-sel)
Scott, Henri
(skot, áhn-ree)
Scriabine, Alexander
(skree-ah-been, al-eks-ahn-dehr)
Scribe
(skreeb)
Seine
(sain)
Sémiramis
(say-mee-ram-mees)
Séville
(say-veel)
Sgambati
(sgahm-bah-tee)
Shemakhan
(shem-ah-kan)
Shuckburgh
(shuhk-bry)

Sibelius, Jean
(see-bel-eeoos, zháhn)
Siebel
(see-bel)
Sierra Leone
(see-ehr-rah lay-o-nay)
Silvestre, Armand
(seel-vestr, ar-máhn)
Silvio
(seel-veeo)
Simon Boccanegra
(see-mon bok-kah-nay-grah)
Sinding, Christian
(zind-ing kris-tian)
Sjögren, Emil
(shay-gren, ay-meel)
Sligo
(slace-go)
Smetana
(smay-tah-nah)
Solveg
(sol-vaygh)
Sonzogno
(son-zo-gno)
Sophocles
(sof-o-kleez)
Sorek
(so-rek)
Soummet
(soom-meh)
Sparafucile
(spah-rah-foo-tshee-lay)
Stamaty
(stam-ah-ty)
Sternberg, Constantine von
(stairn-bairg, kon-stan-teen fon)
Stracciari, Riccardo
(strahtsh-shah-ree, reek-kahr-do)
Stransky, Josef
(stráhn-skee, yo-sef)
Strassburg
(strahs-boor)
Strawinsky, Igor
(strah-vin-sky, ee-gor)
Suzuki
(soo-zoo-kee)
Svendsen, Johan
(svendsen, yo-hahn)

T

Tadolini
(tah-do-lee-nee)
Tara
(tah-rah)
Tasso
(tahs-so)
Teatro Carcano
(tay-ah-tro kahr-kah-no)
Teatro dal Verme
(tay-ah-tro dahl vair-may)
Tel-el-Kebir
(tel-el-kay-beer)
Tempe, Vale of
(tem-pay)
Teyte, Maggie
(tayt)
Thaddeus
(thad-di-uhs)
Thalberg
(tahl-bairgh)
Théâtre de la Monnaie
(tay-ahtr deuh lah mon-neh)
Théâtre des Italiens
(tay-ahtr days ee-tal-lyáhn)
Théâtre Lyrique
(tay-ahtr lee-reek)
Theslof, Jean
(tes-lof, zháhn)
Thomas, Ambroise
(to-mah, áhn-brwaz)
Titania
(tee-tah-neeah)
Titoff, Nicolai Alexander
(tee-tof, nee-ko-laee al-ek-zan-dehr)
Tolstoi, Leo
(tols-toi, layo)
Tommasini
(tom-ma-see-nee)
Toninello
(to-nee-nel lo)
Tonio
(to-neeo)
Torre del Lago
(tor-ray dayl lah-go)
Tosca
(tos-kah)
Tosti, Francesco Paolo
(tos-tee, frahn-tshes-ko pah-oh-loh)
Troldhaugen
(trold-how-gehn)
Troll
(trol)
Tschaikowsky, Peter Iljitch
(tshai-kov-sky pay-tehr il-yitsh)
Tuileries
(twee-leuh-ree)

Turcoing
(tür-kwáhn)
Turiddu
(too-reed-doo)
Turin
(tyoo-rin)
Tyrolese
(tee-ro-lay-zay)

V

Valles, Jules
(val, zhül)
Valois, Elizabeth of
(val-lwa)
Valverde
(vahl-váir-day)
Van Campenhout, François
(van káhn-páhn-oo, fráhn-swah)
Varela, Don
(vah-ray-lah, don)
Varela, Señor
(vah-ray-lah segn-or)
Vaslin, Professor
(vas-láhn)
Verdi, Giuseppe
(vair-dee, joo-sep-pee)
Verga
(vair-gah)
Vermeland
(vair-may-land)
Vésiné, Le
(vay-zee-nay, leuh)
Viardot-Garcia, Pauline
(vee-ahr-do-gar-thee-ah)
Viborg
(vee-borg)
Villani, Luisa
(veel-lah-nee)
Villi, Le
(veel-lee, lay)
Villoing
(veel-lwáhn)
Violetta
(veeo-layt-ta)
Viscaya
(vees-kah-yah)
Vivette
(vee-vet)
Volga
(vol-gah)
Voltaire
(vol-tair)

W

Waez
(vah-ez)
Wagner, Richard
(vahg-neh)
Walewski, Count
(vah-lev-skee)
Watteau
(vat-to)
Weber
(vay-behr)
Wechwotinez
(vesh-voh-teen-etz)
Weimar
(vaee-mahr)
Weingartner, Felix
(vaeen-gart-nehr, fay-leeks)
Werther
(vair-tair)
Wiederhold
(vee-dehr-holt)
Wieniawski
(vyen-yahf-ski)
Wilhelm Meister
(vil-helm maees-tehr)
Wurm
(voorm)
Wronski, T.
(vron-sky)

Y

Ya-zoo
(yah-zoo)
Yradier, Sebastian
(eerah-deeay say-bahs-teeahn)
Ysaÿe, Eugène
(ee-zah-ay euh-zhen)

Z

Zandt, Marie van
(zahndt, ma-ree van)
Zárská, Erma
(tsahr-skah, air-mah)
Zazulak
(tsah-tsoo-lak)
Zenatello, Giovanni
(tzay-nah-tel-lo, jo-van-nee)
Zelazowa-Wola
(tsel-ah-tswo-ah-vo-lah)
Zentay, Méry
(tsáhn-tay, may-ree)

Zimmerman
(tsim-mehr-mahn)
Zuniga
(zoo-nee-gah)
Zuñi
(zoo-gnee)
Zurga
(zoor-gah)
Zürich
(tzü-rikh)
Zwyny
(tzvee-nee)

ERRATA

Page 7, line 3. For "Elizabetta, regina d'Angleterra" read "Elisabetta, regina d'Inghilterra."

Page 24, par. 2, line 4. For "1802" read "1801."

Page 29, par. 3, line 5. It was not "the Governor," but Arthur, who, "in one of the sweetest melodies Bellini ever composed," claimed the hand of Elvira.

Page 31, par. 2, line 1. For "1834" read "1835."

Page 47, par. 3, line 10. For "verse" read "prose."

Page 57, par. 3, line 5. For "Scribe" read "Somma."

Page 60, par. 4, line 7. "Henry IV" read "Henry II."

Page 66, par. 2, line 7. For "1830" read "1831."

Page 69, par. 2, line 11. The final parting of Chopin and George Sand took place in 1847.

Page 72, line 13. For "Saxe—" read "Sayn—" (Wittgenstein).

Page 79, par. 3, line 8. Thomas was presented with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor on the one-thousandth performance of "Mignon." See line following, also lines 11, 12, par. 5, page 83.

Page 86, lines 7, 8. It was the second Prix de Rome, gained in 1837, which released Gounod from military conscription.

Page 95, par. 2, line 2. Offenbach was fourteen when he came to Paris. Par. 3, line 15. For "Parisiennes" read "Parisiens." See also page 96, par. 2, line 5.

Page 108, par. 3, line 1. For "Opéra Comique" read "Théâtre Lyrique."

Page 111, par. 2, line 2. For "1873" read "1869." Line 3. For "Ludovic" read "Jacques Fromenthal."

Page 115, par. 2, lines 6, 7. For "the Spanish jota" read "march of the cuadrillas." Line 8. For "dance" read "march."

Page 116, par. 2, line 10. For "banderillos" read "banderilleros." Banderillo: a small dart, with bannerol attached, which is thrust into the neck of the bull. Banderillero: the bearer of the banderillo.

Page 118, line 2. For "Venice" read "Padua.'

Page 129, par. 2, line 5. Add to "libretto by Luigi Illica,' "and G. Giacosa."

Page 134, par. 2, line 5. For "del" read "alla."

Page 153, par. 2, line 7. For "Sophocles" read "Eschuylus."

Page 158, par. 4, line 1. For "the same year" read "the year 1902."

Page 159, line 2. For "Morris" read "Maurice."

Page 167, line 1. For "de Regnier" read "Cazalis."

Page 174, par. 4, line 1. The date and place of Chabrier's birth, taken from in Theodore Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians, are erroneous. Chabrier was born at Ambert, January 18, 1841.

Pages 175, par. 6, line 2, and 176, line 5. For "Turcoing" read "Tourcoing."

Page 177, par. 2, line 2. For "1913" read "1914." "Louise" was first performed at the Opéra Comique, Paris, June 4, 1913. It was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on the 26th of February of the following year.

Page 183, par. 2, lines 8, 9. For "Austro-German" read "Austro-Hungarian," a government which in Dvorák's day, as now, was German in ambitions and policy.

Page 192, line 18. For "1882" read "1862."

Page 198, par. 2, line 5. Tor Aulin died in 1914.

Page 201, lines 3 and 4. For years Rubinstein celebrated his birthday as having occurred on the 30th of November, 1830. This date was not only indorsed by the master himself, but has long been erroneously quoted by the greater number of musical dictionaries. Only recently, on referring to the register in the little village of Wechwotinez, Rubinstein's actual birthplace, have historians ascertained beyond doubt that he was born on the 28th of November, 1829.

Page 201, line 6, for "Alexander III" read "Nicholas I."

Page 207, par. 4, lines 2-4. Tschaikowsky became a pupil of Anton Rubinstein at the Petrograd Conservatoire in 1863, and Anton found Tschaikowsky pupils to aid him in his financial need. Nicholas Rubinstein offered Tschaikowsky the position of professor of harmony at the newly opened Moscow Conservatoire in 1866. In the early years of his life in Moscow Tschaikowsky lived with Nicholas.

Page 223, par. 2, line 1. For "1907" read "1908."

Page 234, par. 2, line 4. For "eight" read "eighteen."

Page 240, par. 3, line 2. For "1857" read "1875."

INSTRUMENTAL

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* The author divides the "William Tell" overture in two parts. The two records required to play the complete overture subdivide it in four parts. Thus Part I, as stated on page 336, includes two musical divisions of the work, "At Dawn" and "The Storm." Part II includes "The Calm" and "Finale."

VOCAL

A

Addio, alla Mamma (ahd-deeo al-la mah-mah)
Turiddu's Farewell, from "Cavalleria Rusticana"....Mascagni 149

Addio, fiorito asil (ahd-deeo feeo-ree-toh ah-zeel)
Farewell, O happy home, from "Madam Butterfly"....Puccini 138

Addio, Mignon (ahd-deeo mee-gnon)
Farewell, Mignon, from "Mignon"....Thomas 81

Adore and be still....Gounod 93

Ah! Bello a me ritorna (ah bel-lo ah may ree-tor-nah)
Restore to me your love's protection, from "Norma"....Bellini 28

Ah, che la morte ognora (ah kay lah mor-tay oh-gnoh-rah)
Ah, I have sighed to rest me, Miserere, from "Il Trovatore"....Verdi 43

Ah! fors' è lui (ah fohrs ay loo-ee)
Was he the one my heart foretold? from "La Traviata"....Verdi 45

Ah, Mimi, tu piu non torni! (ah mee-mee too pyoo non tor-nee)
Ah, Mimi, fickle-hearted, from "La Bohème" —Puccini 132

Ah, non credevi tu (ah nohn kray-day-vee too)
Never the maiden dreamed, from "Mignon" —Thomas 81

Ah, pescator, affonda l'esca (ah pays-kah-tohr af-fohn-dah lays-kah)
Ah, fisherman, thy bait now lower, from "La Gioconda"....Ponchielli 118

Ah, Vermeland, thou lovely....Folk-song 303

Ai nostri monti (ahee nos-tree mohn-tee)
Home to our mountains, from "Il Trovatore" Verdi 43

Air des larmes (air day larm)
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Song of the drum-major, from "Le Caïd" Thomas 79

All through the night....Folk-song 290

Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse (a-moor, vyeeähnz ed-day mah feh-bles)
Love, lend me thine aid, from "Samson and Delilah" ..... Saint-Saëns 169
Ancora un passo (ahn-koh-rah oon pahs-soh)
One step more, from "Madam Butterfly". Puccini 137
Annie Laurie ..... Folk-song 289
Anvil Chorus, from "Il Trovatore" ..... Verdi 41
Aprile (ah-pree-leh) ..... Tosti 242
Ardon gl'incensi (ahr-dohn gleen-sen-zee)
These flaming tapers, Mad Scene from "Lucia di Lammermoor" ..... Donizetti 19
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At Dawning ..... Cadman 261
A te, O cara (ah tay oh kah-rah)
Often, dearest, from "I Puritani" ..... Bellini 29
Au fond du temple (oh fôhn dü tähmpl)
In the depths of the temple, from "Les Pêcheurs des Perles" ..... Bizet 108
Auld Lang Syne ..... Folk-song 290
Ave Maria (ah-vay mah-reeah)
O blessed Virgin ..... Gounod 91
Ave Maria, from "Otello" ..... Verdi 54
Ave, Signor (ah-vay see-gnohr)
Hail, Sovereign Lord, from "Mefistofele" .. Boito 122

B

Barcarolle (bahr-kah-rol)
Radiant night, from "Tales of Hoffman". Offenbach 99
Beauty's Eyes ..... Tosti 242
Believe me if all those endearing young charms —Folk-song 285
Bella figlia dell' amore (bel-lah fee-leeah del ah-mor-ay)
Beauteous daughter of the Graces, from "Rigoletto" ..... Verdi 39
Bell Song, Ou va la jeune Hindoue?
Where wanders the Hindu girl? From "Lakmé" Delibes 104
Bel raggio lusinghier (bel rah-joh loo-zeen-ghee-yayr)
Bright ray of hope, from "Semiramide" ... Rossini 9
Berceuse (bair-seuz), from "Jocelyn" ..... Godard 180

Bonnie Dundee.....Folk-song 289
Brindisi (breen-dee-zee)
Drinking-song, from "Cavalleria Rusticana"
—Mascagni 149
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C

Canzone di salice (kahn-zoh-nay dee sah-lee-tshay)
Willow song, from "Otello".....Verdi 54
Card scene: La morte!
To die! from "Carmen".....Bizet 114
Caro nome (kah-roh noh-may)
Dearest name, from "Rigoletto".....Verdi 37
Casta diva (kahs-tah dee-vah)
Queen of heaven, from "Norma".....Bellini 27
Celeste Aïda (tsay-les-tay ah-ee-dah)
Radiant Aïda, from "Aïda".....Verdi 48
Chanson Bachique (shàhn-sòhn bah-sheék)
Drinking-song, from "Hamlet".....Thomas 82
Che gelida manina (kay jel-lee-dah mah-nee-nah)
Your tiny hand is frozen, from "La Bohème"
—Puccini 130
Chi raffrena il mio furore? (kee rahf-fray-nah eel meeoh foo-roh-ray)
Sextette, Why do I my arm restrain? from "Lucia di Lammermoor".....Donizetti 18
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Heaven and ocean, from "La Gioconda". Ponchielli 119
Come into the Garden, Maud.....Balfe 230
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Confutatis maledictus (kon-foo-tah-tees mah-lay-deek-toos)
From the fate of the accursed, from "Requiem" Verdi 53
Connais tu le pays? (kon-neh tü leu pay-ee)
Know'st thou the land? from "Mignon"..Thomas 80
Cortigiani vil razza dannata (kohr-tee-jah-nee veel rahts-sah dahn-nah-tah)
Vile race of courtiers, from "Rigoletto"....Verdi 38
Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray—Arr. by Burleigh.... 271

Cujus animam (koo-joos ah-nee-mahm)
Lord, vouchsafe Thy loving kindness, from "Stabat Mater".....Rossini 12

D

D'amor sull' ali rosere (dah-mor sool lah-lee roh-zay)
Borne on love's pinions, from "Il Trovatore" Verdi 42
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Decidi al mio destin (day-tsee-dee al meeoh daysteen)
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Since that fair day, from "Louise"..Charpentier 177
Deserto sulla terra (day-ser-toh sool-lah tair-rah)
Though by the world forsaken, from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi 40
Dio dell' or (deeoh dayl lor)
The calf of gold, from "Faust".....Gounod 87
Dio possente (deeoh pohs-sen-tay)
Even bravest heart, from "Faust".....Gounod 87
Di Provenza il mar (dee pro-ven-tzah, eel mahr)
From yonder home in fair Provence, from "La Traviata".....Verdi 45
Di quella pira (dee kwel-lah pee-rah)
Tremble, ye tyrants, from "Il Trovatore" Verdi 42
Di tu se fedele (dee too say fay-day-lay)
Say if stormy my fate, from "Ballo in Maschera" —Verdi 58
Dixie.....Emmett 276
Down Among the Dead Men.....Folk-song 280
Down by Mother Volga.....Folk-song 299
Down the Valley Goes the Herd.....Folk-song 305
Do you Remember?.....Bond 260
Dream, A.....Bartlett 256
Drink to me only with thine eyes.....Folk-song 280

E

Ecco il mondo (ek-koh eel mohn-doh)
The world I'll show you, from "Mefistofele". Boito 123

Ecco ridente in cielo (ek-ko ree-den-tay een tshee-ay-loh)
Dawn with her rosy mantle, from "Barber of Seville"....Rossini 5
Élégie (ay-lay-zhee), from "Les Erinnyes"...Massenet 153
Ella giammai m'amo (el-lah jam-mahee mah-mo)
She ne'er loved me, from "Don Carlos"....Verdi 61
E lucevan le stelle (ay loo-tshay-vahn lay stayl-lay)
Then shone forth the stars, from "Tosca"..Puccini 135
Eri tu macchiavi (er-ree too mahk-kee-ah-vee)
Thou didst sully that spirit pure, from "Ballo in Maschera"....Verdi 59
Ernani, involami (air-nah-nee een-voh-lah-mee)
Ernani, fly with me, from "Ernani".....Verdi 35
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F

Fare Thee Well....Folk-song 300
Farewell....Folk-song 301
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Finale (fee-nah-lay), from "Gallia".....Gounod 91
Flower Song: La fleur que tu m'avais jetee
The flower you lightly gave me, from "Carmen" —Bizet 113
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.....Folk-song 287
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Fra poco a me ricovero (frah poko ah may ree-ko-vay-ro)
A peaceful refuge granting, from "Lucia di Lammermoor" .....Donizetti 19
Fresh Spring Breezes.....Folk-song 304
Funiculi, funicula (foo-nee-koo-lee, foo-nee-koo-lah) —Folk-song 297

G

Gai-lon-la, la gai le rosier (gay-lòhn-lah lah gay leuh ro-zyay)
Roses are gay.....Folk-song 291

Già i sacerdoti adunansi (jah ee sah-tshayr-doh-tee ah-doo-nahn-see)
Now to the hall the priests proceed, from "Aïda" —Verdi 51
Già mi dicon venal (jah mee dee-kohn vay-nahl)
Venal my enemies call me, from "Tosca". Puccini 135
Good-by.....Tosti 242

H

Habañera (ah-bah-nay-rah): L'amour est un oiseau rebelle
Love is a wood-bird wild, from "Carmen"..Bizet 112
Harp that once through Tara's halls, The. Folk-song 286
His Lullaby.....Bond 259
Home, Sweet Home.....Traditional 279
Hymn to the Sun, from "The Golden Cockerel" —Rimsky-Korsakoff 227

I

I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls, from "Bohemian Girl".....Balfe 233
Il balen del suo sorriso (eel bah-layn dayl soo-o sohr-ree-soh)
In the brightness of her glances, from "Il Trovatore".....Verdi 41
Il est doux, il est bon (eel eh doo eel eh bòhn)
Kind is he and good, from "Hérodiade". Massenet 154
Il lacerato spirito (eel lah-tshair-rah-to spee-ree-to)
The wounded spirit, from "Simon Boccanegra" —Verdi 57
I'm all bound 'round with the Mason-Dixon line —Jolson 264
In Denmark I am born.....Folk-song 304
Infelice, e tuo credevi (een-fay-lee-tshay ay too-oh kre-day-vee)
Unhappy one, that I so trusted, from "Ernani" —Verdi 36
Inflammatus (een-flahm-mah-toos)
To Thy holy care elected, from "Stabat Mater" —Rossini 12
I sacri nomi (ee sah-kree noh-mee)
These sacred names, from "Aïda".....Verdi 49

J

Je dis que rien (zheu dee keu ryähn)
No fear shall deter me, Micaela's air, from "Carmen" ..... Bizet 114
Just a-Wearyin' for You ..... Bond 259

K

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L

La calunnia è un venticello (lah kah-loon-neeah eh oon vayn-tee-tshel-loh)
Calumny like a zephyr, from "Barber of Seville" —Rossini 6
La donna è mobile (lah don-nah em-mo-bee-lay)
Woman is fickle, from "Rigoletto" ..... Verdi 38
La fleur qui tu m'avais jetée (lah fleur kee too ma-vay zhay-tay)
The flower you lightly gave me, flower song, from "Carmen" ..... Bizet 113
Lakmé, ton doux regard (lak-may tòhn doo reuh-gar)
Lakmé, how sad your glance, from "Lakmé" —Delibes 104
La morte! (lah mort)
To die! Card scene from "Carmen" ..... Bizet 114
L'amour est un oiseau rebelle (lah-moor eht uhn wah-zoh ray-bel)
Love is a wood-bird wild, Habañera, from "Carmen" ..... Bizet 112
L'amour est une vertu rare (la moor eht ün vair-tü rahr)
Love is a wondrous virtue, from "Thaïs". Massenet 162
Land of the Sky-blue Water ..... Cadman 261
Largo al factotum (lahr-go ahl fahk-to-toom)
Way for the factotum, from "Barber of Seville" —Rossini 5
Last Rose of Summer, The ..... Folk-song 285
La vergine degli angeli (lah vair-jee-nay day-glee ahn-jay-lee)
The angelic virgin, from "Forza del Destino" —Donizetti 60

Lend me your aid, from "Queen of Sheba". Gounod 90
Liberté (lee-bair-táy)
Oh, Liberty, from "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame" —Massenet 159
Loch Lomond ..... Folk-song 287
Lontano, lontano (lohn-tah-noh)
Far away, from "Mefistofele" ..... Boito 124
Lost Chord, The ..... Sullivan 237
Love Duet: Vogliatemi bene
Ah, love me a little, from "Madam Butterfly" —Puccini 137
Low-backed Car, The ..... Folk-song 284

M

Madrigal (mad-ree-gal), from "The Mikado". Sullivan 236
Mad scene: Ardon gl'incensi
These flaming tapers, from "Lucia di Lammermoor" ..... Donizetti 19
Maiden's Confession ..... Folk-song 300
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Matthew Stopped ..... Folk-song 301
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Mefistofeles' Serenade: Tu che fai l'addormentata
Dear one, who art sleeping, from "Faust". . Gounod 89
Memphis Blues ..... Handy and Norton 264
Micaela's air: Je dis que rien
No fear shall deter me, from "Carmen" ..... Bizet 114
Mi chiamano Mimi (mee kee-ah-mah-noh mee-mee)
Mimi, they call me, from "La Bohème". . Puccini 131
Mighty Lak' a Rose ..... Nevin 259
Minstrel Boy, The ..... Folk-song 285
Mi par d'udire ancora (mee pahr doo-dee-ray ahn-koh-rah)
Methinks again I hear, from "Les Pêcheurs des Perles" ..... Bizet 109
Miserere: Ah, che la morte ognora
Ah, I have sighed to rest me, from "Il Trovatore" —Verdi 43

Misero appien mi festi (mee-zay-ṙoh ahp-pee-yayn mee fes-tee)
With sadness thou hast oppressed me, from "Aïda" —Verdi 51
Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix (mȯhn keuhr soovr ah tah vwah)
My heart, at thy dear voice, from "Samson and Delilah"..... Saint-Saëns 169
Morte d'Otello (mor-tay d o-tel-lo)
Death of Othello, from "Otello"..... Verdi 54
My beloved..... Folk-song 294
My Love's an Arbutus..... Folk-song 283
My Old Kentucky Home..... Foster 274

N

Nack's Dance, The..... Folk-song 303
Nazareth..... Gounod 93
Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen, Folk-song, Arr. by Burleigh..... 271
Nume, custode è vindice (noo-may koos-toh-day ay veen-dee-tshay)
Guard now our sacred land, from "Aïda". Verdi 49

O

O cieli azzurri (oh tshee-eh-lee ahts-soo-ree)
Oh, skies of blue, from "Aïda"..... Verdi 51
O de' verd' anni miei (O day vaird ahn-nee mee-ayee)
Though o'er your fleeting pleasures, from "Ernani"..... Verdi 36
Oh, Promise Me, from "Robin Hood"... De Koven 263
Oh, Summer Night, Serenade, from "Don Pasquale"..... Donizetti 22
Oh, That We Two Were Maying..... Nevin 259
Olaf and the Elf-Maiden..... Folk-song 302
Old Black Joe..... Foster 273
Old Dan Tucker..... Emmett 275
Old Folks at Home (Swanee Ribber)..... Foster 275
O Lola, fair as the flowers
Siciliana, from "Cavalleria Rusticana". Mascagni 148
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On the Road to Mandalay.....Speaks 261
On the Water.....Folk-song 301
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O patria mia (oh pah-tree-ah meeah)
Oh, my beloved land, from "Aïda".....Verdi 51
Opening chorus, from "Mefistofele".....Boito 122
O soave fanciulla (oh sohah-vay fahn-tshool-lah)
O charming maiden, from "La Bohème"..Puccini 131
O sole mio (oh sol-lay meeoh)
O sun I love.....di Capua 297
O terra, addio (oh tair-rah, ad-deeo)
Farewell, oh, earth, from "Aïda".....Verdi 52
Où va la jeune Hindoue (oo va la zheun ăhn-doo)
Where wanders the Hindu girl? Bell song, from "Lakmé".....Delibes 104

P

Pace, pace, mio Dio (pah-tshay pah-tshay mee-o dee-o)
Comfort me, dear Lord, from "Forza del Destino".....Verdi 60
Paloma, La (pah-lo-mah lah), The Dove...Yradier 295
Panis Angelicus (pah-nees ahn-jel-li-koos)
O Lord Most Holy.....Franck 173
Parigi O cara (pah-ree-gee oh kah-rah)
Far from the Parisian throng, from "La Traviata" —Verdi 46
Parted.....Tosti 241
Paul on the Hillside.....Folk-song 306
Perfect Day, A.....Bond 260
Perigliarti ancora languente (pay-reegl-ahr-tee ahn-koh-rah lahn-gwen-tay)
While yet in languishment, from "Il Trovatore" —Verdi 41
Peter Swineherd.....Folk-song 303
Piccolo iddio (peek-koh-loh eed-deeo)
Fairest idol of my heart, from "Madam Butterfly" —Puccini 138
Pinks.....Valverde 294
Pirate Song.....Gilbert 266
Possente Phtha (pohs-sen-tay tah)
Almighty Phtha, from "Aïda".....Verdi 49

Pour jamais ta destinée (poor zham-meh tah des-tee-nay)
The round of pleasure I'll enjoy, from "La Traviata"....Verdi 45
Printemps qui commence (prähn-táhn kee kom-máhns)
Joyous now doth spring come forth, from "Samson and Delilah"....Saint-Saëns 168
Prologue: Si puo
A word, from "Pagliacci"....Leoncavallo 142
Pro peccatis (pro pek-kah-tees)
Through the darkness, from "Stabat Mater" —Rossini 12
Pull, Brothers, Pull ....Folk-song 298

Q

Quando le sere al placido (kwahn-doh lay say-ray ahl plah-tshee-doh)
When peaceful was the night, from "Luisa Miller" —Verdi 56
Quanto e bella (kwahn-toh eh bel-lah)
How dearly I love her, from "L'Elisir d'Amore" —Bellini 16
Quartet: Bella figlia dell' amore
Beauteous Daughter of the Graces, from "Rigoletto"....Verdi 39
Quel est donc ce trouble charmant (kel eh dòhnk seuh troobl shar-máhn)
Was he the one my heart foretold? From "La Traviata"....Verdi 45
Questa o quella (kways-tah oh kwayl-lah)
Amongst the fair throng, from "Rigoletto". Verdi 37
Qui la voce (kwee lah voh-tshay)
Hear his voice, from "I Puritani"....Bellini 30

R

Radiant Night, Barcarolle, from "Tales of Hoffman" —Offenbach 99
Recondita armonia (reh-kohn-dee-tah ahr-moh-nee-ah)
Strange harmony, from "Tosca"....Puccini 134

Regnava nel silenzio (ray-gnah-vah nel see-len-tzeeo)
Silence reigns over all, from "Lucia di Lammermoor"....Donizetti 18
Rejoice, for Our Saviour still liveth, from "Cavalleria Rusticana"....Mascagni 148
Ritorna vincitor (ree-tohr-nah veen-tshee-tohr)
Return with victory crowned, from "Aïda"—Verdi 49
Robin Adair....Folk-song 282
Rondinella leggiera (rohn-dee-nel-lah lay-jeh-rah)
Gentle bird of the morning. Waltz song from "Mireille"....Gounod 90
Rosary, The....Nevin 258

S

Salve! dimora (sahl-vay dee-moh-rah)
Hail, chaste dwelling! from "Faust"....Gounod 88
Santa Lucia (sahn-tah loo-tsheeah)....Cottrau 297
Scarlet Sarafan (sah-rah-fahn), **The**....Titoff 299
Sempre libera (sem-pray lee-bay-rah)
The round of pleasure I'll enjoy, from "La Traviata"....Verdi 45
Serenade: O Summer Night, from "Don Pasquale"—Donizetti 22
Sextette: Chi raffrena il mio furore?
Why do I my arm restrain? From "Lucia di Lammermoor"....Donizetti 18
Shame on the cruelty thy lips have spoken, from "La Traviata"....Verdi 46
Shout All Over God's Heaven....Folk-song 271
Siciliana (see-tsheel-ee-ah-nah)
O Lola, fair as the flowers, from "Cavalleria Rusticana"....Mascagni 148
Sing, Smile, Slumber....Gounod 93
Si puo (see pwo)
A word! Prologue from "Pagliacci"..Leoncavallo 142
Sogno, Il (sohn-gnoh, eel)
The Dream, from "Manon"....Massenet 156
Solenne in quest' ora (so-len-nay een kwest o-rah)
Solemnly in this hour, from "Forza del Destino"—Verdi 60

Solveg's Song
The winter may wane, from "Peer Gynt" Suite —Grieg 195
Song of Asturias.....Folk-song 293
Song of the Flea.....Moussorgsky 221
Song of the Prisoner.....Alvarez 294
Song of the Toreador—Votre toast
Your health! from "Carmen".....Bizet 113
Songs My Mother Taught Me.....Dvorák 185
Son lo spirito che nega (sohn loh spee-ree-toh kay nay-gah)
I am the spirit that denies, from "Mefistofele" —Boito 122
Spirito gentil (spee-ree-to jen-teel)
Spirit so fair, from "La Favorita".....Donizetti 21
Spring Song, from "Natoma".....Herbert 263
Star-spangled Banner, The .....Traditional 310
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